Collier's

May 12, 1951 ● Fifteen Cents

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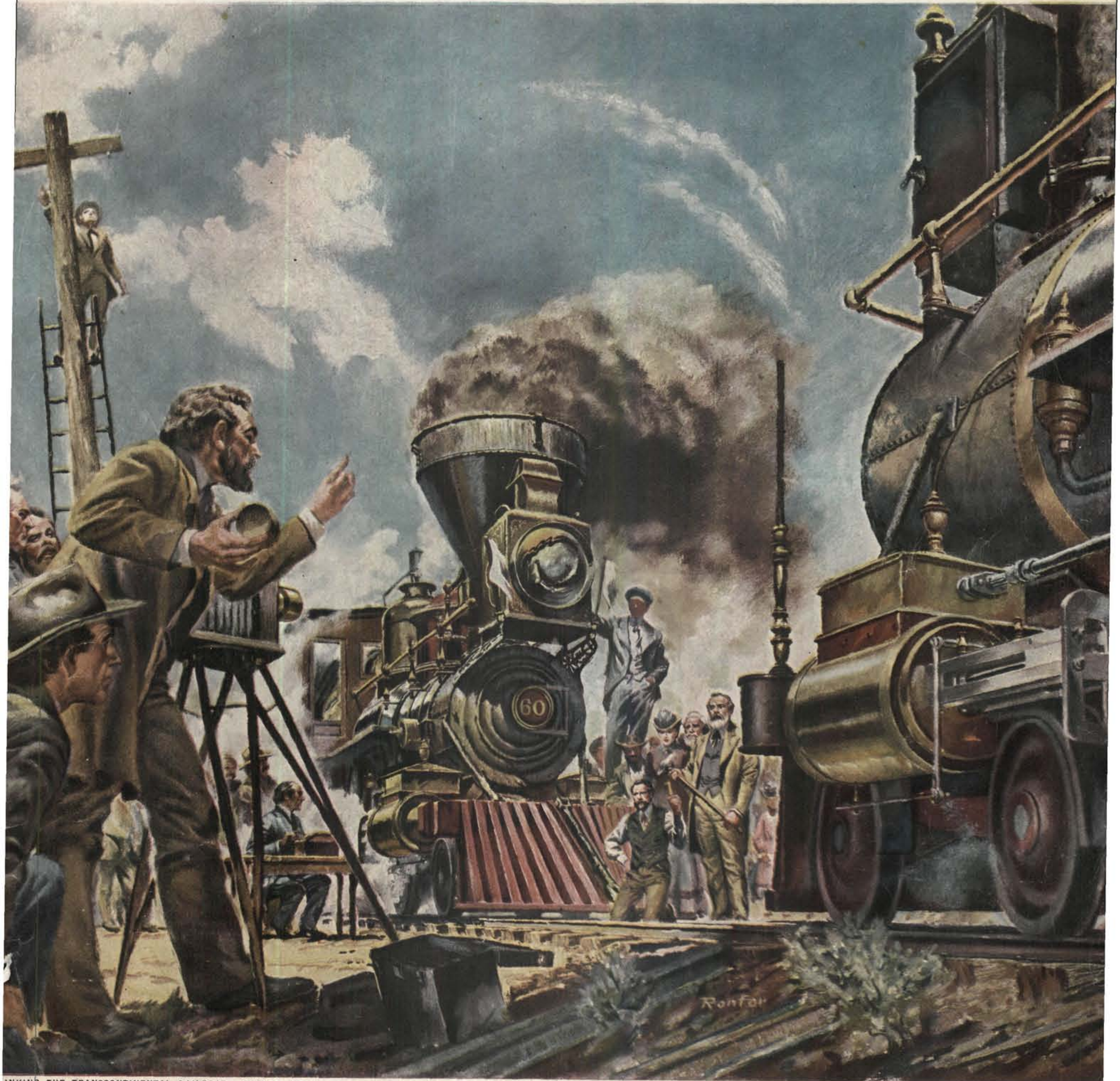
## BEWARE OF STALIN'S SMILE

By Thomas E. Dewey



INKING THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD — MAY 10, 1869

## Hollywood's Beautiful Bulldozer

# When Would You Consult [illegible]?

Results of the Collier's–Elmo Roper

MARY A BECK
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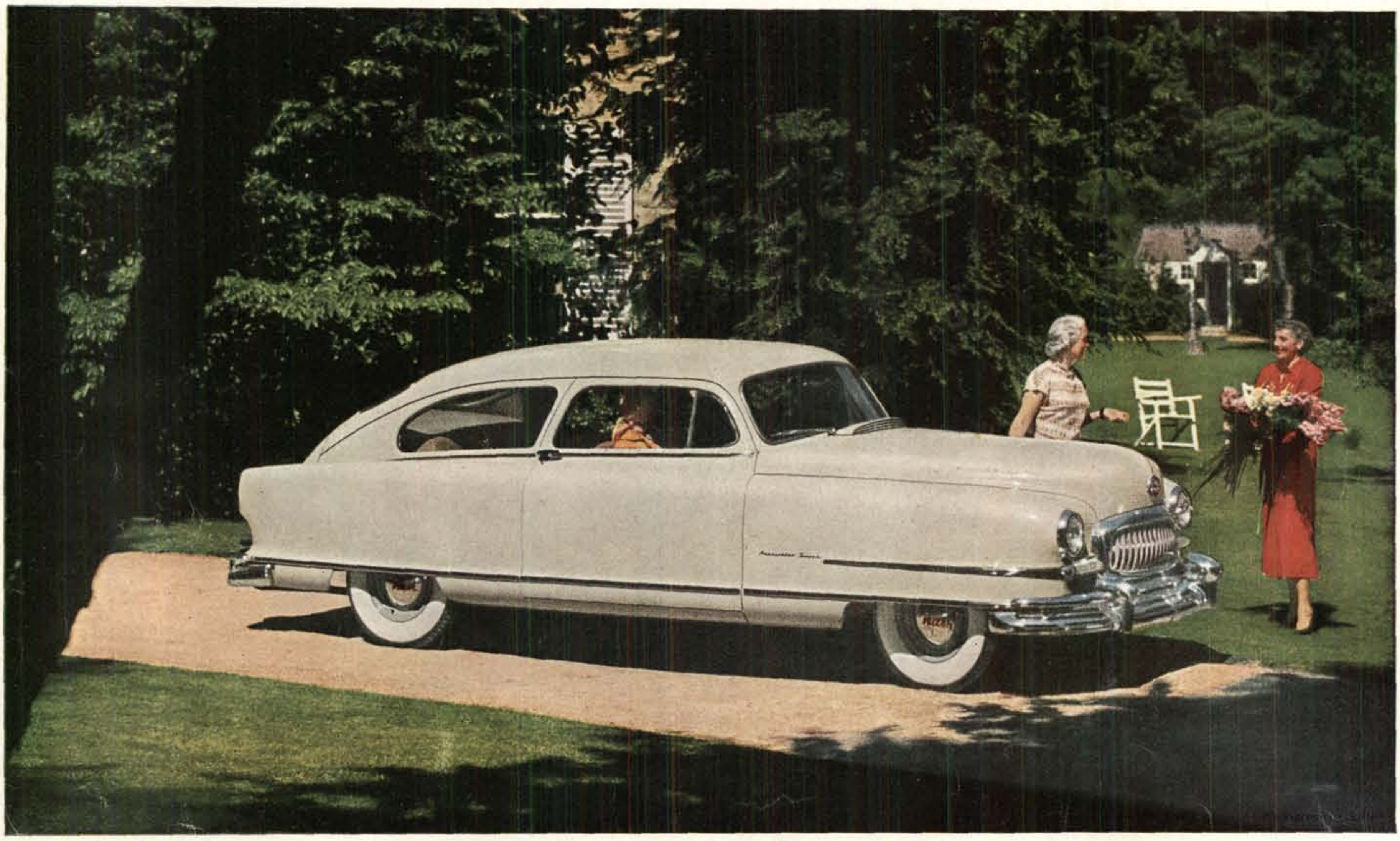
# Your **Best Bet** For the Years Ahead is the World's Most Modern Car



***Twice as rigid*** as ordinary cars, Airflyte Construction welds massive body and frame into one super strong, lastingly rattle-free unit. Stays new years longer. It is *exclusive* with Nash!

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***Next stop, 500 miles away!*** No other full-size car goes so far on a single tankful of gas as a Nash Statesman. Yes, over 25 miles on a gallon of "regular", at average highway speed.

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***Smashing All Records*** for miles to the gallon in 1951 Mobilgas Economy Run, a Rambler Convertible Sedan with overdrive got 31.05 miles a gallon—average speed of over 41 m. p. h.

***Rambler All-Purpose Sedan.*** Both the Custom Station Wagon and the Super Suburban (above) are double-duty...family sedans that can quickly turn into heavy-duty haulers.

IT'S HARD TO BE PRACTICAL about a car that's as much fun as a 1951 Nash Airflyte.

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*The Ambassador • The Statesman • The Rambler*

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The answer is IPANA!
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The answer is IPANA!
She's got a date most every night!
The answer is IPANA!

## The answer is IPANA

**for cleaner, healthier teeth!**

There's nothing like a sparkling bright smile to give you a confident lift! So start today with Ipana—to get your teeth cleaner, reveal the hidden sparkle of your smile—and help prevent tooth decay! You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter, too. Get Ipana today for your Smile of Beauty!

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REPLACE CAP
BRISTOL-MYERS

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*

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Every 1000 Miles Use in Gas and Oil

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DRY STARTING
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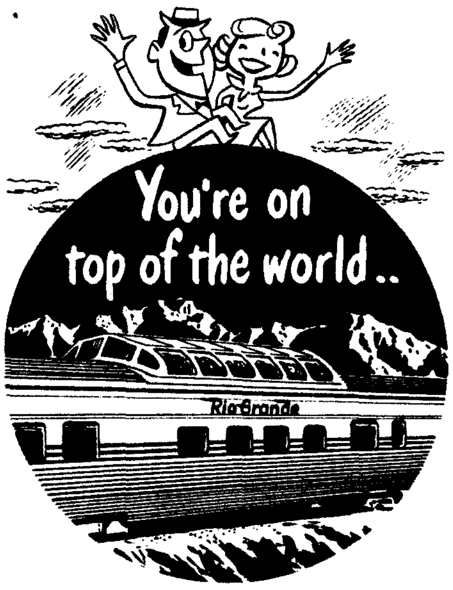
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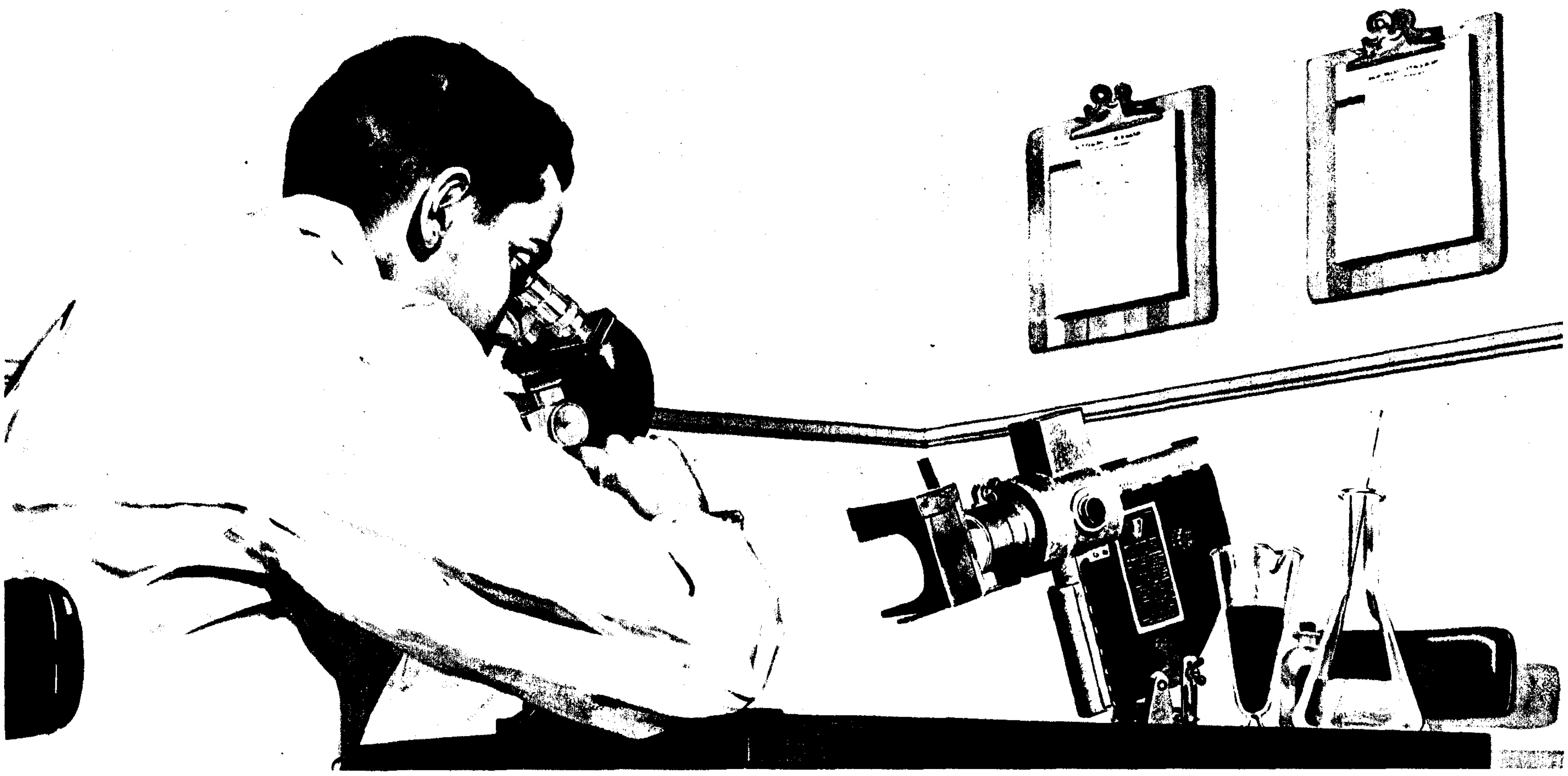
# Progress against ANEMIA



ANEMIA affects millions of people, both young and old, in our country today. Fortunately, medical science has accomplished wonders in treating certain types of this disease.

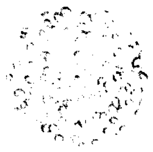
Anemia caused by a deficiency of iron can be easily cured. This is usually accomplished by taking medicine containing concentrated iron which the doctor prescribes. Foods such as lean meat, eggs, and green, leafy vegetables are rich in iron and should be included in the diet.

## What Medical Science Is Doing . . .

The control of *pernicious anemia* is one of the great triumphs of modern medicine. Less than twenty-five years ago, victims of this disease generally lived only two and one-half years from the time the condition was diagnosed.

In 1926, however, a substance was found in liver that usually would do much to control pernicious anemia. Today, as a result of this discovery, the one hundred thousand people in the United States with this disease are able to live nearly normal lives.

Continuing research has developed other effective weapons against this disease—for example, vitamin B-12. This vitamin controls pernicious anemia as effectively as liver extract.



**Normal blood** looks like this through a microscope. The red cells contain a proper amount of coloring matter, or hemoglobin, a substance necessary for the transportation of oxygen throughout the body.

**Anemic blood,** from a victim of nutritional or iron-deficiency anemia, looks like this. The red cells are reduced in number, and are pale in color because they lack sufficient hemoglobin.

Authorities say that there are many different types of anemia, each of which has a *specific* cause. Various dietary deficiencies, defects in the functions of the organs that manufacture blood corpuscles, exposure to toxic substances, and certain underlying chronic conditions or infections may be responsible for it.

## What You Can Do . . .

Anemia may develop gradually. Often the first symptoms—such as fatigue, weakness, and nervousness—may not seem serious enough to demand medical attention.

If these symptoms persist, however, they should receive proper medical attention. Specialists say that it is unwise to resort to any form of self-treatment. They emphasize that anemia can be cured or controlled only when the *exact* cause of the disease is determined and appropriate treatment is given.

The strength and vitality of *every* part of the body depend upon an adequate supply of normal, healthy blood. That is why it is wise for everyone to consult the doctor promptly if anemia is suspected. If the disease is diagnosed early, patients can usually be restored to normal good health, providing they follow the doctor's advice about treatment, diet, and other factors.

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**has the patented soft collar that**

**won't wrinkle ever!**

**Secret behind Van Heusen Century!** Collar is woven in one piece. No sewn or fused layers to wrinkle. Fold line woven in to stay . . . can't be ironed wrong.

In white, wide-spread or regular collars, single or French cuffs — in two weaves of fine broadcloth, **$3.95, $4.95**
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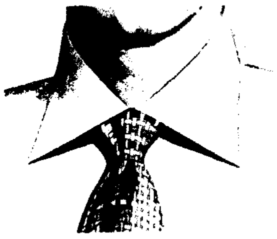
Tie shown: Van Heusen Wicker Weave Print, **$1.50**

**Perspiration won't wilt it!** Soft collar needs no starch or stays to keep neat day and night. Has Van Heusen "Comfort Contour" collar styling.

**Laundering won't hurt it!** Easy to launder—you can't even iron-in wrinkles. No starch, less ironing mean more comfort, more wear.



**Patented one-piece collar!** Has no lining—just can't wrinkle. Feels as soft as fine linen. Only Van Heusen Century has this collar.

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## The Cover

Philip Ronfor brings you the Golden Spike ceremony of May 10, 1869, at Promontory, Utah, where the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads met—and two frontiers vanished. At right in this, our seventh in a series of commemorative covers, Union's locomotive No. 119 faces Central's Jupiter. Kneeling between them, Central's telegraphic department head F. L. Vandenberg holds the $425 spike; and beside him, with the silver-headed maul, is California's Governor Leland Stanford. The photographer is Charles R. Savage; and seated at the table in the background is W. N. Shilling, Ogden telegrapher, who gave the nation a blow-by-blow account of the momentous occasion while 1,500 spectators watched. "Dot-dot-dot," he signaled, as Governor Stanford wielded the maul. Done! The first transcontinental railroad was ready to roll.

## Week's Mail

### *Last of the Series*

EDITOR: Collier's rates the thanks of all men of good will for making available that wonderful series of Personal Memoirs of the World's First Citizen, the Honorable Herbert Hoover (Feb. 17th-March 24th).

In these times of moral decay, it is good to pause and review such a life. What a wonderful thing it would be if others in high places since 1932 had been men of character like Mr. Hoover. The world would be a much better place today. May he be spared to us for many, many years to come.
H. HAYES LANDON,
Longmeadow, Mass.

. . . I have been reading Collier's for some years now, and never before has any series of articles been as interesting and inspiring to me as the memoirs of Herbert Hoover.

Certainly here is a man who is truly a standout among men, and contrary to the belief of the majority of the American people, I believe he was the greatest man in the White House since Lincoln, but a victim of the times.
N. R. MAGOON,
Marquette, Mich.

. . . One of your readers makes the statement that he is not interested in reading the account of Mr. Hoover's life because Mr. Hoover's administration recalls bread lines to his mind. True enough, a severe depression hit the world during Hoover's administration. We will never know, however, whether his methods of recovery, had he remained in office, would have been less effective than those of his successor.

To the best of my recollection, little recovery was obtained until Hitler started another world war.
J. B. BEATTY,
Great Falls, Mont.

. . . Hats off to Collier's for publishing the facts about the life of ex-President Hoover so that all Americans have had a chance to evaluate the real meaning of the privilege that could only be the heritage of real Americans in the past.

I, as a registered Democrat, salute you for having rendered a great service in the publication of this series of fine articles. As I compare the sordid mess and the lives of those that have followed in recent years in high places in our government, I can only wonder what there can be in store for future Americans.
L. G. BURT,
Tulsa, Okla.

. . . In the last installment of Mr. Hoover's memoirs, I question the cut line appearing below the picture at the top of page 31.

Your cut line reads: "Captain T. R. Frederick in background," etc. During World War II, I had the pleasure of serving with Captain C. E. Crombe. At that time he was aide and flag secretary on the staff of Admiral Royal E. Ingersoll, Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet.

Captain C. E. Crombe is definitely the Navy officer in the background.
ROBERT E. LYONS, USS Yosemite

. . . Your caption in the fine Hoover story is slightly wrong. The captain talking to Mr. Fisher is Ted Frederick—I presume the other to be Captain Crombe.
G. G. GORDON, Palo Alto, Cal.

**Left to right: Crombe, Fisher & Frederick. We straight now?**

### *Wrong Rater*

EDITOR: In the otherwise excellent story Top TV Town (March 17th), you referred to a Hooper survey having "ranked Cactus Jim No. 6 on the list of the nation's most-watched-for programs." This is most amazing, considering that Hooper has been out of the national rating field since he sold his national television and radio ratings services to Nielsen in the spring of 1950.

But the most unkindest cut of all was the complete disregard of Nielsen, whose headquarters are right in Chicago.
PHILIP FRANK, A. C. Nielsen Company,
Chicago, Ill.

### *M. D.'s Rural Restrictions*

EDITOR: What is there to attract doctors to such areas as Wallace McCaslin and G. L. Brown (Week's Mail, March 24th) refer to in their letters?

Cities offer better hospitals, better technical assistance, better opportunities for leisure or for professional contacts, better homes and schools and stores, and better incomes than accrue to beauty operators, mechanics or tradesmen.

In these times of higher wages, the 40-hour week, vacations with pay and Social Security, will doctors be likely to invest eight to 10 years or more in training for a disproportionately small income, the obligation to respond to calls at any hour any day or night, and the obvious restrictions of practice in a village?
H. I. BURSTEIN, Chelsea, Mass.

### *Results*

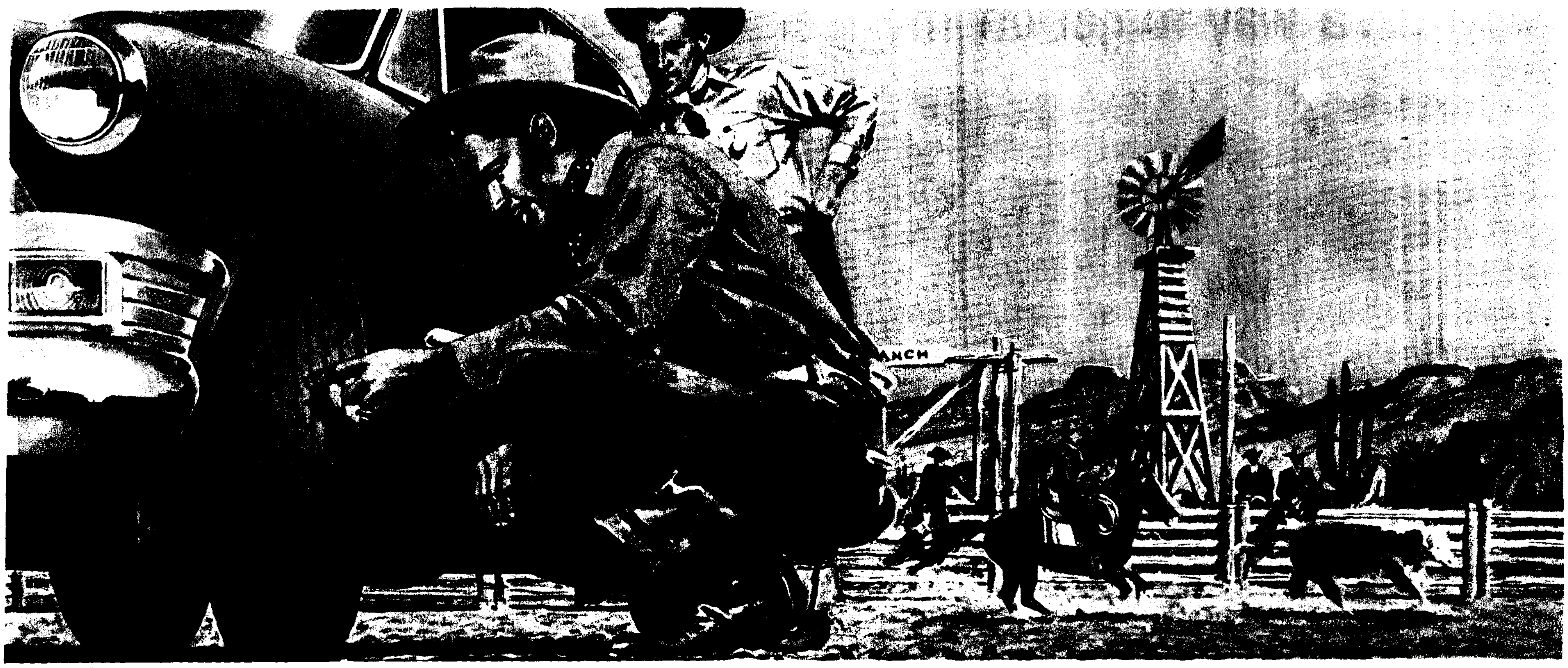
EDITOR: About a week ago I got home from work at 1:00 A.M. to find my shabby little place in the Madison Square Garden police precinct a complete shambles. A thief had picked the lock and torn the place apart.

I went to the police station and finally saw a detective.

His answer to me was, "Why don't you move?"

My Irish temper exploded: "I thought I had come to the police station, not the housing department. Less than a year ago I reported to this very department that at four o'clock that morning three toughies had broken into my place. I never heard

# Join the Atlas "Tire Round-up" for long-range ridin'



It's Spring round-up time for tires as well as dogies—time to check your tires to make sure you're set for long-range riding. Any of the 38,000 Atlas dealers coast to coast and in Canada can help you. Here's how . . .

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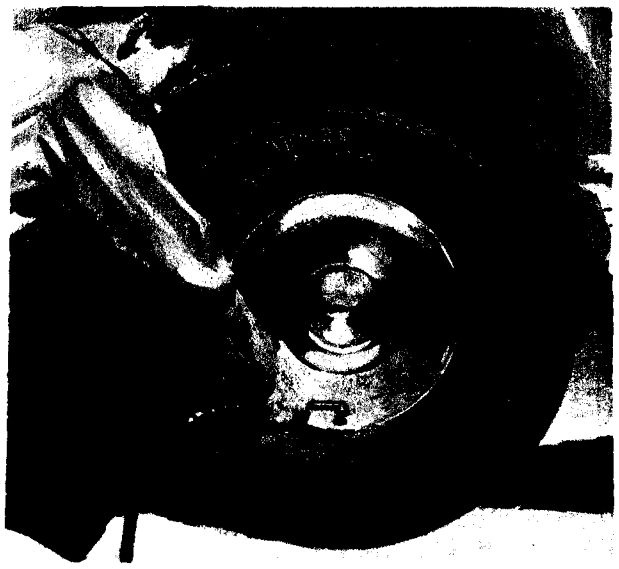
*By repairing cuts and bruises.* Unless fixed promptly these often quickly wreck a tire.



*By keeping air pressures right.* Just a few pounds under-inflation can cut mileage as much as 50%.

*By inspecting* for mechanical faults that throw wheels out of line and cause uneven tread wear.

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ACCESSORIES

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"...a way to get off my feet"

**"How's that, Mr. Powell?"**

"I said, I'm going to get out from behind this counter one day soon . . . take things easy, Jack. And I'll still have an income!"

**"Going into another business?"**

"No sir! Out of business . . . turning this drug store over to my son and retiring. I've got an INSURED INCOME program with The Mutual Life. It's protected my family all these years. And now it will give me a monthly paycheck without working!"

**"Say, that sounds like a smart plan, Mr. Powell. What does it cost?"**

"A lot less for you than it did for me. I couldn't work any Social Security benefits into my program, because it was only this year that men with their own businesses, like myself, could have Social Security. But you've had it ever since you started working and now your benefits have been practically doubled. So it'll be a lot easier for you to team up your benefits with life insurance and arrive at financial security."

**"Guess *I've* got a head start on the future!"**

* * *

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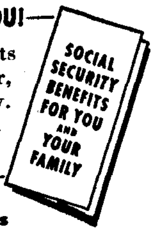
**SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET**—with the facts about Social Security . . . its value . . . and how it teams with your life insurance. If you are 45 or under, you'll be particularly interested in this booklet. Mail the coupon today. You'll also learn about the official records you need to save to collect benefits later without delay.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COUNTY..........................STATE.....................OCCUPATION......................

from you, so I presume you threw that report in your wastebasket. I presume you have read the piece in Collier's Magazine of March 3d about New York's Finest, the country's shabbiest and that this particular precinct stinks from hell to breakfast!"

I got immediate action. A cop was detailed to see me home to report conditions, and that same detective came to see me next day and gave me special permission to put a sort of medieval padlock on my door. Thanks. STELLA CROSSLEY WARD, New York, N. Y.

### *Fallon's Front-Lawn War*

EDITOR: Congratulations on your timely editorial, On Your Own Front Lawn (March 24th). As I see it, in a few short paragraphs you've told the whole, dirty, bloody, cold mess of this war we're now engaged in fighting.

I haven't been able to keep warm since I read it, and it might be a good thing for all of us if it were able to affect more people in the same way.

KATHRYN B. ROSENMARKLE,
Cumberland, Md.

. . . Lieutenant Robert T. Fallon spoke not for himself but for all members of today's Army. The illustration was a superior representation of today's young soldier and very accurately portrays the key member of the fighting team—the infantryman.

J. C. WOODARD, JR., M. Sgt., U.S. Army
Infantry, Cincinnati, Ohio

*Lieutenant Fallon*

. . . Hooray for you and many, many thanks to Lieutenant Fallon for the wonderful presentation of the problem that is everybody's business—whether we like it or not. I don't see how it can fail to bring a better understanding of what's going on over there to those of us at home. MRS. S. E. KIRKE, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . I have yet to read a more cogent presentation of the relationship between the stay-at-homes and the GIs in Korea. *Lieutenant Fallon has not only rendered a* great service to his country in Korea, but has also done so through the medium of his letter.

CHARLES H. BROOKSBANK, Verona, N. J.

. . . Lieutenant Fallon's letter hits the nail right on the head. It is true; it is honest; he does not make the eagle scream; he has lived through it or he could not tell it in that way.

It is by far the best description of what our young men in Korea are facing that could be written. GEORGE H. BRETT,
Lieutenant General, USAF (Ret.),
*Winter Park, Fla.*

### *Pampered Ducks*

EDITOR: I would like to take this opportunity to correct a misleading and unfortunate impression created by a paragraph in the article, Pampering Your Dinner Duck (March 24th).

This paragraph reads: "In addition, the (Long Island Duck Growers Marketing) co-op keeps under fee a New York consulting home economist, Mabel Stegner, whose staff peppers newspapers, magazines, the radio, TV and every other conceivable publicity outlet with duckling recipes and any other data that might promote the sale of ducks. The United States government helps in this promotion job through its Production and Marketing Administration, whose marketing boss in New York, Chester Halnan, is Marshall Spear's (executive secretary of the co-operative) father-in-law."

An entirely erroneous impression is conveyed here that P & MA's New York Marketing Office, of which I am the director, is engaged regularly in promoting the sale of ducks, in the same manner as Mabel Stegner, a paid employee of the duck growers' co-operative.

The fact is that the New York Marketing Office has assisted in duck promotion only on several occasions, and at the specific request of the duck growers, when marketing problems arose due to excessive supplies of ducks and threatened to cause a serious loss to the growers. The Production and Marketing Administration is authorized by law to conduct special promotion campaigns on behalf of any farm product which is in surplus supply in order to help move the excess into consumption through regular marketing channels.

The fact that I am Mr. Spear's father-in-law, while quite true, is purely coincidental with regard to the work of my office and, it seems to me, is entirely irrelevant to the subject of the article.

CHESTER A. HALNAN, New York, N. Y.

. . . Wouldn't John W. Randolph's Dinner Duck feel slightly stuffy toward evening after eating his daily share, around 50 pounds, of the 2,000 *tons* of feed?

LEO NELSON, Beaverdam, Ohio

**Sorry, the figure should have read 20 tons a day.**

### *Love That Latin*

EDITOR: Picked up your magazine from a newsstand the other day and enjoyed particularly your Literal Latin phrases. Think they're terrific! Orchids to Dick Shaw and more of same, please.

WM. M. BARSTOW, Glenside, Pa.

**There will be more of same; and a book of the best, including some we didn't dare use, will be published in November by Doubleday & Company.**

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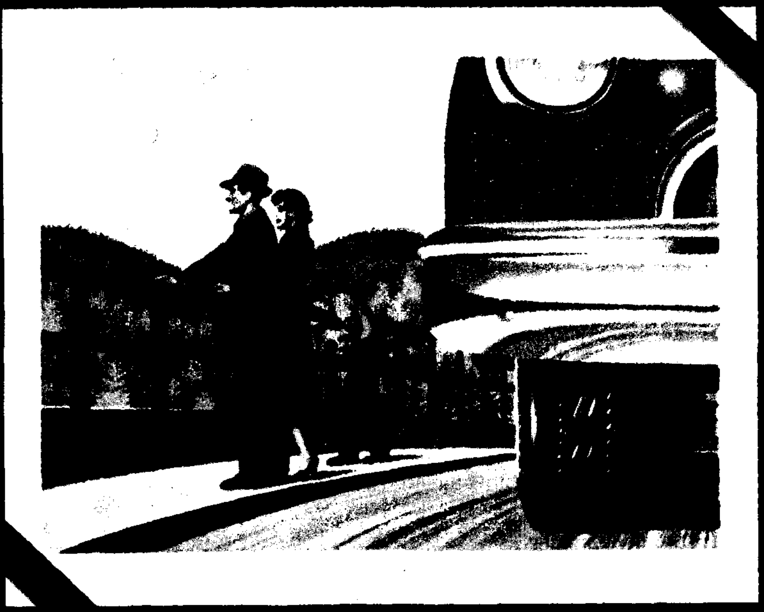

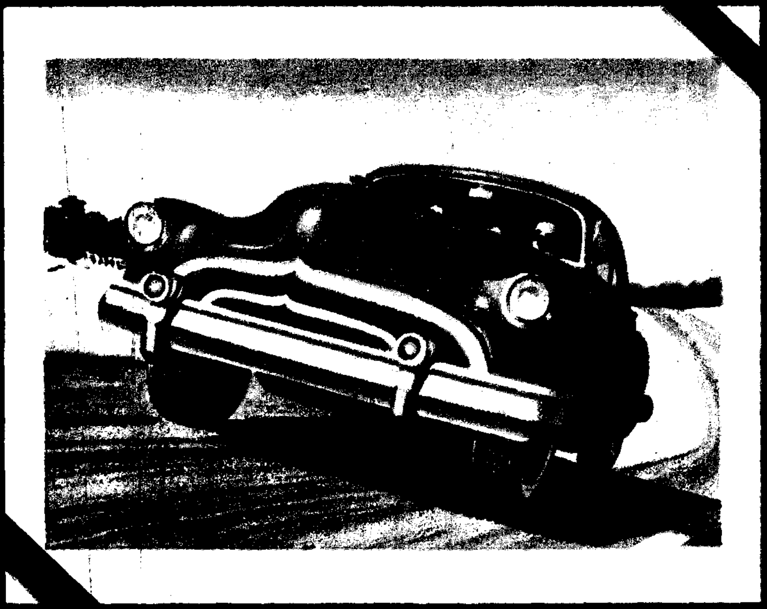

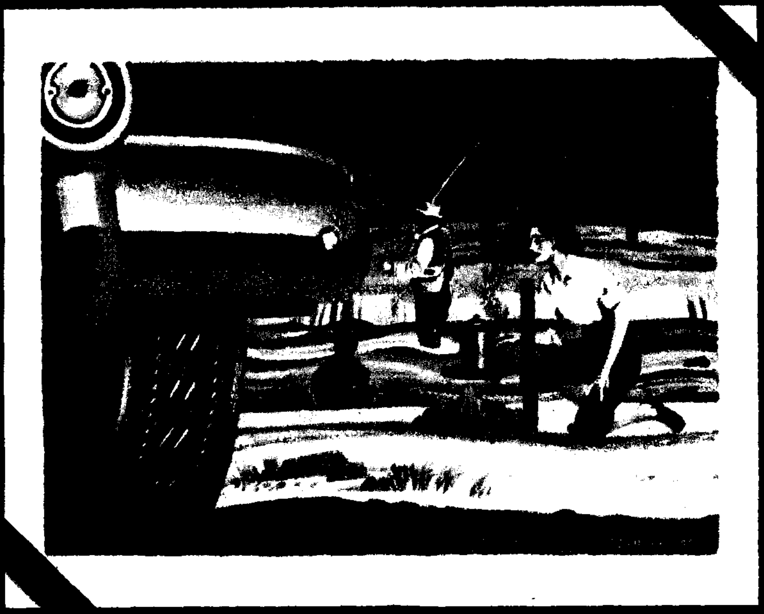

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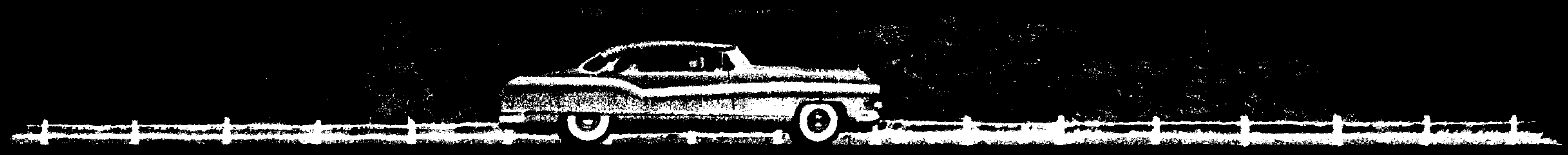
*Kellys make the going good!*



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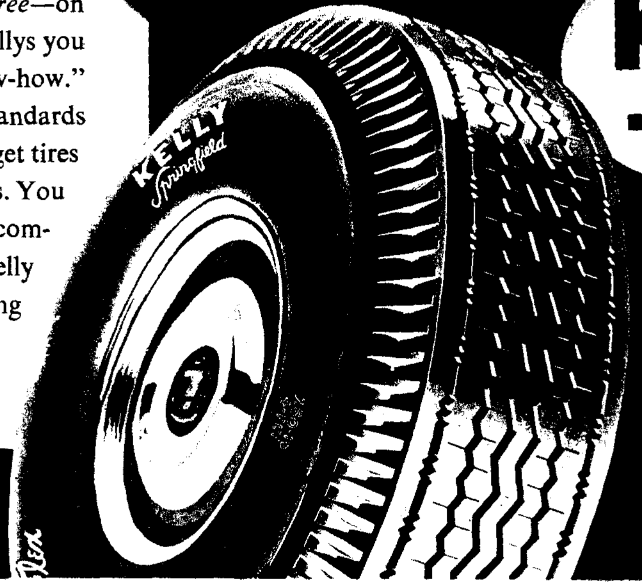

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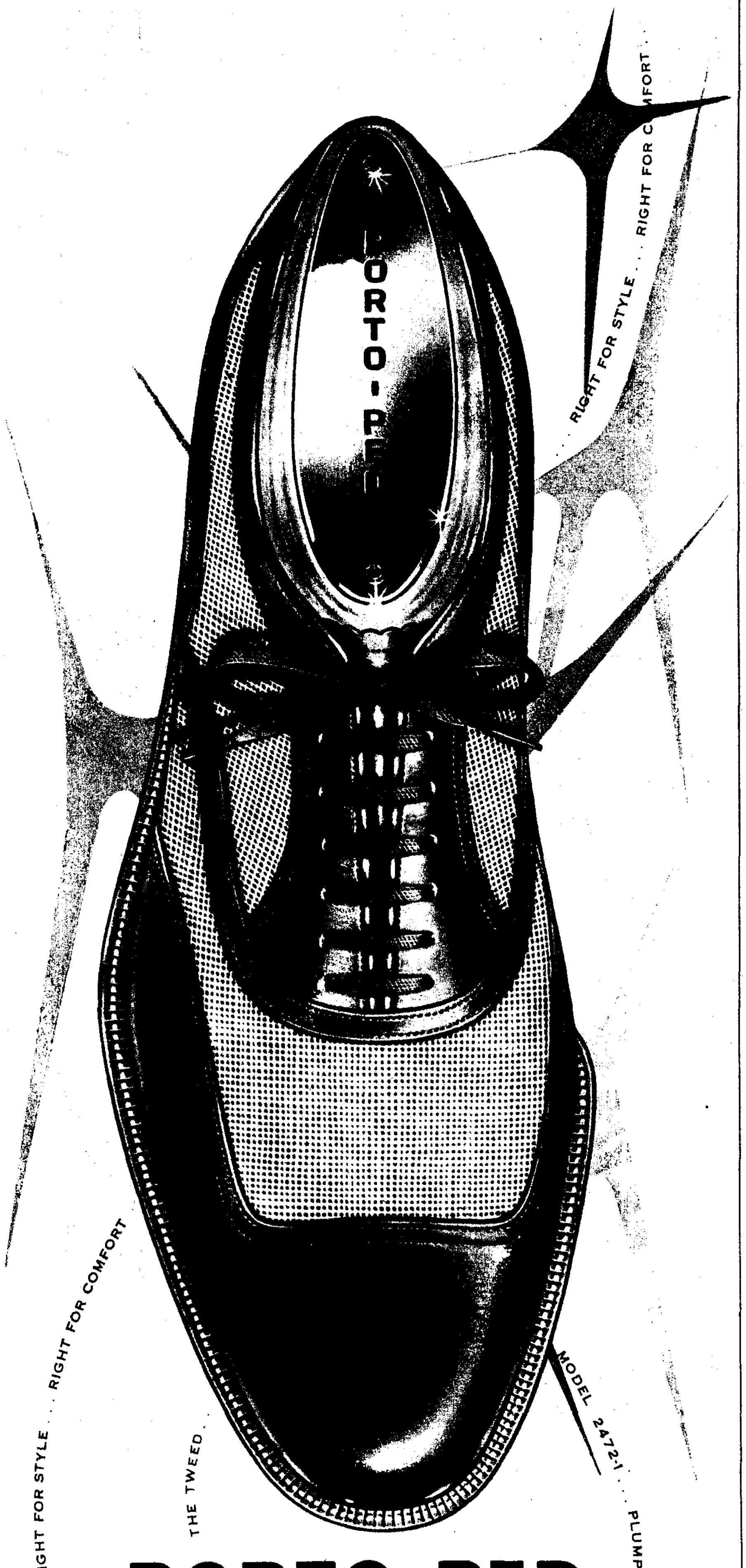
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*Air Cushion Shoes*

PORTO-PED Air Cushion
★ Yields with every step
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Porto-Peds cradle your feet in comfort! Their resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift make the difference.

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*See your Porto-Ped dealer or write us for his name.*

# 48 States of Mind

## By WALTER DAVENPORT

Honestly, you'd be surprised by some of the problems your fellow Americans are struggling with today. This department of Collier's will keep you informed in its limited way, although we can't pretend to unveil the whole picture. For example, there are—or were—North Idaho College of Education and South Idaho College of Education—known respectively as NICE and SICE. Both of these schools have been closed. Financial troubles. No sooner had the legislature closed the doors of NICE and SICE than a politically dangerous number of voters demanded to know who was going to take the place of NICE and SICE on the football schedule of BJC, otherwise known as Boise Junior College. Some of Idaho's abler statesmen tried to tut-tut the uproar, but the tut-tutting only made it worse. We mention this only to show you how hot an Idaho potato can get.

★ ★ ★

We pause for a pretty social note. In Indianapolis the time-honored Hope Chest parties are being pushed for popularity by Hope-Not Chest brawls. As even we know, hope chests are filled with items warranted to make brides lovelier, if possible. But hope-not chests contain articles the possessor will need in the event of an atom-bomb attack. Obviously, you can't use the same chest for both. If, says Dr. E. Vernon Hahn, cochairman of the Indianapolis Medical Society Civil Defense Committee, you have only one chest, you can use a five-gallon lard can for your hope-nots. Should there be an attack, the girls are advised to grab their hope-nots and forget their hopes before racing to take cover. There's a moral here, somewhere. Decide for yourself.

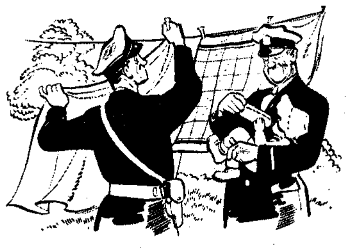
HOPE NOTS
HOPE NOTS
HOPE NOTS

★ ★ ★

We hesitate to pass on things like this, but honest journalism compels us to report that there are no gentlemen in the Upper House of the Maine legislature. That's official. Legislative protocol in Augusta decrees that only a member of the House of Representatives may be addressed by a colleague as The Gentleman from Mattawamkeag, or wherever. But senators in Maine, unlike some places we could mention, aren't fooling anybody.

★ ★ ★

Piedmont, California, is a tranquil community of 11,000 citizens who mind their own business and would doubtless thank us to mind ours—which, of course, we're doing. There hasn't been a prisoner in Piedmont's four-cell jailhouse for the past four months. There hasn't been a malefactor worthy of the name in the town for five years. Police Chief William V. Pflaum's 21 cops, lacking crime to combat, keep busy at baby sitting, running errands, taking in the wash from Piedmont's clotheslines, finding missing dogs and leading them back home, arbitrating family disputes, collecting mail and newspapers when a family's on vacation and delivering it when they get back, mending leaky faucets for residents who can't locate the plumber and, should a housewife telephone from, say Oakland, that she's not sure whether she disconnected the electric iron or percolator before leaving home, they'll whoosh over with sirens open to investigate. Anything. Anything. A great but ominous serenity broods over Piedmont. Some enchanted evening somebody's going to jimmy a window in Piedmont. Mark our words.


JACK BETTS

★ ★ ★

Down in Carrollton, Georgia (another serene town), the tension was broken by a foolish fellow from Cobb County. This intruder knocked at the door of Sheriff Denver Gaston's home, announced that he was fixing to set up a nice clean liquor still thereabouts and wanted to know whether Mr. Gaston would be helpful enough to help him locate. Mr. Gaston allowed that he would and escorted his caller to the sneezer or calaboose. The fellow was pretty indignant. Wanted to know whether Carrollton ever expected to get anywhere if it went ahead treating all new industries thataway.

★ ★ ★

Wherever possible we like to give a cheer for youthful ingenuity. In this instance our hero is a young man working for a large New York City corporation. He discovered about six months ago that insurance-policy salesmen frequently are glad to buy your lunch and even your dinner, plus a few cocktails, competition being pretty sharp, for the chance to curry a prospect. At the same time he solved a large part of his personal maintenance problem, eating costs being what they are. It all started when a salesman bought him a lunch by way of softening him up and a rival

Restaurant
CAFE
STEAK HOUSE
HOTEL
BAR

(Continued on page 51)

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*—IN ECONOMY —IN EASE OF DRIVING —IN COMFORT*

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF!

**Don't test one brand alone . . . compare them all!**

**TRY THIS TEST!**

**Take a PHILIP MORRIS—and any other cigarette. Then, *here's all you do:***

1 Light up either cigarette. Take a puff—*don't* inhale—and s-l-o-w-l-y let the smoke come through your nose.

2 *Now do exactly the same thing* with the other cigarette.

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SPECIAL BLEND

Unlike others, we never ask you to test our brand alone. We say . . . **compare** PHILIP MORRIS . . . **match** PHILIP MORRIS . . . **judge** PHILIP MORRIS against any other cigarette! Then make your own choice! Remember

**NO CIGARETTE HANGOVER**

means MORE SMOKING PLEASURE!

CALL FOR **PHILIP MORRIS**

DAN WEINER

Collecting responses was just part of poll-takers' job. Here, public-opinion analyst Elmo Roper and his staff analyze questionnaires. Left to right, Louis Harris, Carolyn Crusius, Dr. Roper, Dr. Julian L. Woodward, and Roper's son Burns

# When Would You Consult a Psychiatrist?

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

**A comprehensive new survey demonstrates a curious split in our thinking about mental health. Almost all of us are in favor of psychiatrists—but we aren't sure when we should call one**

The American people have been subjected for years to a barrage of conflicting opinions and advice on psychiatry and mental health. Now they have been given a real chance to talk back; poll-takers have gone to the public to learn what it thinks of modern psychiatric theories. At this time, as Mental Health Week (May 2d to 8th) is being observed throughout the country, Collier's is privileged to publish the results of this survey.

The facts presented in this article were gathered and analyzed over a period of a year by Collier's, public-opinion analyst Elmo Roper and the city of Louisville, Kentucky. Trained interviewers with scientifically prepared questionnaires made a thorough cross-section survey. In a 4,000-interview program, they spent an average of 45 minutes with roughly one out of every 90 persons in Louisville, following a predesignated course covering the entire city—to ensure a representative sampling of age groups (eighteen and over), income and educational levels, races and sexes.

Four special groups also were interviewed: doctors, lawyers, clergymen and teachers. For, quite as important as the public's opinions were the views of these professions, to which the people turn for advice and aid when confronted with mental and emotional problems.

Assisting in the analysis of the material thus gathered—as well as in the formation of the questions themselves—was a survey committee composed of Doctors William Keller and John Spiegel, psychiatrists; Doctors Julian L. Woodward and Lawrence Frank, sociologists; Mayor Charles Farnsley of Louisville and Albert Q. Maisel, who wrote this article.

Mayor Farnsley has used survey techniques in the past to help the municipal government discover the needs of citizens. His city was selected for this survey because, in effect, it is America in microcosm. It is neither Southern, Northern, Eastern nor Western. In economic groupings and in range of education, its citizens may be considered typical of the country as a whole. All races and religions are resident there. Its foreign-born and its Negro populations are closely proportioned to the national average. Its facilities for mental care range from an outstandingly modern and well-run private hospital to an understaffed, crowded state institution.

When completed, the results of the survey comprised a book of 215 separate tables. The conclusions drawn from this pioneering project are offered here as an index of what Americans think, and what they want done, about psychiatry and mental illness. —THE EDITORS

Start Story on Next Page ▶

# Interviewers polled 4,000 Louisville citizens, rated a

SUPPOSE an old and dear friend of yours suddenly tried to commit suicide. Suppose your own wife or husband began to see a rival for your love in every casual stranger. Or suppose your daughter or younger sister lost her gaiety and love for life and drifted into listless daydreaming.

Would you know where to turn for help?

These are thorny problems. We dread the thought that any one of them might touch our lives. Yet, sooner or later, virtually all of us may face mental and emotional disturbances of one kind or another, and we may need help.

Sometimes the disturbance may take the form of outright insanity, stark and naked. Far more often we encounter it as a breakdown or maladjustment or fit of temper, or a mild but persistent behavior quirk.

But what are we prepared to do about such a problem?

If you are Mr. or Mrs. Average American, the chances are strongly against your consulting a psychiatrist or even the family doctor. Less than one third of the Louisville residents interviewed in the Collier's-Roper survey saw the need for medical or psychiatric aid in the case of a man attempting suicide or an irrationally suspicious wife who threatened to kill her supposed rival. And in the case of a girl who drifted into excessive daydreaming, which may be a danger signal of schizophrenia, barely 4 per cent thought she should see a psychiatrist and only 2 per cent said she should see a doctor.

Yet—and this is important—an overwhelming majority expressed confidence in psychiatric treatment in general. Although they were unable to recognize psychiatric problems when directly confronted with descriptions of grossly abnormal behavior, they accepted the general value of psychiatry.

Old methods of handling psychiatric problems (jail for sex criminals, for example) were decisively rejected. Faith in psychiatry was found to be stronger, as a rule, among the young and the better-educated. But even the oldsters and those who got only part way through grade school have absorbed much of the modern viewpoint in dealing with problems presented by juvenile delinquency, by sex criminals and by the mentally disturbed in general.

Perhaps most significant of all is the fact that the public in the test city of Louisville voted, by almost three to one, in support of more doctors and more hospitals for the mentally ill.

Another fact that emerged from the poll-taking is that the vast majority of respondents, in their attitude toward the motivations of people as a whole—whether good or evil—showed an overwhelming optimism, cutting across all income and age levels, professional lines and other group classifications. In essence, the question was:

*"Do you believe most people are basically good, basically bad, a mixture of both but mostly good, or a mixture but mostly bad?"*

Some 60 per cent said, "There's good and bad in everybody, but usually more good than bad." An additional 30 per cent favored the flat statement, "Most people are basically good." Fewer than 10 per cent took the negative side; the remainder declined to answer. In other words, 90 per cent of the public takes the hopeful stand that people are essentially motivated by good intentions.

An interesting aspect of this question is that, while all groups voted heavily in favor of the more optimistic view, fewer clergymen (89 per cent) did than either doctors, lawyers or teachers. More than 98 per cent of the doctors and teachers voted for it, as did 95 per cent of the lawyers.

To get an accurate shading of opinion, the basic, underlying question of the survey—whether we accept or reject psychiatry—had to be framed in a number of ways. The over-all answer appears to be that we accept psychiatry. Yet the responses made it clear that most of us don't quite understand it and, probably as a result of this lack of understanding, frequently distrust it.

A few of the questions that were asked, and a breakdown of the answers, will help clarify this apparent paradox.

The broad acceptance of psychiatry in *general* terms was revealed most clearly by a question worded this way:

*"It is always worth while to get a psychiatrist's help when someone begins to act queerly or get strange ideas. On the whole, do you think this statement is more true than false or more false than true?"*

By more than eight to one, the public voted that the statement was more true than false. This was particularly surprising to the psychiatrists on the Survey Committee. One of them had ventured the guess that "We'd be lucky to get a fifty-fifty break."

In analyzing the answers it was found that, in the professional groups, lawyers showed the least faith in the efficacy of psychiatry, and doctors, understandably, showed the most. (Lawyers endorsed the statement by three to two, and doctors by eleven to one. In the case of clergymen and teachers, the ratio was approximately three to one.)

Despite such variations, it is noteworthy that every group interviewed showed an overwhelming belief in the general ability of psychiatry to serve the people. The endorsement ran through every class and group in society. College, high-school and grade-school training reflected little difference in the answers; all three groups were close to the general average.

Nearly two thirds of the persons interviewed had had close contact with someone—a relative, a friend or acquaintance—who had been treated in a mental hospital. When their answers were tabulated, it was found that their endorsement of psychiatry ran 3 per cent higher than the remaining third. But here again, as in every other breakdown, the deviation paled before the fact that every group, no matter how selected, felt strongly that psychiatric help was worth while.

### Should Other Help Be Tried First?

Even the small minority who felt that the statement posed to them was essentially untrue did not fully reject psychiatry. Many felt that psychiatric help is not necessary in many instances; they pointed out that "everyone is a little peculiar" or that "some cases are not serious enough." An even larger number—just under 3 per cent of the total sample—were willing to endorse psychiatry as a second resort. They felt that other help should be tried first: the family doctor, a minister or priest, or the immediate family or friends.

Only about 35 of the 4,000 men and women who were interviewed stated bluntly: "I don't believe in psychiatrists," or "I don't have faith in them."

The answers to this question make it seem that psychiatry has definitely won its place in every group of society. But as the questionnaire got down to specific cases, it became apparent that few people clearly recognize the signs of mental illness.

A number of the survey questions were built around descriptions—in laymen's terms—of frankly psychotic cases. But only a minority of the people were able to identify them as cases requiring the attention of a psychiatrist.

One such description was of a fifty-year-old woman, so definitely psychotic that she resorted to violence. The case history, as read to each person interviewed, stated:

*"Mrs. B had always been a little suspicious and inclined to take the worst view of things but she had led a fairly happy married life until she began to accuse her husband of not loving her any more. When she saw him speak politely to an attractive widow next door, Mrs. B waited until he had left, got hold of his gun, and then went over and threatened to kill the widow. Mrs. B's husband hadn't done anything wrong and doesn't know what to do about her."*

After hearing this description, the respondent was given a card listing six things that might be

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES KEEN

## excellent cross section of entire

done for Mrs. B and was asked to designate which he thought best.

Fewer than 7 per cent of the people were ready to say that she "should be taken to a mental hospital where she could be treated and where she could not harm anyone." Slightly over 20 per cent felt that "the family doctor should be called in to see if he can't give her something to calm her nerves." Thus a minority of barely 27 per cent recommended either a direct or indirect resort to psychiatric care.

In contrast, 26 per cent of the people felt that "her minister or priest should be called in to talk with her" and 21 per cent recommended that "her husband should give her a good talking to and then wait to see if her jealousy won't blow over." An additional 13 per cent recommended that "the husband should stay home with his wife to prove to her that he really loves her." In combination, these nonpsychiatric solutions won the endorsement of nearly two thirds of the people, who obviously did not feel they had been confronted with the description of a mental illness requiring immediate psychiatric attention.

Significantly, hardly anyone exhibited any survival of the once widely prevalent view that a woman like Mrs. B should be punished. Barely 40 people—about 1 per cent—favored the sixth alternative, that "the police should be called immediately to lock up Mrs. B until she calms down." The remaining 12 per cent either rejected all the proposed solutions, or did not state which one they preferred.

A similar inability to recognize the need for psychiatric attention was found when the respondents were presented with this description of a fifty-two-year-old machinist:

*"Mr. G had always been a hard worker who had worried a lot about making ends meet for his large family. One day his job at the plant was given to someone else and he was told by his employer that he was no longer needed. After this happened, he became very depressed, accused himself of being a complete failure and worthless to his family. He refused to look for another job or take an interest in anything and finally tried to commit suicide."*

In framing the question, the psychiatrists on the Collier's-Roper Survey Committee had sought to describe a clear-cut case of acute suicidal depression, one which they regarded as most urgently requiring psychiatric attention. As in the case of Mrs. B, six possible solutions were suggested. Three involved medical attention; these were selected by about one third of the people. More than twice this number favored the three "common sense" solutions.

Only 2 per cent of the respondents selected the statement that "he should be sent to a mental hospital or asylum until he is better." An additional 11 per cent thought he should be sent to a psychiatrist for treatment. Approximately 16 per cent felt he should consult his family doctor.

In contrast, 14 per cent of the respondents selected the solution that "he should be given plenty of time to recover from the shock of losing his job and then he'll be all right again." About 15 per cent said, "He should have a good long rest away from his family responsibilities and worries." A whopping 33 per cent thought "his family and friends should give him a good pep talk and urge him to look for another job." The remaining 9 per cent either disapproved of all the suggested solutions or gave no answer.

The only group that showed awareness of the urgency of the case was the medical profession, which favored psychiatric or medical help for Mr. G by a two-to-one ratio.

### A Girl Addicted to Daydreaming

Another question pictured one of the most common forms of mental illness, schizophrenia, the split-personality disorder which attacks most frequently at, or shortly after, adolescence. The early stages of this disease were described in the following words:

*"I'd like to tell you about a twenty-year-old girl who began to spend too much time alone and too much time daydreaming. What do you think happened here; what do you think ought to be done about it?"*

In the view of the Survey Committee psychiatrists, a case such as this probably requires psychiatric aid. While a certain amount of daydreaming is normal in adolescents, "too much" is dangerous; so is withdrawal from normal social contacts. Hope for a successful recovery depends primarily upon early diagnosis and treatment.

The public, however, was not prepared to recognize this case as a psychiatric problem. Only 2 per cent of the respondents clearly labeled it as a mental illness. Only 4 per cent said, "She should see a psychiatrist."

Nor were many of the people interviewed ready to accept the case as requiring any sort of medical attention. A mere 2 per cent said, "She should see a doctor."

The vast majority suggested "common sense" solutions. More than one quarter of the people felt that the girl "needed more social contacts." About 18 per cent said, "She should get a job, find some work to keep her busy." *(Continued on page 72)*

# GALAHAD'S A CROPPER

**Gridley was the world's worst newspaperman. He had a nose for scandal that was so long and so unreliable it kept getting in his way and tripping him up**

### By NORD RILEY

ONE April morning Gridley Cochrane, a hot-blooded young reporter assigned to the Mexico City bureau of the Intercontinent News Service, was summoned by the bureau chief.

"Gridley, an old crock I know up in Ensenada wired me that Terry Harrison put his yacht in there four days ago and snuck a dame aboard."

"Another dame?" said Gridley. "He needs another dame like Mexico needs another jumping bean."

"This doll is a new one. My pal couldn't find out who she was, but sneaking her aboard that way makes me think there's something funny going on up there. The woman had a lot of class and didn't look more than twenty years old."

A red tide of indignation rolled through Gridley. "Why doesn't he pick on someone his own age? Damn it, Pop—"

The elder Cochrane flinched and drew back his hand as if to bust his offspring one across the mouth. "Don't mention that word around here," he said. "It reminds me of your lovely mother's deranged notion that you can grow up to be a writer. You're a decent lad, Gridley, and a lousy newspaperman. You've been here eight months and you still write like an elderly female antivivisectionist whose Pomeranian has just trotted off with a medical student. You're excitable, mawkish, take sides—"

"Lower your flaps, Pop," Gridley said gently. "You're overshooting the field."

His father calmed down. "All right. Now listen: If this tip is solid, there's a story. Harrison is news any time. He owns a big hunk of the timber of two states. He's a playboy of international standing. He chases dames and vice versa. He's a sportsman. On women and fish he holds record catches. If he's hooked a new lady friend, every woman that can spell will want to read about the struggle from baiting to gaffing. The way he's trying to hide her makes it all the richer. Now, my friend says he had it from a crew member that Harrison's next stop is Mazatlán. Get down there. Find out who this new girl is. Get a statement what their intentions are. This can be exclusive, Gridley, and if you pull it off without getting mush on your bib I won't have to fire you. Your mother could start being nice to me again."

"Yes, sir," Gridley said. "A straight, dispassionate story. Have no fear."

At Mazatlán, a genial tropical seaport on the Pacific, Gridley checked into the Hotel Belmar overlooking Olas Atlas Bay and began making inquiries. He learned that Harrison's yacht, Bluebeard II, lay several miles offshore in the lee of three islands.

For the trip out, Gridley hired a launch manned by an adroit, smiling young man, named Jorge Ruiz. While they chugged out the narrow channel, Gridley maintained a queasy version of seaworthiness, but once they passed Creston Island and its lofty lighthouse and began swooping over the long Pacific swells, his stomach began doing slow rolls and he felt terrible.

There were no signs of welcome from the big, white Diesel yacht when they came alongside. Instead, Gridley found himself under the gelid scrutiny of a square-faced gentleman who wore four stripes.

"Hello, Captain. I'm Gridley Cochrane of Intercontinent News. May I board you?"

"Go home, Mr. Cochrane."

"Can I speak with Mr. Harrison?"

"No."

"Tell me, Captain, can you give me the names of Mr. Harrison's guests?"

"I tell you nothing, nor will anyone else. You're a sick man. Go home." The captain disappeared from the rail.

Fighting off the pains of defeat and nausea, Gridley glanced aft to where two young men in dungarees were lounging. He had Jorge move under them. "Fellows," he said, baring his teeth in a ghastly grin, "how'd you like to make a couple fifths of bourbon? Like that, h'mm? All you have to do is tell me who—"

"Mac," said one, drawling, "how'd you go for a big plate of greasy pork chops smothered in marshmallows right now?" As Gridley gulped and clutched the gunwale, the sailor chortled in a healthy, heartless manner. "You've had it, Mac. Take off."

With an uneasy semblance of nautical aplomb, Gridley waved Jorge shoreward and sat down, ill and unhappy. In a few minutes Jorge cut the engine and Gridley discovered they were alongside a dugout canoe sporting a colorful sail made of four sacks and piloted by a brown, grizzled fisherman who sat in his sliver of a craft astride a six-foot shark.

Jorge and the shark man chatted excitedly; then Jorge touched Gridley's shoulder. "Pardon, señor. Permit me to tell you a thing."

"I'm not buying any sharks," Gridley said.

"My friend, Jesús, says he sees a thing to excite. He says he sees American girl having bathe with no clothes on. Pretty good, eh?"

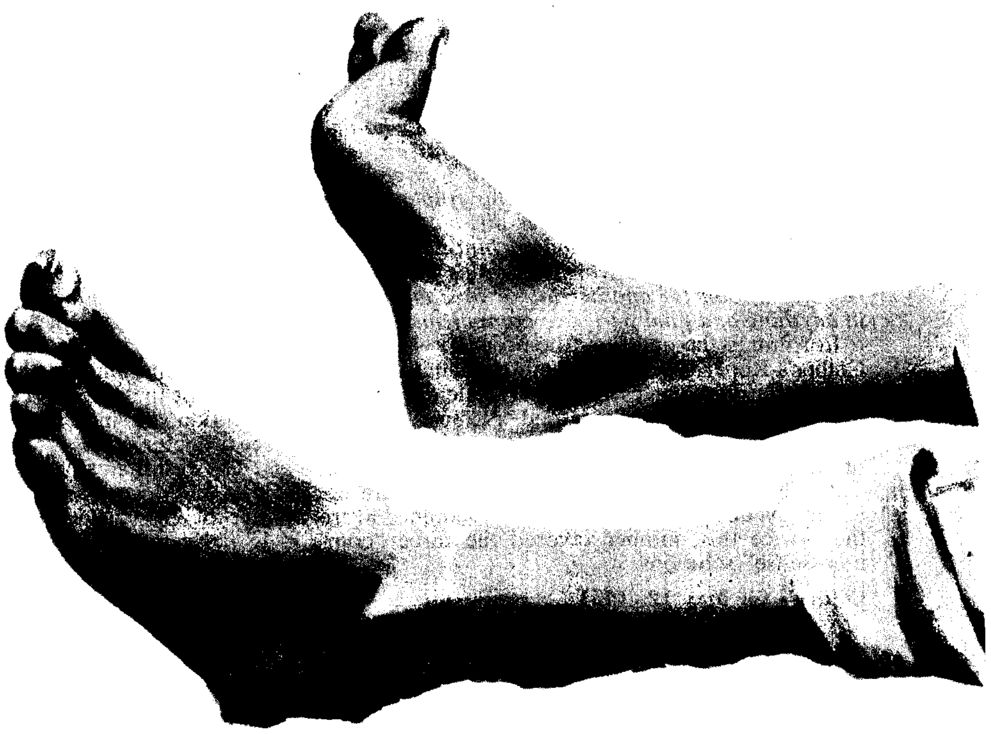
Gridley sat up. "Where?"

A great white smile parted Jorge's face. "Stomach not sick now, eh? She bathe there, on the island, señor." He pointed to a cove at the end of the nearest island. "We go, señor?"

They went. En route, Gridley pondered his approach. The island was uninhabited and the girl must be from the yacht. It was unlikely she'd heard there was a newspaperman around, so Gridley instructed Jorge to pass the glorious spectacle in the cove while he, Gridley, lay hidden from view.

"You do not wish to *(Continued on page 57)*

**Gridley uncorked the wine and poured out two glassfuls. Kim handed him a cracker heaped with caviar like shiny bird shot. She spoke to someone behind him: "Back from diving so soon, Terry?"**



ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

# *Hollywood's* BEAUTIFUL BULLDOZER

### By GLADWIN HILL

*She acts, writes, directs, produces—no film job is too big for Ida Lupino*

A PERSPIRING electrician, wrestling with an exceptionally arduous problem in cable-laying on an RKO sound stage one day recently, paused to mop his brow and grunt to a colleague:

"The things I do for Grandma! I wouldn't do this for anyone else if I was on golden hours."

"Golden hours" was a reference to the Sunday and holiday superovertime on which Hollywood technicians collect up to five times normal pay. And the "Grandma" was a filial tribute to the winsome, shapely girl, just turned thirty-three, known to the public as Ida Lupino.

She has earned the respectful sobriquet by an unusual and difficult process: turning her back on a career of successful and lucrative film acting for the uncharted and parlous path of female producer-director, the only one in Hollywood.

Although her husband, Collier Young, holds the title of president in The Filmakers, their producing company, while Ida is listed as vice-president, actually they are partners in the enterprise, both financially and operationally.

Ida's activities, in fact, cover a broader gamut than her husband's. While they collaborate with the third Filmakers partner, Marvin Wald, the writer, on fundamentals like story selection, casting and scripting, Young concentrates on the administrative side of the operation. Ida by turn writes, directs, acts, takes a hand in musical scoring, and on occasion even plies a needle and thread on costumes.

"Collie is the diplomat of Filmakers," she says. "I'm the bulldozer."

This difference in their personalities may help explain why Ida and Collier—who is her second husband—agreed some time ago to live apart. It may also make clear why their separation has had no effect on their working relationship (or, for that matter, on their mutual admiration).

When the word circulated around Hollywood that Ida, the versatile and compelling screen impersonator of fluffy love-bugs, conniving villainesses and hand-wringing neurotics, was taking up the megaphone, people weren't particularly surprised. They wouldn't have been surprised if Ida had announced she was launching an expedition to the Gobi Desert after dinosaur eggs or starting an undersea night club in a benthoscope.

Although she started out in Hollywood in the early 1930s as just another cute starlet, Ida long ago put herself in a different league from most movie glamor girls.

She is brainy, imaginative and unfazed by conventions. In addition to being an accomplished film actress and knowing movie making inside out, she has starred on the radio, written magazine pieces and musical comedies, and has composed music for the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

Her versatility was powerfully impressed upon a photographer who went to her house one day while she was ostensibly completely preoccupied with eleventh-hour preparations for one of her productions. When he developed his pictures, there was an unfamiliar look to the work. As he examined the negatives and tried to reconstruct what had happened, it suddenly dawned on him that it had been Ida who, throughout the whole afternoon, had been directing the placement of his lights.

When Ida heard of plans for a Los Angeles production of the pantomime Aladdin, in which her father had starred in London, she rushed down to the Philharmonic and volunteered to write the score for it. The odd circumstance about her activity as a composer is that Ida has never had any formal musical training; in boarding school she bribed another girl to take even her elementary piano lessons for her. She composed the Aladdin score, as she has all her music, by plunking it out on the piano in the key of C and transposing it afterward.

**Ida solidified her reputation as an excellent dramatic actress in the picture They Drive by Night, in which she played a murderess. Her family has been in show business for 300 years**

#### Unique Method of Script Writing

She does her writing the hard way, too. At times when the urge has been upon her, she has been known to keep at it for 24 hours at a stretch, writing in pencil in a nearly undecipherable scrawl. Characteristically, she usually neglects to keep a supply of paper on hand, with the result that her studio associates are bombarded with communiqués that jump from old envelopes to grocery bags to magazine covers and back again. One of her bits of fiction, a short short story about a child star, wound up two years ago in the magazine you are reading.

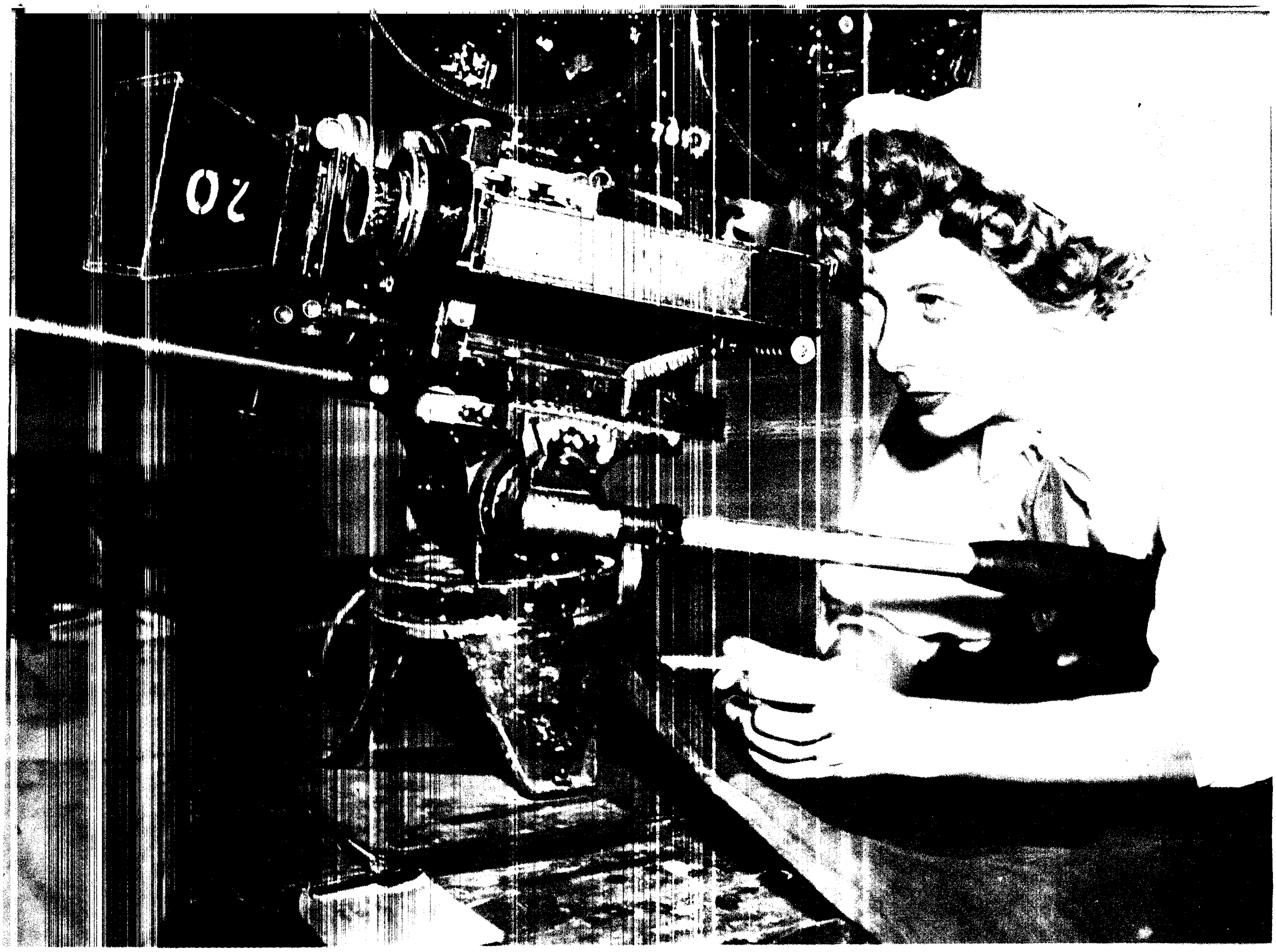
The essence of femininity in manner and emotions, Ida radiates an almost masculine vitality, both mental and physical, from her slight 112-pound frame.

When she outlines poignant bits of drama she has conceived, her eyes film with feeling; and when she is describing a prospective scene or its photography, she somehow seems to get four arms into action, like two fighter pilots reminiscing. The half-inch length of her eyelashes, her most distinctive physical feature, she ascribes to the fact that in moments of great concentration she often plucks at them nervously the way other people bite their nails.

This tremendous vitality frequently poses a sharp challenge to her body; she is brittle-boned and is always breaking, spraining or straining something. When she fractured her foot just as she was starting to direct a recent picture, she insisted on going ahead with it, with her leg in a large cast, even undergoing the pain of being lifted intermittently onto an elevated stool so she could check camera angles.

The state of Ida's health is a matter of considerable importance to anyone who must spend much time in her company. For although she is shy about such commonplace matters as entering a room full of people, once there she inexorably dominates her surroundings. "If Ida feels good," an associate commented, "her mood spreads all around. If Ida's got a headache, everybody in the place is sick."

Nevertheless, her friends have learned to mete



**Checking a camera angle.** Cameramen who have worked with Ida say she knows their business almost as well as they do

out their sympathy in inverse ratio to her lamentation.

For example, few people were aware, until it came out in connection with a picture she made on infantile paralysis, that shortly after coming to Hollywood in 1933 she had had a bout with polio that left a slight permanent impairment in both her right hand and her right leg.

On the other hand, she recently telephoned at what she thought was the last minute to beg off from a business conference, pleading tearfully that she had just sprained her ankle. But she had mixed her dates; the conference was still a week off. The following week she telephoned again, and methodically announced that she had just sprained the same ankle.

While Ida serves enough functions with Filmakers to be completely at home in a business-conference room, perhaps her most notable accomplishment in the eyes of Hollywood has been her success in establishing herself as a director—the only woman member of the Screen Director's Guild, and one of only a half-dozen females since the movies' infancy who have had the temerity to stand behind the camera and tell 'em how to do it.

Ida cut her directing teeth helping the late Elmer Clifton on Not Wanted, the picture on illegitimate motherhood which Collier Young made in partnership with Anson Bond two years ago.

Filmakers was incorporated six months later, in August, 1949. It has produced four pictures: The Young Lovers (initially titled Never Fear), a daring treatment of infantile paralysis; Outrage, a story of a girl who is raped; Hard, Fast and Beautiful, about a tennis champion and her Machiavellian mother; and On the Loose, a story of adolescent-parent relationships.

Ida directed the first three. She contented herself with lesser chores in the making of On the Loose because, she explains, "It would have made five pictures in a row about women with problems, and I didn't want to go stale."

All five pictures have made current movie history in large ways or small. They have dealt with markedly unconventional subjects which most big producers might have boggled at tackling. Despite their intrinsically sensational nature, the subjects were handled tastefully. And the pictures were made on budgets that blazed new trails in production economy.

Although the usual Hollywood picture often costs $1,000,000—or perhaps $500,000 in the case of an especially economical effort—two of the Lupino-Young films were produced for less than $155,000, and the most expensive, On the Loose, cost only $340,000, even with such stars as Joan Evans and Melvyn Douglas.

One reason for Filmakers' economy is the speed with which it completes its pictures. The familiar Hollywood shooting schedule is on the order of 40 days. Filmakers' maximum has been 18.

This celerity once caught even the unit's publicity man off base. When it came to filming a wheelchair square-dance scene in The Young Lovers, on which an ordinary movie company might have spent a week, Ida allotted one day. The publicity man invited news photographers in to catch the unusual demonstration of the agility and courage of a group of actual paralytics. The photographers arrived early in the afternoon *(Continued on page 76)*

**Ida and her coproducer and husband, Collier Young, go over a new picture script together**

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

# BEWARE of

# Stalin's Smile

### By THOMAS E. DEWEY

**To survive, says New York's governor, we must learn that Soviet sweetness and light mask evil intentions. We dare not relax our guard, for "that is Stalin's strongest weapon . . ."**

THERE is one greater danger to the survival of our country than open attack by the Soviet Union. That greater danger—the greatest of all—will be when Joseph Stalin smiles. I am afraid he may smile soon, and that we will smile back.

The reason is simple. We are rearming rapidly now and an attack would instantly unite us and the whole free world for defense and counterattack.

But the peoples of the world love peace. All free nations are dedicated to a peaceful way of life. As soon as they think they are in no danger, free people drop their arms and become sitting ducks for an aggressor. That fact is the strongest weapon in the Soviet arsenal.

I want to see that weapon destroyed. Then we can win the peace.

The way to avoid World War III is to understand some simple, obvious truths which are being dangerously ignored in most public discussions today. These truths are:

1. We are not at peace. We are being warred against by Communist Russia with bullets, treason, wile, propaganda and every other weapon.
2. This war will continue so long as Russia remains Communist.
3. War will never again be "declared" in the old-fashioned way with "messages" followed by "ultimatums" and then a Congressional "Declaration of War." The blare of trumpets and the unfurling of banners will never again occur. There has not yet been a declaration of war by either side in Korea. If total war should come it would strike as we sleep—as at Pearl Harbor—in a rain of bombs and terror.
4. We can probably live out our lives without World War III, if we become and remain strong enough, always, if we keep the industrial might of Germany and Japan on our side, if we continue to receive the flow of industrial materials from around the world, and if our friends persist in their will to be free.
5. We can ultimately capitalize on the misery and rebellion of Communist-conquered peoples and start rolling the Iron Curtain back.
6. If we get strong and stay strong we can win our first peace in 137 years.

I have said we are actually being warred against and will be for the rest of our lives. Don't take my word for it. Take the word of the founder of Russian Communism, Lenin. More than 30 years ago he gave his definition of his kind of government. He said:

"It is war, much more cruel, much more prolonged than any war has ever been."

If there is any doubt left, listen to this Lenin quote:

"Until the final issue has been decided, the state of partial war will continue."

Stalin has been even more brutally frank. Once, when asked what he considered the best thing in life, the Red Czar replied:

"To choose one's victim, to prepare one's plans minutely, to slake an implacable vengeance, and then to go to bed—there is nothing sweeter in the world."

We have to take the Soviet leaders at their word. They intend to conquer the whole world and to wage war in one form or another until they get it.

So when Stalin smiles, we must remember that it is just part of the act, as at Yalta, Tehran and Potsdam, where he gained great conquests.

Knowing all this, what have we Americans done? We have wobbled from great strength to terrible weakness; we have wobbled from opposition to Soviet imperialism to seeming total appeasement and back again. We hold the crucial position in this decisive world struggle, yet nobody knows where we stand or what we will do, even from day to day. From a commanding position as the strongest nation on earth in August, 1945, we cut our immediate military strength down so far that we became one of the weakest major powers, as we found out when South Korea was invaded last June.

It was fruitless to cry out against the demobilization, against allowing China to slip away to the Communists and against the follies of appeasing Russia. Too many people still believed the stupid propaganda that Russia was a nice, peaceful, tame bear—not a rampaging Red bear. I shouted myself hoarse against this folly between 1946 and 1950. But it took the actual Korean invasion and the shock of humiliating reverses before our country woke up.

Between December and March the nation was galvanized to its defense. Our people suddenly realized that we were in dreadful peril. We moved for real rearmament and for the long-overdue program of compulsory military service. The nation also awoke to the need of allies—to the fact that if the rest of the world should go Communist, we in America would be outnumbered 14 to 1.

We discovered, at last, that we cannot live alone. Without the manganese from India, Africa and Brazil, we would have little steel. Without the indispensable necessities we get from all over the world—rubber, industrial diamonds, tin, cobalt and uranium—Fortress America would be another lost Atlantis drowned in the fathomless depths of isolation. We learned—or I thought we had learned—that the free world must become an indestructible society of strongly welded nations.

After many months of dillydallying, the administration finally got going on production and we more than doubled our armed forces.

### When the Tide Turned in Korea

Then what happened? We began to have surprising successes in Korea. The indomitable ground forces of the United States with the vital aid of the Navy and Air Force and the troops of other United Nations beat back not only the North Koreans, but also the colossal Chinese armies, Russian-trained and Russian-equipped: beat them in their chosen season, winter, on their chosen ground, Korea.

Joe Stalin got a bloody nose. Russia's prestige suffered a serious blow.

So what happened? The Soviet tried another tack. They remembered Lenin's words that "the concessions which we grant, which we are forced to grant, are the continuation of war in another form, by other means."

The Soviet has asked for a four-power conference. The Kremlin even hints at a possibility of compromise. Stalin deigns to smile. The question is whether we will relax and smile back.

Stalin's smile is the more dangerous because already we have begun to lower our guard. A temporary success in Korea made everybody relax. In foreign affairs we just can't stand success.

The Congress has spent three months debating whether we can go just a little isolationist again, and technical questions about the assignment of troops when we are "at peace," as if there were any peace.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey

As I write this in early April the whole atmosphere is one of letdown. A top businessman, called to Washington at great sacrifice to help rearm his country, says to me: "In January we could get almost anything done. Today it is almost impossible to get anything done. Everybody is forgetting."

Another man who is devoting his life to trying to win this peace puts it another way. "Thank God," he says, "we are so strong and rich that we can stand so many terrible blunders."

Our sense of urgency seems to be fading. We have changed as rapidly as the seasons—as if peace and strength and national foreign policy were just coats to be put on or off as the weather changes. Is it possible, is it conceivable that we are falling for Stalin's smile?

What has changed since December, when all America was practically unanimous for the building of great strength for ourselves and the free world? What justifies this frightening letdown? Nothing. Nothing except indecisive success in Korea.

Russian bombers are still only a few hours away from America. General Hoyt Vandenberg, the head of the Air Force, publicly says that the most he could hope to intercept would be 30 per cent. The damage those that got through could do to America is terrible to contemplate.

Our oceans are no longer defensive moats. They are highways to our front door for atom-laden ships and submarines.

History is littered with the wreckage of nations whose people were unwilling to sacrifice even a little for their safety and so lost all. If we are reluctant to serve the cause of freedom at whatever personal cost, we risk (*Continued on page 63*)

# The EUPHIO QUESTION

### By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

**How to be terribly happy, in one easy lesson. Just flick the switch, and something wonderful—and rather horrifying—comes stealing over you**

LADIES and gentlemen of the Federal Communications Commission, I appreciate this opportunity to testify on the subject before you.

I'm sorry—or maybe "heartsick" is the word—that news has leaked out about it. But now that word is getting around and coming to your official notice, I might as well tell the story straight and pray to God that I can convince you that America doesn't want what we discovered.

I won't deny that all three of us—Lew Harrison, the radio announcer; Dr. Fred Bockman, the physicist; and myself, a sociology professor—all found peace of mind. We did. And I won't say it's wrong for people to seek peace of mind. But if somebody thinks he wants peace of mind the way we found it, he'd be well advised to seek coronary thrombosis instead.

Lew, Fred and I found peace of mind by sitting in easy chairs and turning on a gadget the size of a table-model television set. No herbs, no golden rule, no muscle control, no sticking our noses in other people's troubles to forget our own; no hobbies, Taoism, push-ups or contemplation of a lotus. The gadget is, I think, what a lot of people vaguely foresaw as the crowning achievement of civilization: an electronic something-or-other, cheap, easily mass-produced, that can, at the flick of a switch, provide tranquillity. I see you have one here.

My first brush with synthetic peace of mind was six months ago. It was also then that I got to know Lew Harrison, I'm sorry to say. Lew is chief announcer of our town's only radio station. He makes his living with his loud mouth, and I'd be surprised if it were anyone but he who brought this matter to your attention.

Lew has, along with about thirty other shows, a weekly science program. Every week he gets some professor from Wyandotte College and interviews him about his particular field. Well, six months ago Lew worked up a program around a young dreamer and faculty friend of mine, Dr. Fred Bockman. I gave Fred a lift to the radio station, and he invited me to come on in and watch. For the heck of it, I did.

Fred Bockman is thirty and looks eighteen. Life has left no marks on him, because he hasn't paid much attention to it. What he pays most of his attention to, and what Lew Harrison wanted to interview him about, is this eight-ton umbrella of his that he listens to the stars with. It's a big radio antenna rigged up on a telescope mount. The way I understand it, instead of looking at the stars through a telescope, he aims this thing out in space and picks up radio signals coming from different heavenly bodies.

Of course, there aren't people running radio stations out there. It's just that many of the heavenly bodies pour out a lot of energy and some of it can be picked up in the radio-frequency band. One good thing Fred's rig does is to spot stars hidden from telescopes by big clouds of cosmic dust. Radio signals from them get through the clouds to Fred's antenna.

That isn't all the outfit can do, and, in his interview with Fred, Lew Harrison saved the most exciting part until the end of the program. "That's very interesting, Dr. Bockman," Lew said. "Tell me, has your radiotelescope turned up anything else about the universe that hasn't been revealed by ordinary light telescopes?"

This was the hooker. "Yes, it has," Fred said. "We've found about fifty spots in space, *not hidden by cosmic dust*, that give off powerful radio signals. Yet no heavenly bodies at all seem to be there."

"Well!" Lew said in mock surprise. "I should say that *is* something! Ladies and gentlemen, for the first time in radio history, we bring you the noise from Dr. Bockman's mysterious voids." They had strung a line out to Fred's antenna on the campus. Lew waved to the engineer to switch in the signals coming from it. "Ladies and gentlemen, the voice of nothingness!"

The noise wasn't much to hear—a wavering hiss, more like a leaking tire than anything else. It was supposed to be on the air for five seconds. When the engineer switched it off, *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN

Eric Slayton

## *Continuing THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION STORY*

# Millions for Modern

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

*One of history's greatest philanthropic crusades was set off by the late John D. Rockefeller's decision to devote much of his vast fortune to the well-being of mankind. Last week, in the second of four exclusive articles, the author told how the tremendous resources of the Rockefeller Foundation were marshaled in a massive, world-wide war against such dread and devitalizing diseases as hookworm, yellow fever and malaria. A great deal still remained to be done in the field of medicine, and the Foundation tackled one of the most important problems: revolutionizing our medical facilities to keep step with the knowledge that was fast becoming available to the world*

### III

THERE is some question as to who was the father of modern medicine in the United States, but there is no question at all as to who was its richest and most generous uncle. More than $285,000,000 of the vast fortune of the late John D. Rockefeller—almost a third of the total of that accumulation disbursed to date for the well-being of mankind—has been devoted to promoting the progress of medicine and its related sciences.

Promoting is, perhaps, too puny a word. The upheavals in medicine exploded by this grand-scale giving have been as earth-shaking and tradition-wrecking as those the great King of Oil once exploded in American industry.

Rockefeller invented Big Business. No less, his philanthropy forced the rise in Big Medicine, the backbone of our leadership in lessening disease and prolonging the span of human life.

The amazing transition of American medicine in 40 years from the horse-and-buggy age of doctoring to today's highly complex age of hormones, enzymes, antibodies, vitamins, the so-called "wonder drugs," huge hospitals and yet huger medical training and research centers is largely the outcome of Rockefeller initiative.

Rockefeller-backed research may be credited with medical achievements as revolutionary as penicillin.

None of these developments came by chance. Each fits neatly into the dead oil king's master formula of ending world unrest by digging out its roots, which he believed to be poverty, ignorance and disease. Of the three, he felt disease had to be overcome first.

"It is my belief," he wrote in 1909, "that the principal cause for the economic differences between people is their difference in personality, and that it is only as we can assist in the wider distribution of those qualities which go to make up a strong personality that we can assist in the wider distribution of wealth. *Under normal conditions, the man who is strong in body, in mind, in character and will, never need suffer want.*"

To one feeling as strongly as he did about this, carrying it to the point of an obsession in the care of his own health, an event of 1910 must have come as a profound shock.

That year a report on the state of medical education in the United States and Canada was published by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. It charged that of the 155 medical schools in the two countries, only one—Johns Hopkins at Baltimore—could be called ideal. The best of the others were described as limited in facilities and vision. Most schools were branded not much better than "diploma mills" out to get the money. Conditions in general were described as "sordid, hideous, unintelligent even where honest—and so little that is even honest."

Everybody would be better off, the report concluded, if most of the American schools pretending to teach medicine were closed, and new schools were built from the ground up.

The exposal shook medical education like the ague. States began passing new laws. In some, high-school graduates, or even less, were permitted to practice medicine after less than two years' additional training in questionable "proprietary" schools—that is, schools run as a side line by practicing doctors. Dozens of medical schools folded up; others were merged and overhauled. During the next few years, apart from John D. Rockefeller, probably the man most damned and lauded in America was the report's author, Dr. Abraham Flexner.

Today, a distinguished gentleman of eighty-

KEYSTONE

**Rockefeller grants totaling only $28,640 led to the development of penicillin, perhaps the most important of miracle drugs. Discovered by Sir Alexander Fleming (l.), it was ignored until Dr. Howard Florey (r.) took it up seven years later with the Foundation's financing**

HAROLD LOW

**Dr. Michael Heidelberger, one noted recipient of Rockefeller funds, isolated vaccines which immunize against some types of pneumonia**

# Medicine

**Foundation helped set high standing of U.S. medical schools—like University of Iowa's, above—by pouring millions into improvement program**

four, Dr. Flexner lives quietly in New York City contemplating the degrees and other high honors bestowed on him by a dozen universities. He is director emeritus of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey. But in the early days of his lethargy-smashing report, the question asked heatedly by most medical men was, "Who is Abraham Flexner?"

Originally, his fame was derivative. He was the husband of Anne Crawford Flexner, author of The Marriage Game and other popular plays. He was a younger brother of the famous Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Otherwise, Abraham was known merely as a brilliant former schoolteacher of Louisville, Kentucky, his native town. He was not even an M.D.

Shortly after the Carnegie report appeared, another mere layman called on Flexner at the Carnegie offices in New York. The visitor was gray-mustached, cigar-smoking Fred Gates, the ex-Baptist preacher who was John D. Rockefeller's adviser on philanthropy.

"What would you do," asked Gates, "if you had a million dollars with which to start reorganizing medical education?"

Flexner gave a surprising reply. He said he would hand the entire sum over to Dr. William H. Welch at Johns Hopkins to help him make that excellent medical school a more shining example.

"With an endowment of $400,000," said Flexner, "Welch has created, in so far as it goes, the one ideal medical school in America. Think what he might do if he had a million more."

"Let's go to lunch and talk it over," invited Gates.

It was the first step toward adding to the Rockefeller staff another juggler of millions as remarkable as Gates himself.

Flexner was convinced that the "proprietary" medical schools had to go. Flexner proposed building up about 30 strong, nonprofit medical colleges of such distinction that the old schools would be forced to close. Each college, in effect, would monopolize the support of its region. It would operate its own hospital. Standards would be so high that only the best students could gain admission and be graduated.

This bold emphasis on brains, size, superior equipment and ruthless elimination of the mediocre was right down the Rockefeller street. On the same basis, from a welter of mostly small and inefficient companies, the world's greatest money earner had built the huge and highly efficient Standard Oil string of companies, knotted neatly together at 26 Broadway. If Big Business worked, why not Big Medicine?

### Powerful Backers of the New Idea

Soon along with Gates in nodding agreement was paunchy, bald Dr. Wallace Buttrick, the able secretary of Rockefeller's General Education Board, also a former Baptist preacher from upstate New York. And backing Buttrick were two powerful men, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Dr. William H. Welch. Thrice president of the American Medical Association, Welch was the best-liked and most honored medical educator in America.

World War I forced an interlude, but as soon as our troops began pouring home, Flexner received, further, the most substantial kind of backing any crusader could ask. The elder Rockefeller placed at his disposal in two separate grants a sum approximating $50,000,000.

Flexner took to the road. The huge medical grant was well publicized, and nowhere did he lack a welcome. However, he was adamant in his conditions. No medical school was to be aided unless it underwent a complete reformation along lines prescribed by the General Education Board. He struck his first snag in New York City, which made it plain that it did not intend to be pushed around or hurried into reform. Two great universities—Columbia and Cornell—had medical colleges in the city. For that day, they were well equipped, honorable, and associated with important hospitals.

But the schools and hospitals were in widely separated parts of the town. Teachers, many of them leading physicians, maintained private practices. Neither university was willing to change these conditions summarily.

Flexner attacked from an unexpected quarter. The University of Rochester, at Rochester, New York, had no medical college, but it had a very rich neighbor in George Eastman. The camera magnate already had given it a fine dental school. Too, Rochester happened to be the alma mater in theology of Buttrick and Gates. Flexner went to Rochester, and after breakfasting with Eastman in his home to the soft strains of organ music, outlined a daring plan to found a wholly new and superior medical school at the local university.

The talk continued through lunch, dinner and into the evening. Finally Eastman agreed to give $2,500,000 if three times that gift were donated from the Rockefeller fund.

"Then it would be our school, not yours," said Flexner. "It must be yours."

He returned to New York.

A few days later Eastman raised his offer by one million. Again it was refused. Some weeks passed. Then Eastman, inviting Flexner to his office, met him with a grimly pointed finger. "I'll make you one more offer," he said, *(Continued on page 67)*

EDWARD W. TEALE

# BEES-

## *Presenting an inside-the-hive*

### By ANTHONY STANDEN

NOBODY knows what a bee thinks. Nobody knows what a bee feels. It is questionable whether bees do "think" and "feel" at all. But we know a lot about what bees *do* and, fabulous insects that they are, you can read into the bee as many humanlike thoughts and emotions as you like.

There are over 12,000 species of bees, and most of them do not get together in hives, but live every-bee-for-itself as other insects do. Bumblebees—the familiar big ones—live in colonies of a sort, but the way they organize things is not so interesting nor so complicated as that of the regular honeybee, which lives in apiaries and gives us our honey—although the same species also lives wild.

A honeybee is always a member of a colony, numbering perhaps 50,000 individuals, in which all work together in complete harmony (difference number one from human beings). Difference number two—by far the greater number of the bees are "workers," who never have any love life and take no part in reproduction.

Number three—although the work of the hive is extremely varied and demands intricate division of labor, the colony seems to have no form of government at all. The bees seem to know, without arguing, which of them are to stay home and do the work of the hive. When a new honeycomb is to be built, they seem to decide unanimously just where it is to be placed. When a swarm is to be sent out, to found a new colony, they agree perfectly peaceably on which bees are to go with the swarm and which will stay in the old hive.

In their day-to-day living, bees help one another, feed one another and, when necessary, clean one another. A hive of bees seems to be a place where there is never any discord. But neither, for that matter, is there any pity; as soon as a bee becomes too old to work any more, or perhaps disabled by injury, out it goes. Either it crawls out of its own accord, to die outside the hive, or else it is forcibly carried out by its fellows. That's bees for you.

Ordinarily, a colony of bees contains just one queen bee. She is a highly specialized individual who spends almost her entire life laying eggs. The queen used to be thought of as "ruling" the colony, in a totalitarian way, but it appears that this is not so. The queen does not decide what shall be done, nor does she organize the work of the colony in any way. This is done by "instinct" or, if you like, because of "the Spirit of the Hive"; but both expressions are really ways of saying, "We haven't any idea how it is done—all we know is, it happens somehow."

A queen bee may live for three or four years, and lay a million or more eggs. Laying eggs is all she is good for, but of course that's indispensable. Wherever the queen goes in the hive, she is surrounded by worker bees, who always keep their heads toward her—"respectfully," one might say. It *looks* as if the workers were treating the queen with "the homage due to royalty"; but it may be more logical to say they surround the queen in this position because it keeps their stinging-end outward. Certainly the bees will "fight," or at any rate sting like mad, to protect their queen, as if they knew that if anything happened to the queen, the colony would be doomed; for then there would be no more eggs, and in a short time no more bees.

The little six-sided cells made of wax that we see in honey-in-the-comb are used by the bees not only for storing honey and other things, but also for rearing their young. The queen goes about the comb in a methodical manner, placing a tiny little egg in each waxen cell. Worker bees have, before-

# From A to Zzzzzzz

## *report on the always fascinating affairs of our winged honeymakers. It's quite a bees-ness*

hand, scoured the cell spotlessly clean, and covered it on the inside with a thin layer of "varnish," one of a number of special secretions that bees make. The egg soon hatches into a larva, a small white grub, which is tended by worker bees.

At first they feed it on "royal jelly," which is secreted by the bees themselves, and is a marvelously nutritious substance, full of fine food values and assorted vitamins. The bees usually keep a store of it in some of the cells, so that scientists have been able to take some of it and analyze it. After two days on this diet, the rapidly growing grub is switched to "bee bread," which is a mixture of honey and pollen, also nutritious, for the pollen has proteins that supplement the preponderance of carbohydrates in the honey. Four days of intense feeding, and the grub turns into a pupa.

Worker bees cover the cell with wax at this point, so that the pupa can be completely undisturbed for 12 days, during which it turns into a regular bee, with six legs, four wings, two large eyes, a most complicated tongue, an assortment of other apparatus such as pollen baskets on its hind legs or various parts of its body, the requisite glands for producing the various secretions, and the requisite "instincts" for living the complicated life of a bee and, presumably, enjoying it. It bites off the waxen covering to the cell, with assistance from some of the bees on the outside, and at once is a fully accredited member of the hive.

Nearly all the eggs that the queen lays hatch out in this way into workers. There are also a few that hatch out into new queens, and some that produce "drones." A drone bee is a male, and the drones are the only males in the beehive; the workers are just undeveloped females. The drones do no work in the hive. They come and go when they please, and the workers feed them. Their only function in life is to mate with a queen. There may be a hundred drones, or more, in a flourishing colony at the height of summer; but in the fall, when the mating season is over, the workers will turn on them and drive them all out of the hive to die in the open.

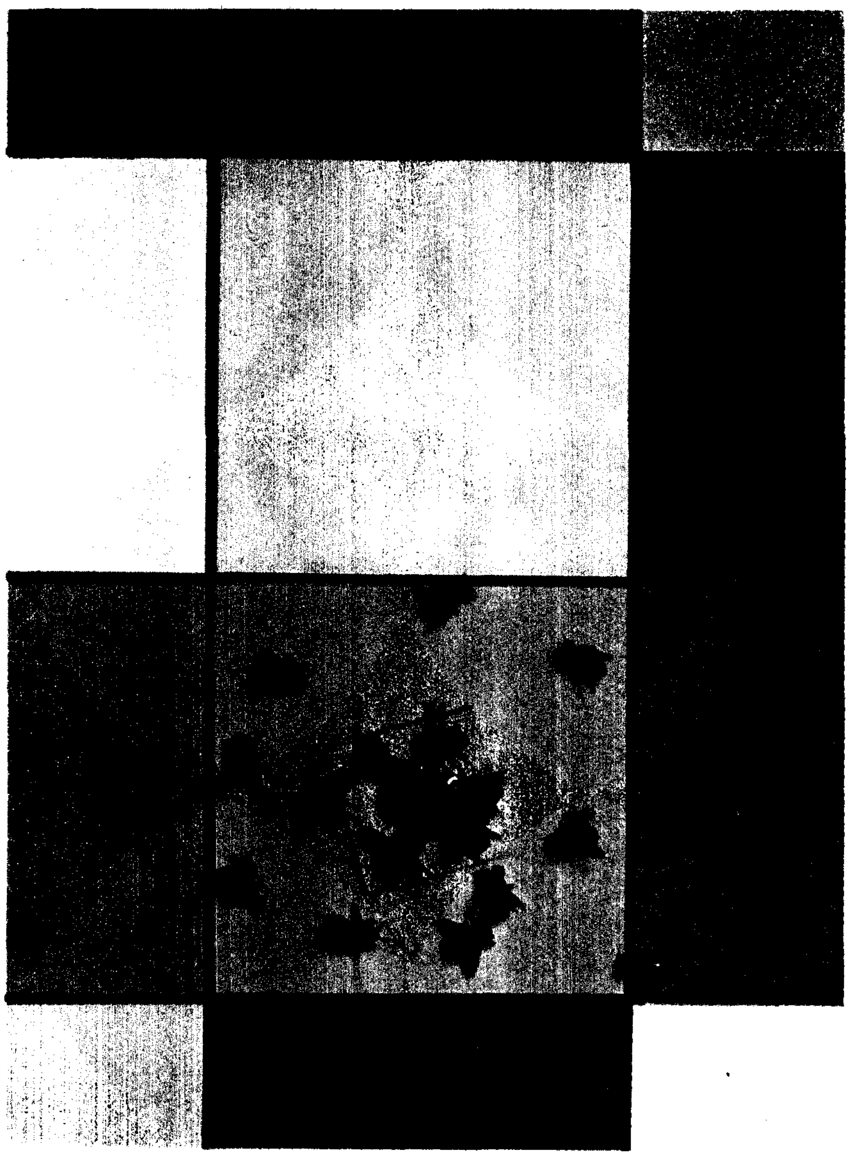
New queens are grown in larger cells than worker cells. They are fed exclusively on the best royal jelly and they grow somewhat larger than the workers, with fully developed ovaries, but with smaller eyes, less complicated brains, and some other differences. The egg that is to be a queen is identical with one that is to be a worker; it is only a question of diet. In a pinch, worker bees can transform a larva that was intended to be a worker into a queen by tearing down the walls of its cell, rebuilding them larger and continuing the diet of royal jelly.

A drone also grows up in a different type of cell, and the egg is different too. It is an unfertilized egg, whereas queens and workers come from fertilized eggs. The queen, having mated once in her life, stores sperm cells from the male in a special gland. Then, when she is laying an egg for a worker or a queen cell, she emits spermatozoa from this gland at the same time as the egg is passed, so that it is fertilized. But when she is laying in a drone cell, the egg is not fertilized, and an unfertilized egg always grows into a male.

How, one may wonder, does the queen know what kind of egg to lay in what kind of cell—if indeed she does "know" this? It may be that it is entirely a mechanical question of the shape of cell; that a drone cell, which has a larger opening, fails to give the abdomen of the queen a special squeeze that constricts her sperm-storing gland. But this is uncertain, as also are so many other matters connected with bees.

The queen cells, and the young queens when they hatch out of them,

*(Continued on page 82)*



LILO HESS

**Although bees are color-blind in a human sense, they do distinguish flowers by their hue. Tests with colored cards have proved the fact**

HAROLD C. TODD

**A "field bee" sips his fill from a zinnia. He'll take the nectar back to the hive, where a "house bee" places it in a honeycomb cell to ripen**

# THE MEN OF THE HOUSE

### By ANN CHIDESTER

**Harry would talk about the broken dishes and the attic and the money he had lost at poker another time. For tonight none of that was going to exist**

**Harry took down the uniform and looked at it with affection. "I was quite a man, then," he explained. "Ol' number twelve was famous"**

THERE were a lot of things that had to be done that day before they went out to the airport to meet Margaret. Harry Morton couldn't help worrying about them. Very early that Sunday morning he got up and, still in his pajamas, went up to the attic and stood in the doorway, surveying the great confusion that came from six years of living in one house. He was a big man with thick, black hair. He was in his early thirties and had a friendly, childlike face which, at the moment, was lined by concern. He did not want to do any of these things. He wanted to go out to the hammock and lie in the sun and wait for Margaret. Still, he had to clean the attic.

Then he had to do something about the mess downstairs, from the poker party of the previous night. He had never realized grown men could make so much mess. And there were all the dishes of six days still in the kitchen. The Judge might be able to do something about that. And, finally, the three of them—the Judge, Bear and himself—ought to get into their Sunday bests and give the ceremony some real class so that Margaret wouldn't be ashamed of them at the airport and want to go back to her aunt's. He didn't really think he could endure another week without her, and he was going to tell her so, too. He rubbed his head with his fist, yawned and, with the air of a martyr, stepped into the attic.

Just then, he heard Bear coming up the stairs. Bear was still wearing his pajamas too. They had *Hopalong Cassidy* written across the chest. Bear was four and he looked like Harry and walked with the same clownish, rolling gait that had made Harry famous at the university as Rollin' Harry Morton, the team's leading ground gainer in 1937. Bear, whose real name was Harrison Charles Avery Morton, stood beside his father and looked into the gloomy cave of the attic with the same worried expression.

"Gotta clean her all up, Bear," Harry said. "A surprise for your mother."

"Yeah," Bear agreed. "She might not speak to us."

"Don't worry. Everything'll be shipshape," Harry promised. Bear was getting to be pretty shrewd about women. He understood almost everything now. Harry had noticed it this past week, while Margaret was away. He felt a sudden sense of desolation, as though Margaret had been gone for over a year and he could scarcely remember her face. Living with the Judge and Bear was fine and friendly and, in a way, like a congenial men's club, but it was good it was over, too.

"Whassat?" Bear asked, pointing to the old football uniform hanging limply over a pair of skis.

"Wow," Harry said. He took down the uniform and looked at it with affection. Bear watched him, sitting on the trunk and bouncing a little on his fat bottom and making gee-up sounds for a horse. "I was quite a man, then," Harry explained. "Ol' number twelve was famous once, Bear. We couldn't be beaten."

The uniform was too small for him now, and he supposed his reflexes had slowed up, and he knew he didn't have the mind or legs to run any more. It was a wonder Margaret could tolerate the change. What she had married was a smart dresser, a bold dancer and a fairly well-known athlete. What she had now was a broken-down insurance man, a moderately successful salesman with not much chance of being anything more for a number of years.

"Is she comin', Dad?" Bear asked. He looked about ready to cry.

"I hope so. Sure. She said she was. I got the telegram. I showed it to you, remember?"

"I can't read," Bear said tragically.

"Remember what we talked about?" Harry asked. "Remember what you're supposed to forget?" He went over and picked up his old baseball bat. He gave it a little light swing, and Bear found a pillow and threw it, awkwardly, for Harry to hit.

"I remember," Bear said. "The party, and playin' cards, and losin' the money to Uncle Buck."

"Yes. And how you stayed up late every night, and Grandpa gave you coffee with milk in it, and you went to Susie's for television twice? You don't want to get me in bad, do you?"

"I won't tell," Bear said. He threw the pillow again, and Harry leaned into it and sent it up against the attic window with enough force to break the glass.

"Golly," Bear said. "She'll give it to us. She hates broken windows." With this, solemnly, he departed.

"Well—hunh," Harry said. He turned resolutely and picked up the mess of glass and deposited it in a hatbox along with three beautiful hats of Margaret's which had cost him a lot of money but which were now outmoded. He played with the idea of taking them down to the bedroom for Margaret to see. She could make them over—or something, he reasoned. Hats were an awful waste.

He found some old yearbooks and sat down on the trunk and laughed for a long time. Had they looked like that? It was another age, before the war, and no one had even dreamed of Bear, and Margaret's mother had still been alive. He thought of the Judge sleeping in the big back room with his books strewn all around the bed, and thought how lonely the old man must feel.

Harry continued his exploration of the attic, opening the trunk he'd had in prep school and college. On top he found an old Manila folder that had in it some lists of (*Continued on page* 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD STECKLER

# "*Terrible-tempered* JUDGE BARNES"

## A bench-pounding U.S. judge in Chicago metes out justice he feels in his heart

### By DUNCAN AIKMAN

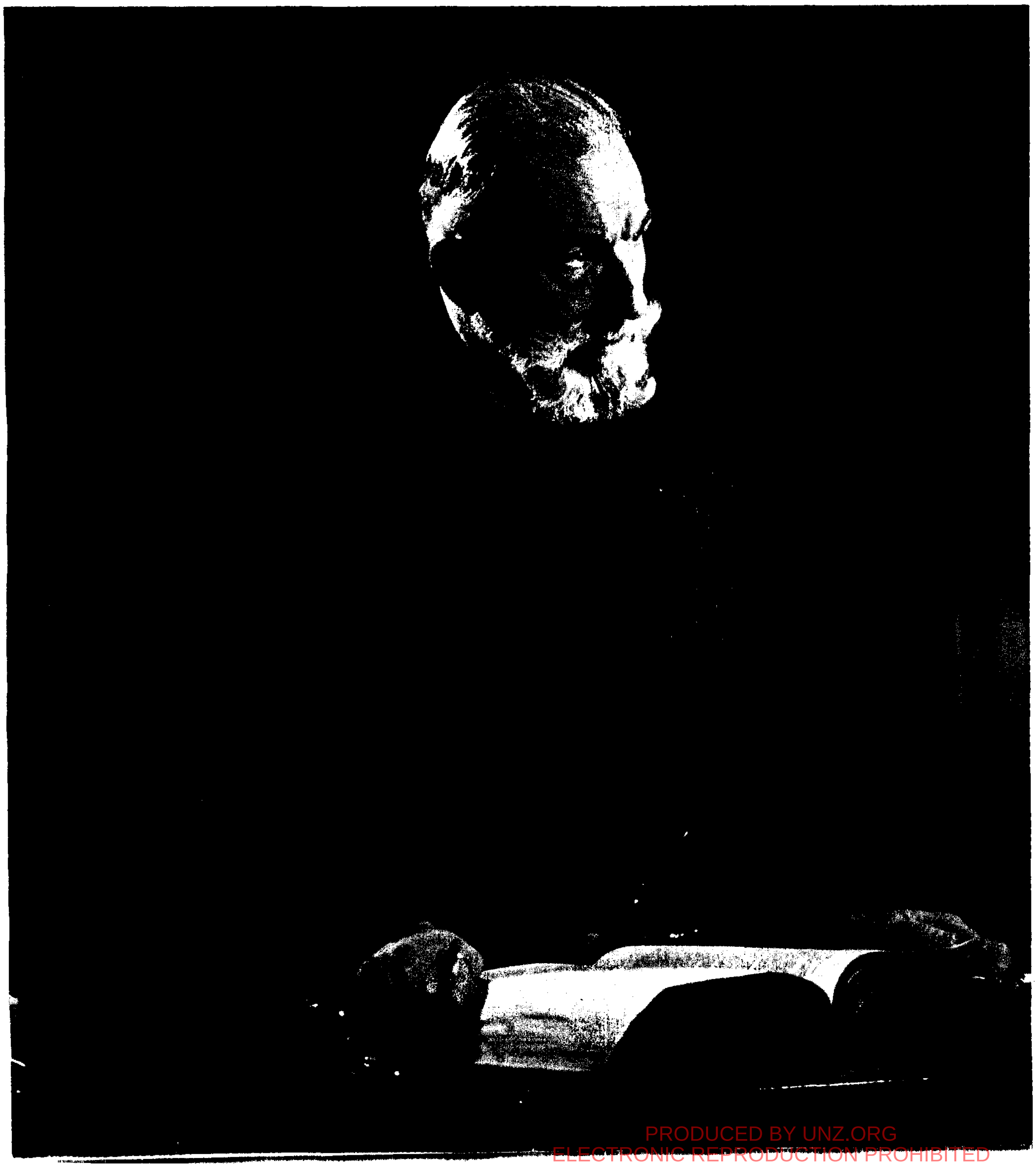
THE senior judge of the U.S. District Court for northern Illinois is a seventy-year-old gentleman who administers justice with the flat of his hand, alternating between sweetness-and-light and fire-and-brimstone with the magnificent authority of a man who knows what he wants.

This energetic gentleman is United States Judge John Peter Barnes. He has been on the bench of the federal court on the sixth floor of the old soot-streaked Post Office Building in Chicago for 20 years, and in that time he has been called everything from "a hotheaded old devil" to "a latter-day Solomon with more originality, independence and legal wisdom than any judge in the Union."

Between the extremes of damnation and high praise, however, Mr. Barnes has built for himself a sound reputation based on the solid foundation of the American Bill of Rights. He is one of the foremost guardians of our civil liberties—a man who makes few—if any—compromises with basic justice. But he is also a no-holds-barred fighter about whom there is already forming a wealth of legend.

When the grimy corridors leading to the half-dozen federal courtrooms in the Post Office Building rumble with sounds of argument or laughter—as they often do—likely as not the rumblings are related to the official conduct of the irrepressible Mr. Barnes. For lawyers who have pleaded cases in the judge's court tell many tales about their adventures in his volatile presence.

**His critics claim Judge Barnes is unpredictable; but he's always "on the side of the angels"**



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DICK BOYER

One of their favorite stories concerns the wrestler Gorgeous George, who achieved some national attention not long ago by wearing long bleached-blond hair, performing in iridescent trunks and having his flunkies spray the ring with various delicately scented perfumes. At the zenith of his fame, Gorgeous appeared with his attorney before Judge Barnes seeking an injunction to stop another wrestler from using the sacrosanct sobriquet. Gorgeous George, his lawyer proclaimed, was as much a trade name as Midnight Orgy might be for a perfume. The imitation Gorgeous George, therefore, was obviously a subtle enemy of the free-enterprise system and of truth-in-advertising as well.

Judge Barnes—called "the terrible-tempered Judge Barnes" by critics—glared at Gorgeous and his counselor like an enraged puma. Cutting in on the oration abruptly, he snapped, "Do you really mean this seriously?"

"Certainly," said Gorgeous George's lawyer.

"Case dismissed," roared the judge. The courts of the United States, he informed the wilting litigants, are not to be used as vehicles for publicity.

For Judge Barnes, the wrestler's petition was touched with humor and His Honor was not seriously outraged. But when a young prisoner was brought before him, he read the youth's record with burning indignation. Finally, he looked up.

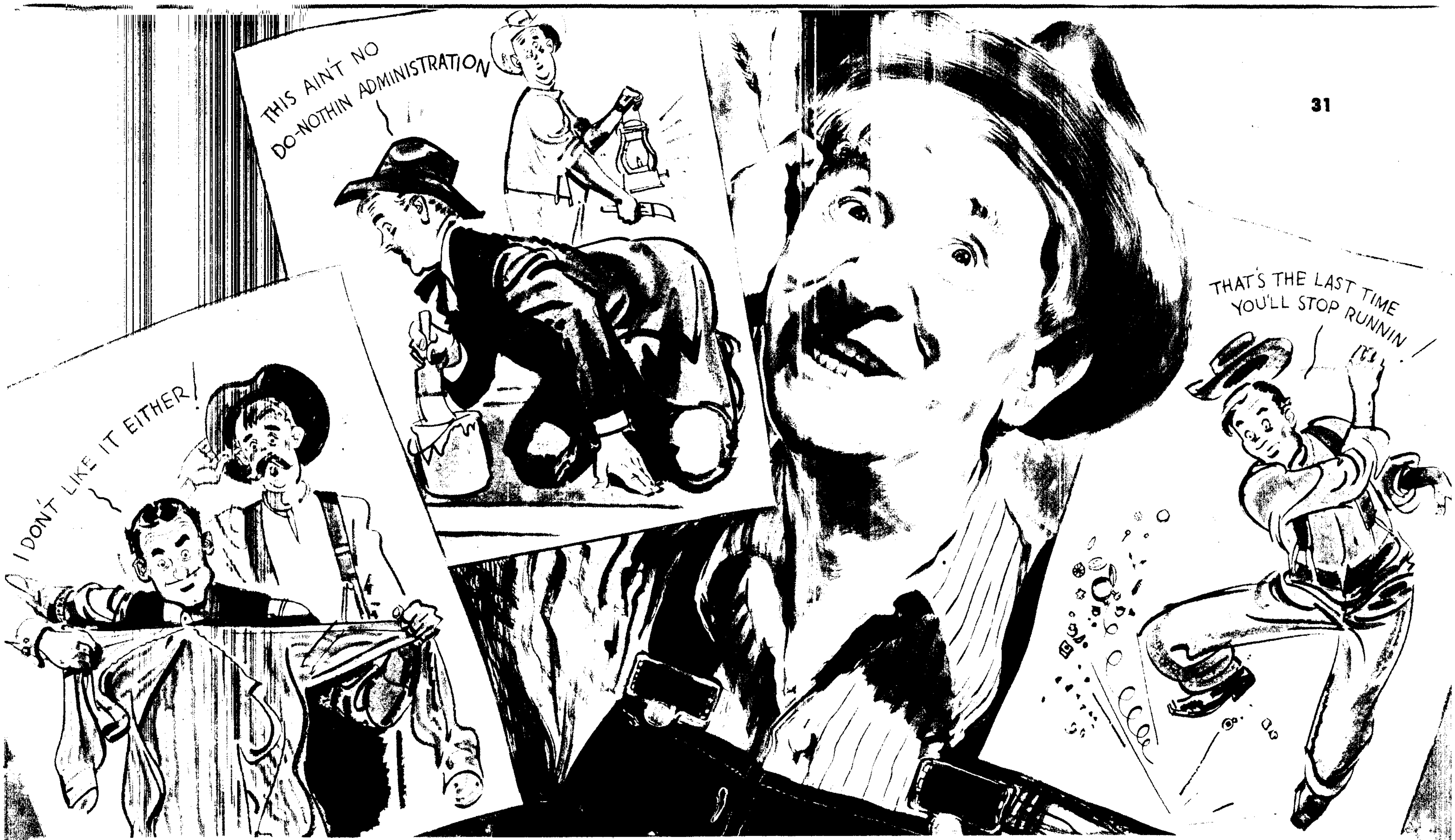
"You were only twenty-three years old," he told the young convict, "when you were given a life sentence as a habitual criminal. At that age you couldn't have been a habitual *anything*. It's an outrage for a prosecutor to present a case of your kind before a grand jury." Thus relieved, the judge returned to the business at hand.

### As His Honor Appears on the Bench

The central figure in such episodes of cut-to-the-gizzard justice looks his part. Judge Barnes is a tall, spare, wide-shouldered person, with a full gray beard. This beard juts out abruptly from the judge's chin, looking like the business end of a bulldozer. His Honor passed his seventieth birthday on March 15th, but his trim, hard-muscled body is still driven by the fierce glandular energy of a much younger man. On the bench, Barnes avoids the sleepy composure of more complacent jurists. He shifts frequently and violently in his chair. His eyes, bright and piercing behind spectacles, scan the courtroom avidly as if looking for offside plays.

The normal Barnes courtroom voice, though reasonably soft and courteous, is decisive and easily ruffled with impatience. But when His Honor is aroused by what he considers phony pleading, abuse of a witness or efforts to confuse him with technicalities, it can sustain a bellow of rage for anything from a one-phrase tongue-lashing to a 15-minute peroration. At such times, the Barnes hands and arms often whip the air with angry gestures, and the Barnes head shakes in ferocious rhythm with the Barnes indignation. "When I see something wrong going on, I want to hit it hard, right then and there," is the judge's favorite off-the-bench opinion on this phase of his temperament.

Barnes does not blow hot and cold on impulse, however. His changing points of view are the result of clear thought processes and perceptive insight. But change he does. As a consequence, he has at one time or another managed alternately to delight and enrage both *(Continued on page 79)*


THIS AIN'T NO DO-NOTHIN ADMINISTRATION
I DON'T LIKE IT EITHER!
THAT'S THE LAST TIME YOU'LL STOP RUNNIN!

CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

# All Texans Ain't Millionaires

Dear editar:

For a long time now I've been readin articles in newspapers and magazines that turn up out here on my Johnson grass farm at Circleville about how rich us Texans are. Everybody has a few oil wells and bankers borrow money from ranchers, which among other things indicates all the liars don't live in this state, but while it is true we got a lot of millionaires down here, some we're proud of and some we'd just as soon Oklahoma had, we also got other kinds of folks, although the difference is mostly financial. We got a sayin out here in this community that the difference between a rich man in Dallas and an ordinary one at Circleville is that while the man in Dallas works hard all his life to make enough money to buy a home in the country, we folks out here just skip the work and go ahead and live in the country from the start.

By our standards it ain't necessary to be a millionaire to act independent, it takes too long to get rich and Texans figure independence is something that ought to be enjoyed regardless of your age or your bank account.

Take a man I know over in east Texas, Debbs Craig. Most independent non-millionaire Texan I ever saw.

Debbs was runnin a dry-goods store after the first World War when money was free and loud silk shirts was popular. One day a farmer come in his store and hands Debbs a bundle.

"Here's this shirt I bought here yesterday. I'm bringin it back."

"What's the matter with it?" Debbs asks.

"Nothin."

"What're you bringin it back for then?"

"Just don't like it, that's all."

Debbs opened it up and unfolded the loudest striped shirt you ever saw. The green stripes in it must have been an inch wide, separated by purple and yellow dots. He held it up to the light.

"You sure you don't like it?" Debbs says, holdin it up in front of the man where he could get a good look.

"I'm sure."

"Well, by gad, I don't like it either," Debbs says, and holdin a sleeve in each hand ripped it into shreds and threw it on the floor. Gave the man his money back, too.

Another time, after Debbs had retired from his dry-goods store and had plenty of spare time, the town elected him mayor. He didn't want the job, folks just put his name on the ticket and elected him anyway, and he gave in and agreed to serve.

The first week in office, huntin around for something for a mayor to do, Debbs decided he was goin to do something about the parkin problem around the courthouse square. Like it was, people just drove up and parked, regardless of which direction they was comin from, right or left side of the street, north or south, it didn't matter, just saw a open place at the curb and headed for it.

"No sense in such a jumble, ought to have some order like they do in Houston," Debbs decided. He bought a can of white paint, got a helper, and late at night when all the cars was gone painted neat stripes on the pavement, with the proper angle so cars would all be parked alike around the square.

Next mornin Debbs come down town rubbin his hands with satisfaction over a job well done. His wasn't gonna be a do-nothin administration.

When he got to the square, his face fell, then turned purple. Cars were parked just like they'd always been, across the stripes, on top of them, at the wrong angle, etc., worse mess you ever saw.

Debbs took one look, whirled around, stalked into the city secretary's office, wrote out a check for $50.

"Here," he said, "this'll pay for another election. I'm resignin. I won't be mayor for no such darn fools."

Another sore spot with Debbs was Jim Ferguson, rest his soul, the Texas governor who had a little trouble on a local untelevised scale with an investigatin committee and got impeached and barred from holdin office in Texas. As you know, Governor Jim just turned around and run his wife, Ma Ferguson, for governor, and she got elected, too. But before she did, Debbs didn't believe it could happen.

"People of Texas got too much sense to elect a woman governor," he contended. "Biggest fool notion I ever heard of."

The mornin after the election, wasn't no radio news in them days, Debbs come down town and walked in the cafe.

"How'd the election come out?" he asks. "How bad'd she get beat?"

"Why, Ma Ferguson won," he was told.

"Naw. Impossible. People of Texas got more sense . . ."

"Here, look at the paper." They showed him the headline in the Houston Chronicle: MA FERGUSON ELECTED.

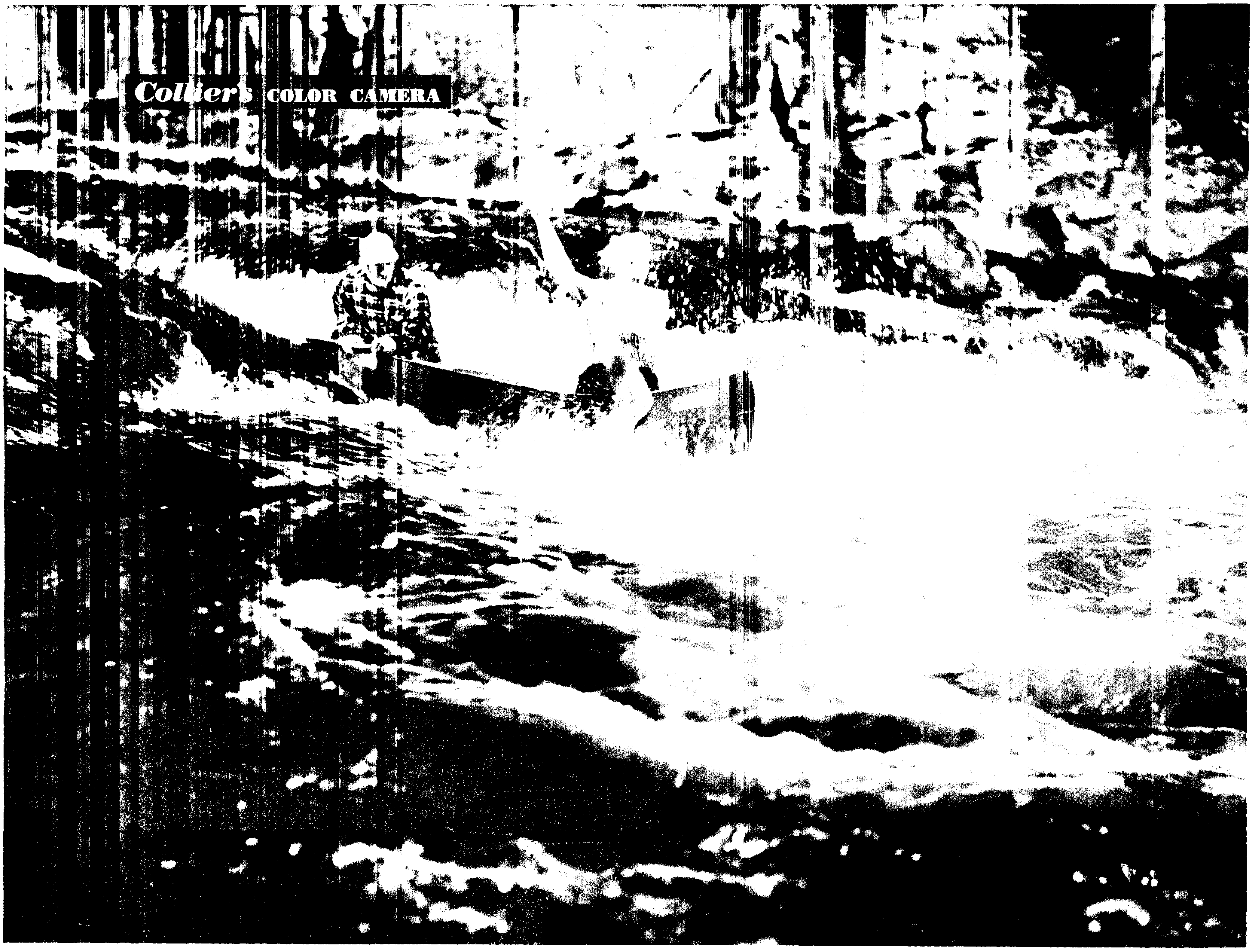
That's all he read. Debbs whirled around, walked out on the street, pulled out his watch, looked at it sharply, shook it, discovered it had stopped runnin.

"By gad," he spit the words out, "that's the last time you'll ever stop runnin."

Then he threw the watch down on the sidewalk, smashin it in a million pieces, and walked off without lookin back.

Don't get me wrong. We're proud we got millionaires like Jesse Jones who pulled his shoes off and sat around in his sock feet with the King of England, but in Texas you don't have to wait until you're rich to get your feet comfortable. I been sittin in my sock feet for years.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox



Jet pilots might smile at white-water speeds, but Phyllis Mossberg (above) vows that 4 mph over rocks is like riding a comet

# *Ride the WHITE WATER*

Jeanne Hopkins, fairly swamped, takes "the Drop," famous tough ridge in Quaboag River

PRACTITIONERS of the art of baseball look upon their sport as a source of excitement with few parallels in this world. Hockey enthusiasts have similar feelings toward their own diversion; lacrosse and football players ditto. But few sportsmen devoted to a specific entertainment ever achieve the same kind of spiritual and physical jolt as the devotees of white-water canoeing.

This risky, thrill-packed, soaking-wet pastime is a relative newcomer to river sports. It was developed some 30 years ago by enterprising sportsmen associated with the Appalachian Mountain Club, the big East Coast organization which devotes itself to the great out-of-doors. Finding themselves with spare week ends unsuitable for mountain climbing or hiking, a group of intrepid A.M.C. members hauled their canoes to fast, swollen mountain streams and tried riding the rapids. The combination of fresh spring air, the murmuring of rushing waters and the exhilaration of eating heartily and sleeping the sleep of heroes under mountain skies was irresistible; A.M.C. has been promoting white-water canoeing ever since.

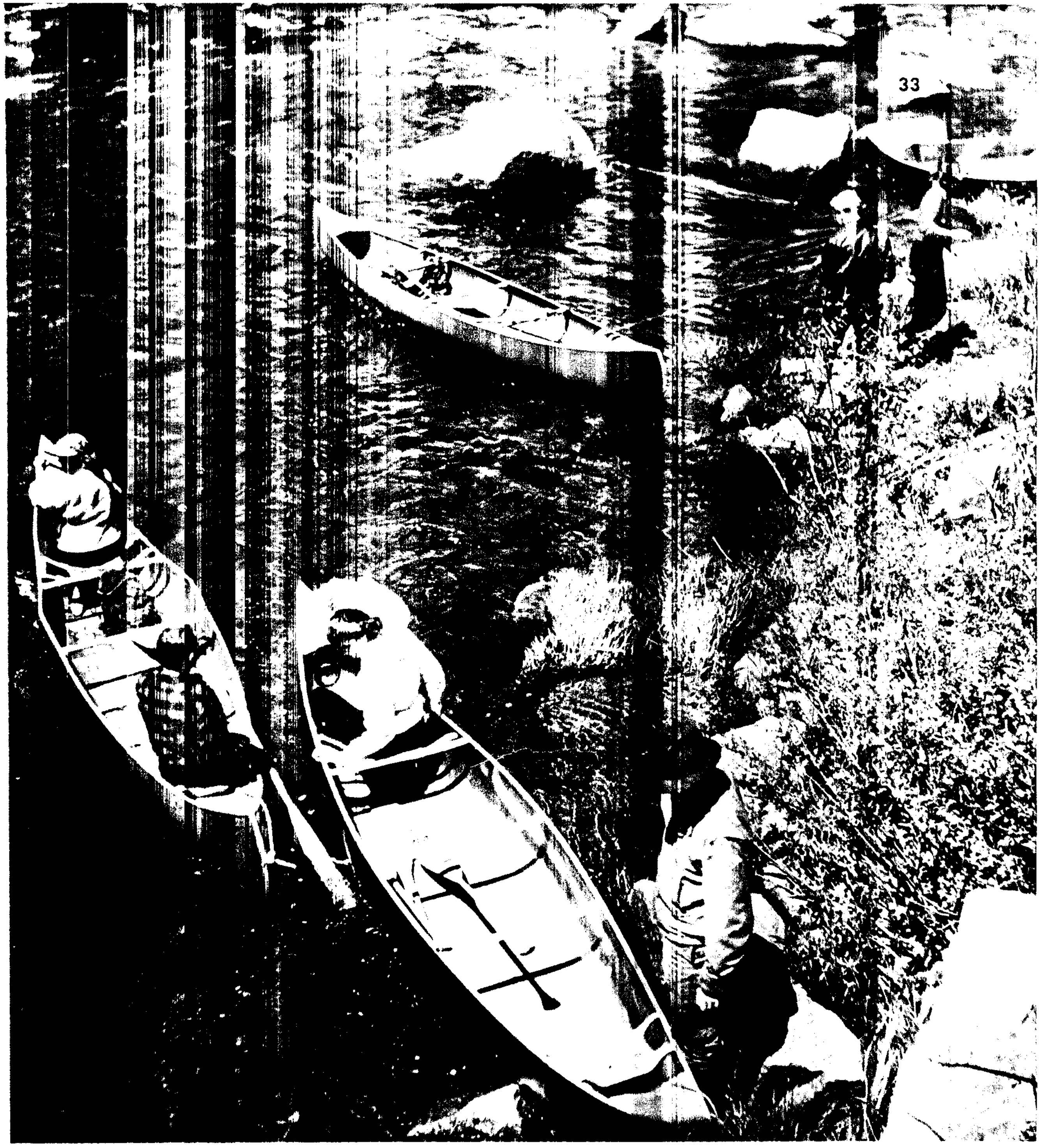
White-water people work the rapids in relatively shallow streams and rivers. They haul their canoes to the tops of treacherous, boiling, white rapids and ride on down—as much as 15 miles at a stretch—breaking paddles, ripping boats, getting battered black-and-blue, until they are stopped by dams, mills or slow, deep water.

Though there are white-water fans in almost every state of the Union, the great majority strain their muscles in New England—especially Maine—tossing about in light canvas or aluminum boats on rivers with wild-sounding names like Quaboag and Ammonoosuc and Contoocook. Most of the stouthearted, callus-kneed sailors of the Eastern rivers today are members or guests of the Appalachian Mountain Club. They make their river runs on spring week ends in independent groups of a dozen or so boats. There are no sex or age restrictions. But more and more, to avoid trouble, skill limits are being imposed by individual groups—only canoeists of top skill may team up for the rough streams. No points are given in this jouncing, bouncing sport. It is not a race.

All you have to do is *finish*—after bumping along for miles in the bottom of a canoe, being spilled out, soaked down and bruised up. But there are folks who'll vow it's the only sport in the world with any kick to it. And they mean just that. THE END

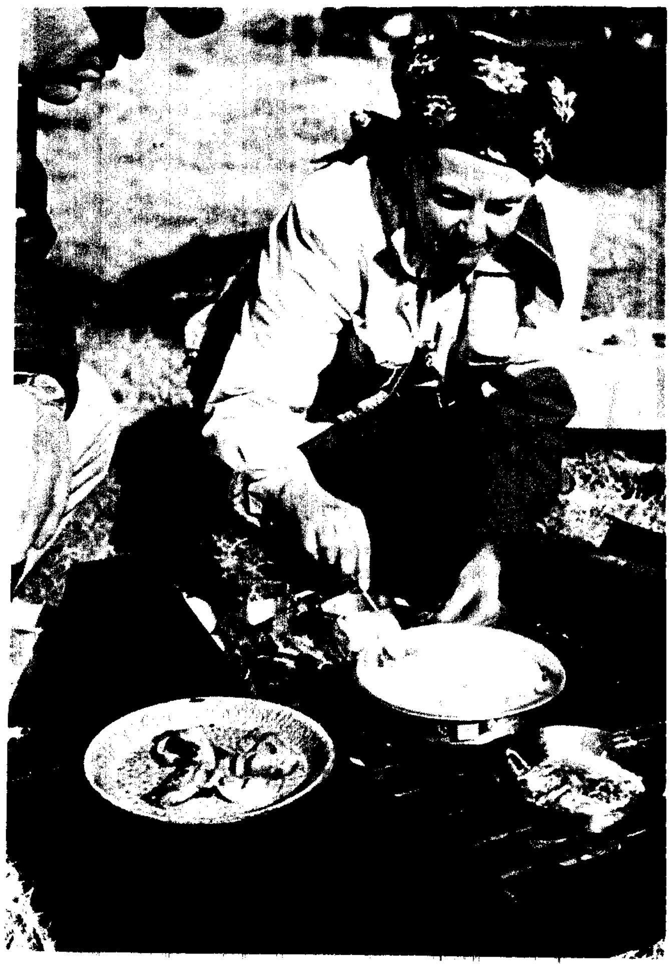
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Knee-deep in New Hampshire's Contoocook, Helen Ingraham stands helplessly over trapped canoe

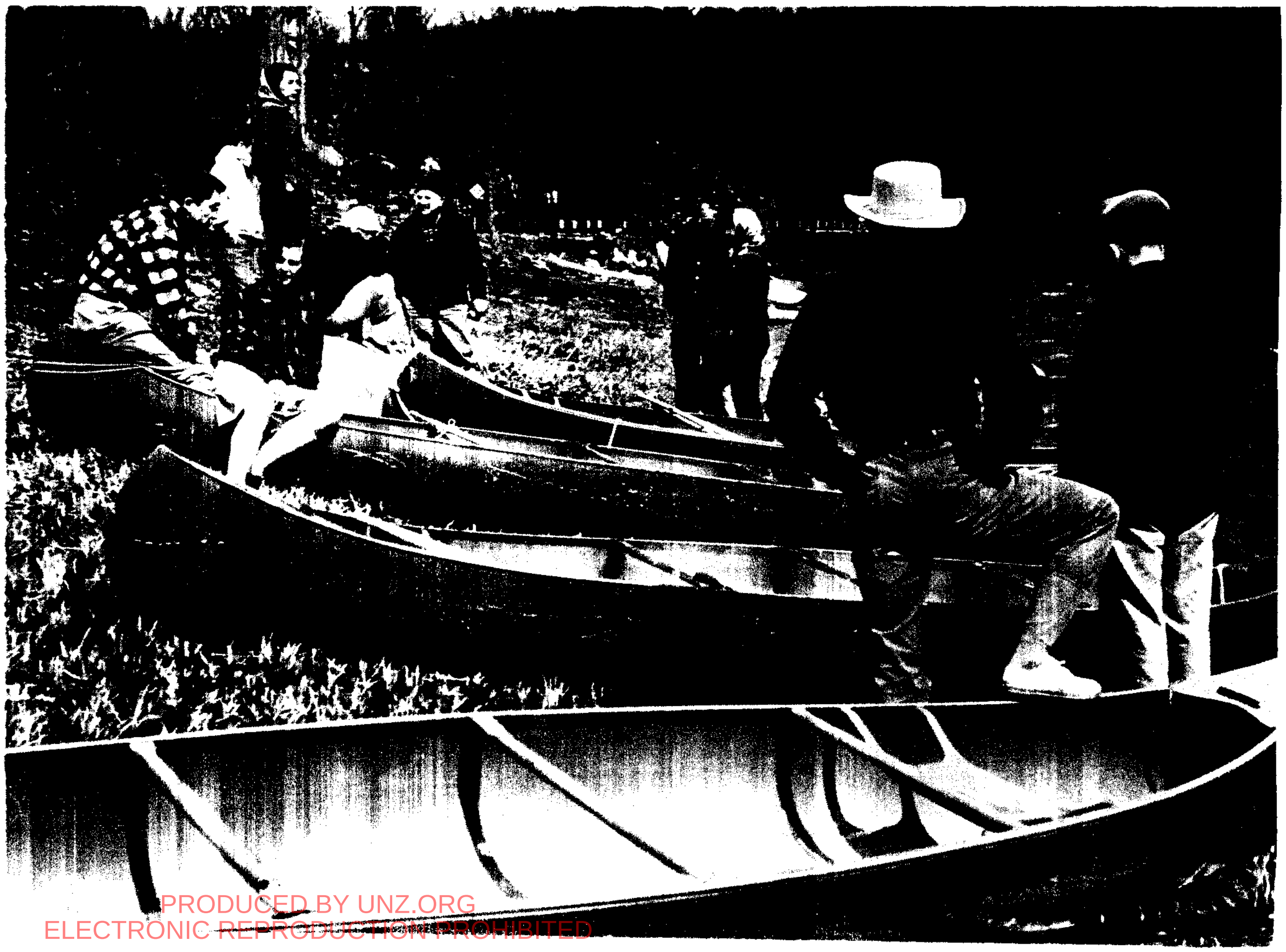


Not always wetted-down and battered, white-water fans, who soon get to understand what it's like to be a trout in fast waters, may run the same course twice in a day just for practice

Hungry as a cub this trip, too, Marjorie Hurd, over 60, helped develop sport some 30 years ago



Doug Brown (in red cap) of Meriden, Conn., leads a white-water group of Appalachian Mountain Club. Here he is on the Quaboag River, about to take the folks through the wild wet yonder



# A SHOT in the DARK

### By RICHARD POWELL

**Pingree carried more than fishing tackle on his boat, Johnny thought. He could be carrying aliens, and he could be the man Johnny wanted. But, suddenly, he'd vanished**

**The Story:** JOHNNY EDWARDS was playing a dangerous game of hide-and-seek. He was hunting the man who'd murdered his friend TONY MENDOZA, and all he knew about him was that he was head of the alien-smuggling racket in Havana.

To learn more about illegal immigration, Johnny joined the United States Border Patrol. Then he went down to Havana, off duty, and set a trap for the man he wanted. But SALLY MCCARTER, the pretty sister of a Border Patrol inspector, blundered into it and wrecked his plans. Later, Johnny was followed by a cringing little man named GEORG RANKOSCI, who, he suspected, was a small-timer in the racket.

Johnny took Rankosci to a Havana café and fed him drinks to make him talk. He found out that the aliens smuggled from Havana were landed near Fort Myers, Florida. Before he could learn more, Sally McCarter walked in—and wrecked his plans again. To talk to Rankosci, Johnny had broken a date with her, and her escort, BOB TATE, wanted to pick a fight over it. By the time the brawl with Tate was over, Rankosci had slipped away.

Back with his patrol unit in Miami, Johnny began working for a transfer to Fort Myers. TIM MCCARTER, Sally's brother, was senior inspector there, and Johnny knew Tim wouldn't welcome him as a partner if Sally had told her brother what a heel she thought Johnny was. But Tim agreed to his transfer, somewhat reluctantly, and Johnny flew to Fort Myers.

He got a chilly welcome there. Sally disliked him because of the broken date, and Tim disapproved of him because he'd heard that Johnny had used political pull to get into the Border Patrol. Nevertheless, Johnny felt he was on the trail of Tony's murderer at last. He was even surer of it that night when he took a stroll along the river. A passing cabin cruiser turned a blinding spotlight on him, and a minute later a bullet missed him by inches.

### III

ONE morning a month after the shooting on the dock, Johnny Edwards went to the rear of the black Border Patrol sedan, unslung the whip aerial and raised it. Inside the car, Tim McCarter stepped on the accelerator to power the battery and flipped down the lid of the glove compartment to reach the sending key. His fingers jerked a few times on the key. No orders came from WWMI. Tim waved a hand, Johnny telescoped the fifteen-foot sending aerial and locked it into place, climbed into the front seat, and they were off for another day.

A month in Fort Myers with nothing happening was telling on him. Things had looked promising that first night, but apparently the boys in the racket had changed their minds, and everybody had run for cover like fiddler crabs scuttling into holes. The new technique was to bore him to death instead of shooting him. It was working well, too.

At first Tim had been very worried by the shooting. But he hadn't been able to figure why it had happened, and he had worked around to deciding it was an accident—a guy was doing some illegal gigging alongshore, saw a uniform and thought a conservation agent was after him and threw a couple of .30-.30 bullets in his direction as a hint to lay off. Or something like that. Just as a precaution, though, Tim insisted that Johnny continue living in the McCarter house so they would be together in case of trouble.

Johnny sighed. They had been together, all right. Morning, noon and night, ten days a week. All weeks had at least ten days in them lately. The only trouble they had found was strictly home-grown; they got along together like a couple of Florida real-estate salesmen working on the same prospect.

"What," he said, "is the breath-taking program for today?"

"We'll visit Fort Myers Beach," Tim said. "And on the way we can drop in at Punta Rassa."

Punta Rassa was a tiny fishing village at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee. "Don't tell me what we're going to do there," Johnny said. "Let me guess. We're going to make some more friends."

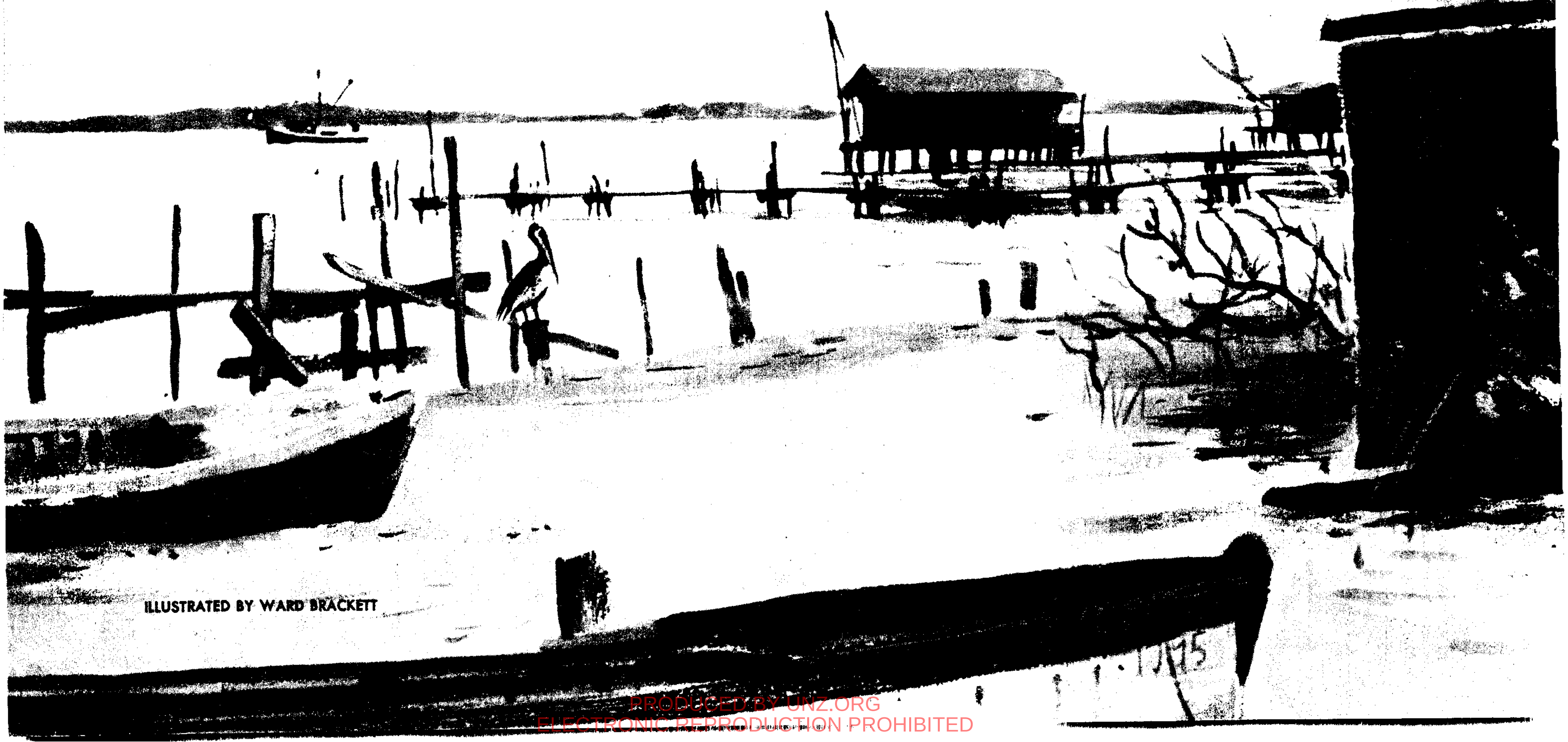
"You don't like making friends, do you, Edwards? What keeps you so sore at people?"

"I need a good enemy to bring out the best in me. Bob Tate would do nicely if you'd let me at him. Why your sister wastes time on him I don't know. She was out with him twice last week."

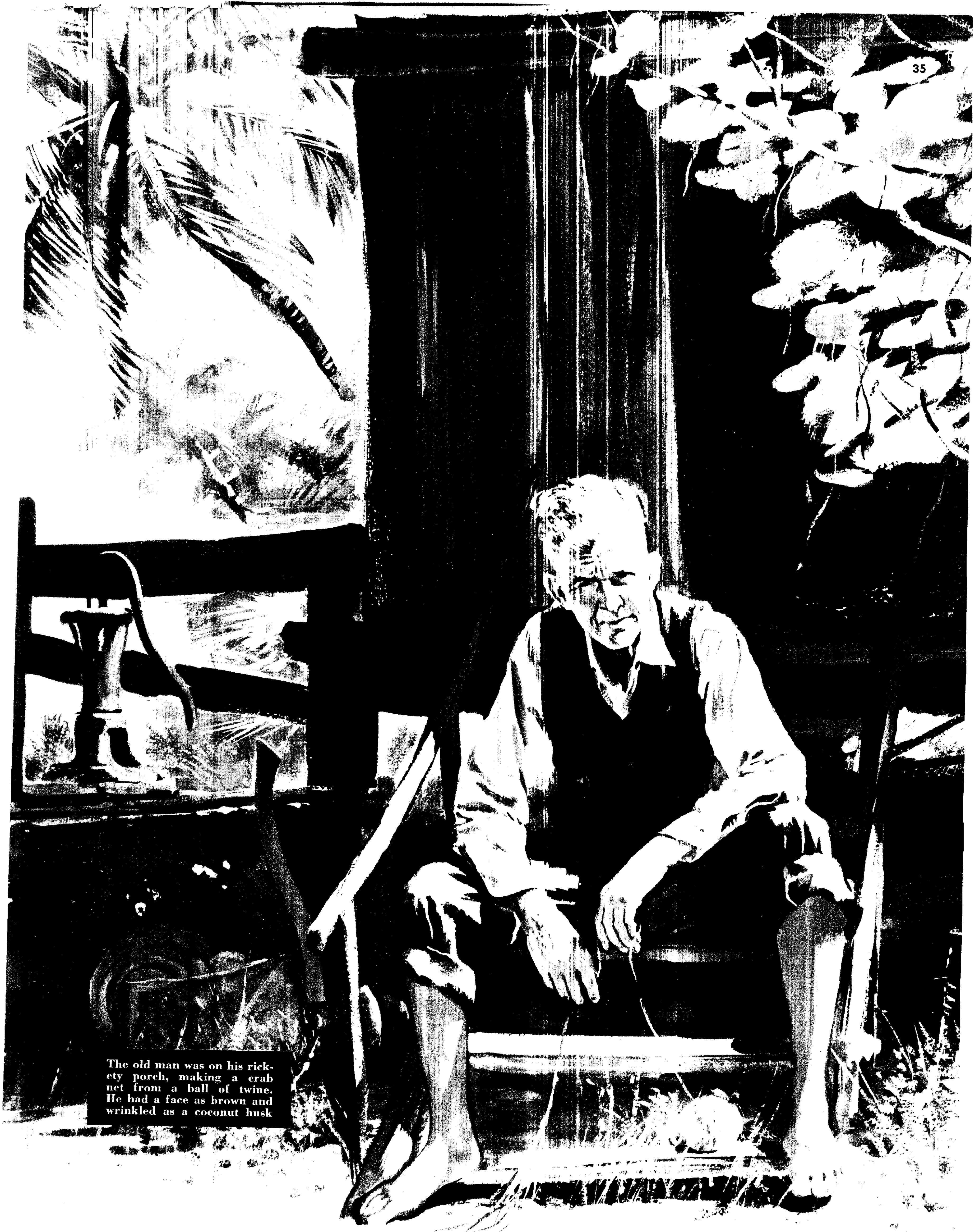
"Three times," Tim said.

"We'd better quit this," Johnny said. "I'm not getting in the right mood to make a lot of friends today. Let me practice thinking nice thoughts."

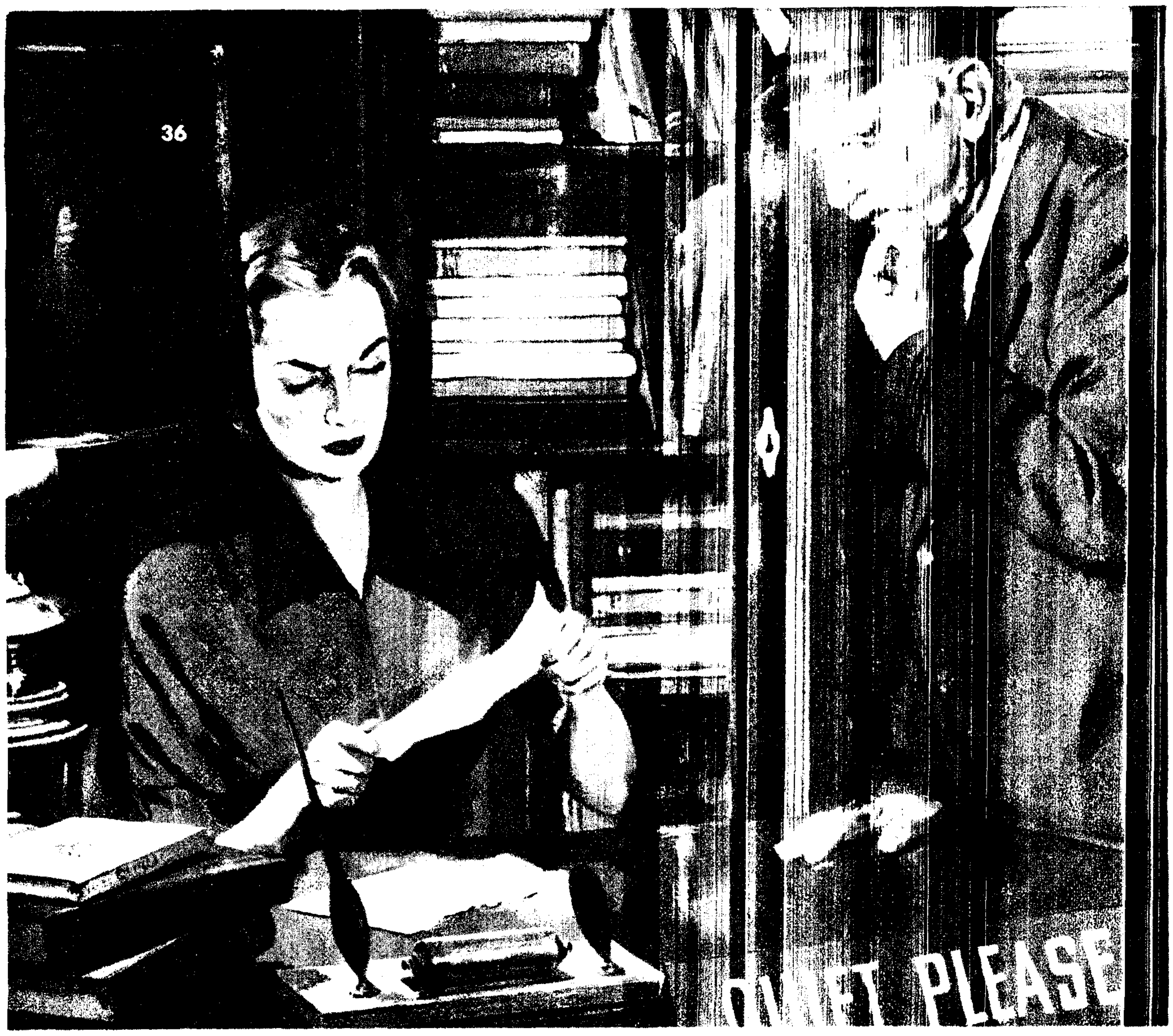
*(Continued on page 38)*



ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT



The old man was on his rickety porch, making a crab net from a ball of twine. He had a face as brown and wrinkled as a coconut husk



LEONARD STECKLER

She gaped. *Her* letter? She spread the mail in front of her. There it was, postmarked Chicago

# Postmark

PRESSED in by the crowd gathered in the square, Miss Wilma Hulbert and her escort, Mr. Joe Macomber, were restless in the unseasonable spring heat. The breeze came up fitfully from the willow-lined river, but it brought little comfort to the people assembled for the ceremonies. It nudged the torn flaps on the awning in front of the Clarion office and brushed lightly over the tops of the cottonwood trees a block away, but for some reason, when it reached the square where Postmaster Henry Ball stood on the wooden platform, delivering the painful obituary, the breeze gently expired, leaving the multitude becalmed in a sea of platitudes and perspiration.

Miss Hulbert and Mr. Macomber, being of middle age and of sound mind, shifted uncomfortably on their feet and wondered why they had bothered to come out simply to witness the demolishment of an antiquated post office which, while it was a familiar landmark, had nonetheless been a monstrosity, even in Potterton. The new post office on Center Street was really modern, something a town could be proud of. Still, as Henry was saying, the old post office had been there an awfully long time. It would seem strange without it.

The speech was over. The elderly postmaster could postpone the moment no longer. He waved his hand resignedly toward the machine drawn up in front of the old building, and turned away. While the crowd watched curiously and a little fearfully, a giant steel arm, with a huge steel ball for a fist, was raised into place. Miss Hulbert gripped Joe's arm. Suddenly, the great lever swept forward. Henry stiffened at the impact. The old building stood for an instant, its walls buckling and rippling but still intact. Then it surrendered. With a shattering roar, it burst open in great jagged seams and slid slowly to the ground. Through the dust, there was a strange new emptiness, and the bright spring sky appeared miraculously where it had never been before. . . .

Nearly an hour later, Henry Ball still sat in his chair on the platform and stared unbelievingly across the square to where the razing had taken place. Now that it was over, he felt terribly tired and alone. He got down from the platform and walked slowly toward the fallen building. Suddenly, he stopped in bewilderment. Half hidden under the rubble lay a United States mailbag.

Henry was confused. The old post office had been vacant for some time. He pulled the mailbag out from under the debris and looked at the tag. Then he plunged his hand inside, snatching letters out in amazed disbelief. They were postmarked August, 1921.

The next morning Miss Hulbert thanked Joe, as usual, for the ride and walked briskly up the path to the library entrance. It was hot in the sun, and she quickly unlocked the door and ducked gratefully into the musty coolness inside. She walked to her desk in one corner of the big room, placed her bag in the upper left-hand drawer, and switched on the lamp.

From a bottom drawer she took the paraphernalia necessary for her morning coffee. It was an old ritual, this hour of reflection before the real day began. She plugged in the small hot plate and was reassured by the glow in the coils. There was really so very little one could depend on.

Even Joe, she thought uncomfortably, had been unusually difficult on the way down. "How long am I supposed to hang around?" he had asked, in a surprising outburst. "I've already waited thirty years."

Miss Hulbert had tried to placate him. "I know, Joe," she had said. "It's hard. It's hard for both of us, really."

"What beats me is that there's nobody else," he had said. "What are you waiting for, anyway? A knight on a white horse?"

Miss Hulbert had been forced to smile, though it was an effort. "No, Joe. I don't believe in knights on white horses."

Miss Hulbert stirred her coffee thoughtfully. Thinking of Joe—steady, kind, well thought of at the bank where he had worked so long—she felt a twinge of conscience. Poor Joe. Faithful to her all these years. Hoping all these years. And she had let him go on. Yet she was reminded of something she had once heard at a bridge party: "Which would you rather marry—a reliable but dull gentleman, or a fascinating rogue?" It was supposed to be a puzzler, but there was no question in Miss Hulbert's mind, although she had prudently remained silent at the time. She would take the fascinating rogue. By the simple process of exclusion, that left Joe Macomber marooned. His hope that one day Miss Wilma Hulbert, slender, pleasantly gray and indisputably pretty even at forty-nine, would become Mrs. Joe Macomber was patently an empty hope. And after thirty years, Joe seemed to realize it.

MISS HULBERT suddenly felt a little frightened. Yet she'd never have dared tell Joe how close he had come to the truth. "A knight on a white horse," he had said, sarcastically. Recklessly, Miss Hulbert let her mind go back thirty years. He was tall and spirited and wonderfully urban—a salesman from Chicago named Fred. He'd kissed her by the river on the night they met, and for one supremely happy week she had seen him every day. Then he had gone, but not before giving his promise to return, and Miss Hulbert had sighed her promise to wait. It was beautiful, Miss Hulbert told herself firmly, and it could still happen.

"Morning, Miss Hulbert," Henry Ball said.

Miss Hulbert turned quickly in her chair.

"Oh, hello, Henry," she said. "You startled me."

Henry tossed the morning mail down on Miss Hulbert's desk.

"Lot of people been startled today," he said. "I found an old mailbag yesterday when the post office came down. Letters mailed in 1921. I'm delivering the mail myself this morning. The bag must have got stuck between the uprights a long time ago when somebody tossed it around too hard."

"How interesting," Miss Hulbert murmured politely.

"Yup," Henry said. "Sam, the barber, got a letter telling him he won a sweepstakes in Latvia. Been gambling all his life and never won anything. He got so excited he nearly busted. Then he found out there wasn't a Latvia any more. First time he wins, he loses."

"Poor Sam," said Miss Hulbert.

"Burton Chessley—he's the skinny little guy that works for old J. T. Black—he got a set of jujitsu lessons he ordered thirty years ago. They say he tried to pick up the old skinflint right then and there and throw him over his desk. I wasn't there but I heard about it quick enough."

"I imagine you did," Miss Hulbert said.

"Yes, sir, there are a lot of funny things happening in this town right now," Henry said. "Well, I got to be going. Hope your letter didn't cause you any trouble, Miss Hulbert."

She gaped. *Her* letter? She spread the mail in front of her. There it was, postmarked Chicago. She ripped open the envelope.

*Dear Wilma,* the letter said. *I won't be getting back to Potterton again. I guess I didn't tell you I'm already married. Yours truly, Fred.*

The letter fluttered from Miss Hulbert's fingers. Dazedly, she reached for the telephone.

"Joe?"

"Hello, Wilma."

"Joe, I have a terribly important question to ask you."

"Sure."

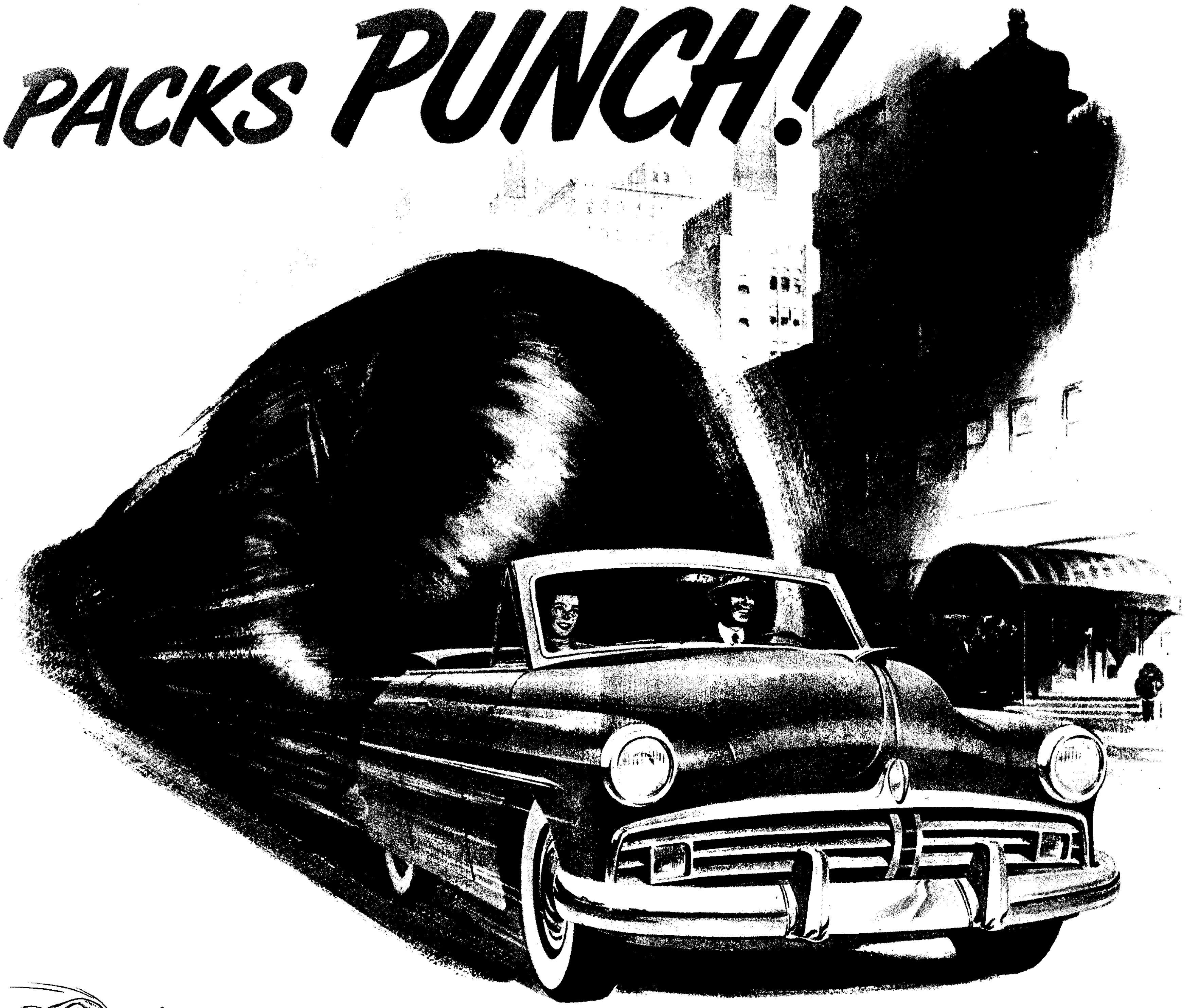
"Joe," Miss Hulbert said, "can you ride a white horse?"

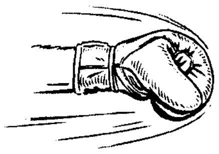
There was a pause. "Why, yes, Wilma," he said. "I think I can."

THE END

**Collier's** SHORT SHORT

# PACKS PUNCH!





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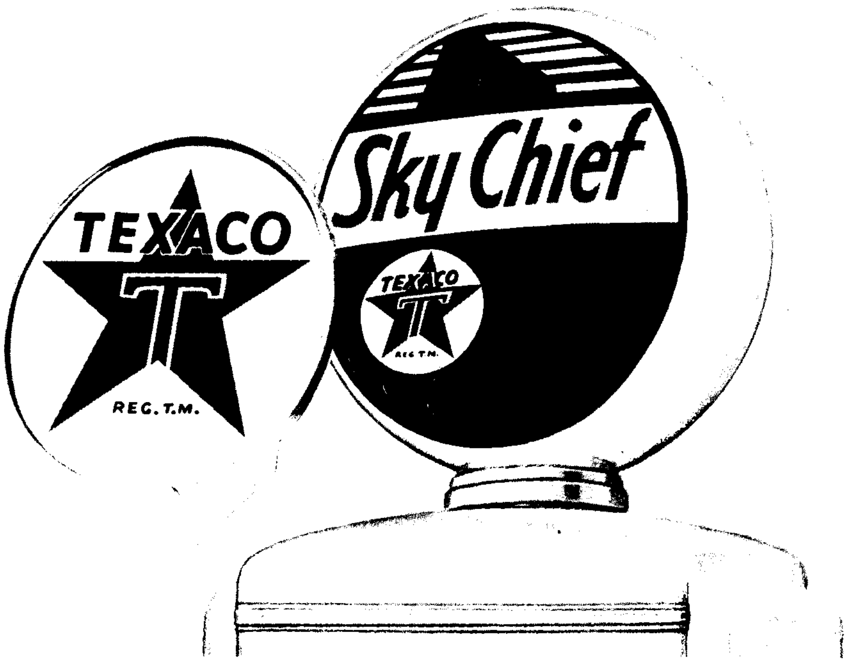

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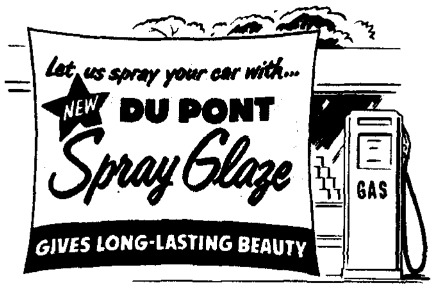

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DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

# A Shot in the Dark

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

"You could use the practice," Tim suggested.

"Let's see now. In Punta Rassa I will make a lot of friends by talking about fishing and tourists. At Fort Myers Beach I will make more friends by talking about real estate and tourists. Maybe as a treat, we can stop at Iona on the way back and talk about crops. That's the one place in the country where they don't give a hang about tourists."

"Someday," Tim said, "you'll make a couple of friends by mistake, and you'll learn something about a few tourists who forgot their entry permits when they came in from Cuba."

"If I could count on that, nobody would be safe from my winning ways."

Tim grunted and got out a dead pipe so he could snap his teeth on something. That was the way a lot of their talks ended.

THE car rolled into Punta Rassa and Tim parked and went into the general store to talk about fishing and tourists. Johnny walked up the sandy ruts to the fishing shacks that sprawled out from shore on pilings. At least it wasn't so bad when he could talk about fishing, and there was a cracker in one of the shacks who could remember back in the nineties when sportsmen were just learning how to take tarpon. The old man was on his rickety porch, making a crab net from a ball of twine. He had a face as brown and wrinkled as a dry coconut husk, and when he grinned all his features seemed to vanish in the wrinkles.

"Hi, Mr. Jenks," Johnny said. "Got time to talk to a Yankee?" That was the cue for the old man's favorite joke, he wouldn't be happy unless he got a chance to use it.

"You mean a damyankee, don't you?" the old man said. "Way I was brung up, that's just one word, not two." He laughed happily.

Johnny chuckled. Anybody else would drive you crazy with that joke, but you couldn't begrudge Jenks his one bit of humor. And, outside of that one quirk, you never found the old guy repeating himself. He sat down and talked about crab nets and how the snook were running. Jenks told him to come down some night and try cane-pole fishing for snook. It was pleasant sitting there, looking across the blue flicker of San Carlos Bay at the distant shadow of Sanibel. It wasn't often he managed to relax so completely.

The old man said idly, "I seen Howard Pingree late yestiddy. He docked at the ferry landing to pick up supplies."

"Pingree?" Johnny said. "Do I know him? Oh, yes. Charter boat captain, isn't he?"

"That's him. He's got a nice little ol' charter boat. I don't see him taking out many parties though. But he said he had a good charter coming up. He was on his way to Everglades to pick up some rich guy and take him down to the Shark River country."

The old man didn't often ramble that way. Well, keep him happy, Johnny thought. "Good fishing down there," he said.

"Uh-huh. Man needs good tackle, and lots of it, for those big reds and snook."

"Sure does."

"Howard had me on his boat going over charts so I could show him some of them tricky channels down around Lostman's and the Shark. So I happen to see his tackle. Can't say I thought much of it. You wouldn't think a couple of moth-eaten feathers and one little ol' rod would be enough."

Johnny sat up. The old man hadn't been rambling after all; he had just been easing around to get downwind of his subject, the way he would do hunting in the 'Glades. Subjects like this were tricky and you didn't go crashing right toward them. "I suppose," Johnny said casually, "he could pick up tackle at Everglades."

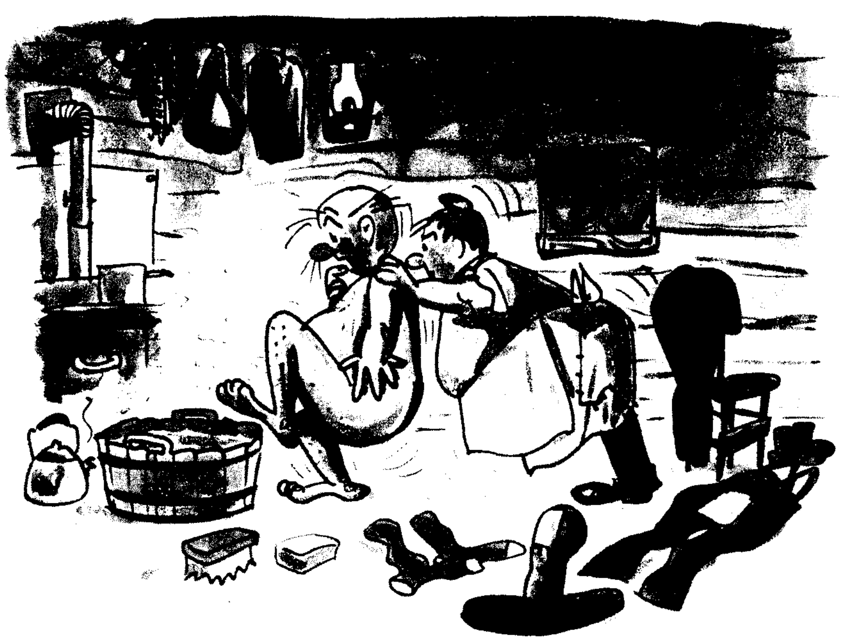
"I wouldn't be surprised. Even though a feller might think tackle was easier come by in Fort Myers."

"You know those waters down through the Ten Thousand Islands and Lostman's and the Shark pretty well, huh?"

"Well as any man can know them. Fished there all my life. And seeing it can't do no harm now, I don't mind saying that back in prohibition I may have used some of them channels coming back from Cuba with maybe a bit of liquor. Man knew them waters, he could come up the Keys and then through channels connecting the Shark and Lostman's and then through the Ten Thousand Islands and the Coast Guard would never see bow nor beam of him. In them days, that is."

"I wonder what Howard would want to check on those channels for?"

## KENNESAW



COLLIER'S "Good gosh, Bessie, is it another year already?" REAMER KELLER

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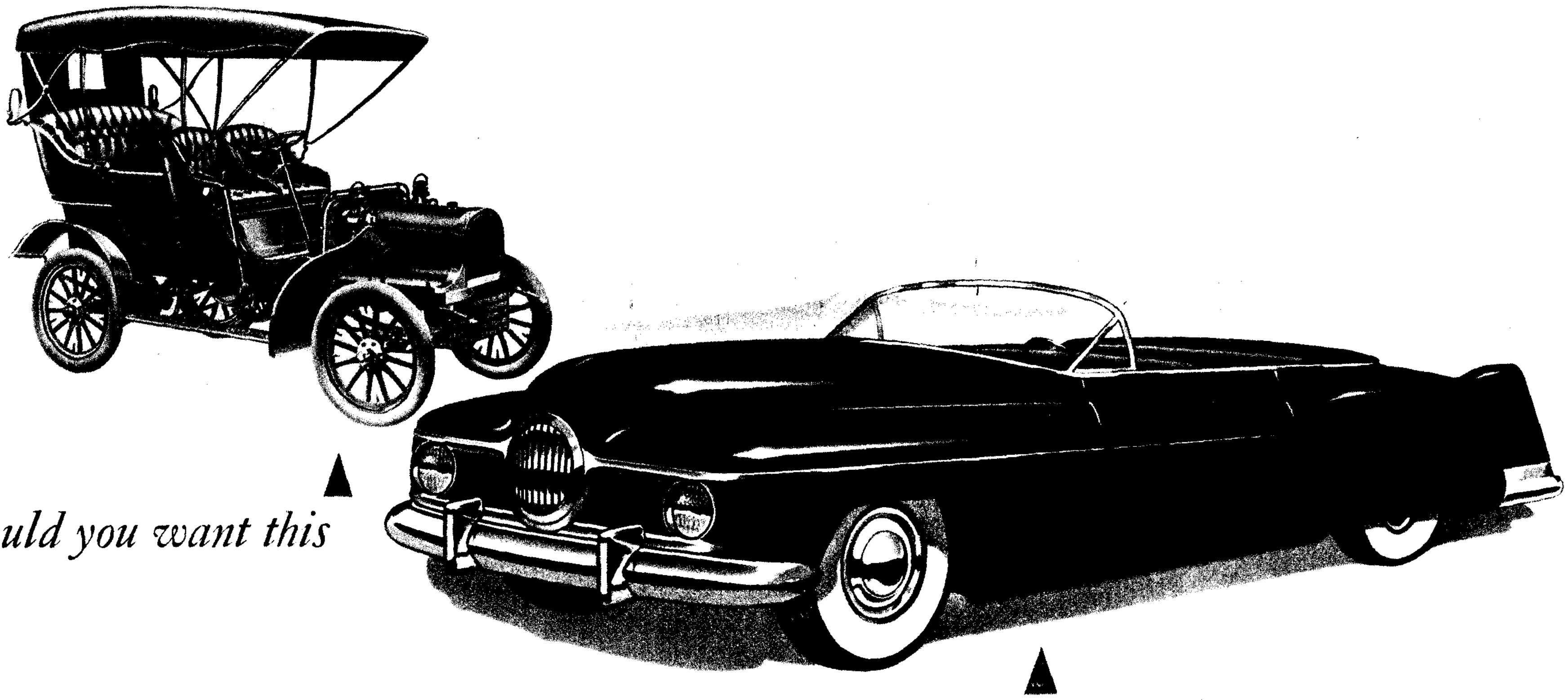

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*...when you can have this?*

**Seagram's** *Ancient Bottle* **Gin**

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Now make that shine *last.* New *silicone-activated* Bowes Liquid Wax preserves the luster for months—it actually laughs at rain. Easy to use, too. Just spread it on and wipe it off . . . it's quick and easy!

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BOWES SEAL FAST

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The brown old face in front of him went blank. "Come a storm out in the Gulf," Jenks said, "it would be handy."

There was a cold note in the old man's voice, and Johnny knew what it meant. His last question had gone crashing toward the subject like an untrained hound. Jenks didn't like that. "Yeah, sure," Johnny said. "I guess a man would have to take a lot of supplies and gas on a fishing trip to the Shark, wouldn't he?"

That was a good enough question but the subject had already been frightened off. "Some do, some don't," Jenks said, getting up. "I figure I'll take me a nap."

"Right. See you again, Mr. Jenks. That is, if you don't mind a dumb damyankee coming around."

An extra wrinkle that could have been a smile creased the old face. "You're learnin'," he said. "You made that sound like just one word." He paused at the door of his shack and seemed to be working on an idea. Finally he said sharply, "Howard Pingree's got a .30-.30 rifle," and he went inside, letting the screen door slam.

Johnny walked down the steps of the shack, wondering if his legs or the flimsy boards underfoot were doing the quivering. It had been quite a visit. He tried to picture Howard Pingree. He had only seen him once or twice and had no reason to remember him, and the picture was fuzzy. A thin guy. Somewhere between thirty-five and forty. An anxious, hungry face with a wide mouth and small chin that made you think of a catfish working the shallows.

This was a weird country, and the people here were amazing people. A month ago and ten miles upriver, a guy out in a boat at night squinted along a rifle barrel and shot a couple of high-velocity bullets that could have been .30-.30s at a Border Patrol trainee on a dock. A month later and ten miles down-river, echoes of the shots were still around. How did things like that get known? Things got around among the crackers the same way tides slipped up and down the river. Probably if a man like Jenks ever really opened up with what he knew, he could raise more hell than a hurricane.

GOING back to the car, Johnny tapped *out AA AA AA on the horn in Morse* code to get McCarter's attention. Tim came out of the general store and walked over to him, frowning. "What's the matter?" Tim said. "You restless?"

"Yeah," Johnny said. "I want to go catch a smuggler."

"Imagine that. Here I thought you only joined the Border Patrol because you liked the pretty uniforms. Just tell me what smuggler you want to catch, and we'll go get him."

"I want to catch one named Howard Pingree and I'm not kidding."

Tim's face went red. "You could have said that right off and saved me from making a fool of myself."

"I wouldn't want to interfere with a man's lifework."

"Someday we're going to have it out, aren't we, Edwards? Do you figure this is the day?"

"Today I'll take a rain check. All right, maybe that crack was a little rough. But you're going to needle me about having finally made a friend, so I thought I'd even things up ahead of time. Old man Jenks tipped me off."

"Jenks? I never managed to get a word out of him."

"That's because you don't like fishing. Here's the pitch." He repeated the talk for McCarter.

"Not too much to go on," Tim grumbled. "That's like putting two and two together and getting twenty-two. Just because Pingree didn't have much fishing tackle—"

"Much? For fishing around the Shark he doesn't have any. The guy's going to pick up some wet cargo. You can't shrug it off."

"I wouldn't do that," Tim said, climbing into the seat behind the wheel. "Might discourage you so you'd never make a second friend. Let's run down to Everglades."

This was the first time he had ever seen Tim drive steadily at forty miles an hour. In less than two hours they reached the town of Everglades, on the edge of the sawgrass country sweeping south to Cape Sable. They visited around the docks and the Rod and Gun Club, and found that Pingree had not put in to Everglades recently. Nobody knew of any wealthy sportsman who had chartered Pingree to guide him to Shark River. Tim drove back from Everglades at forty-five miles an hour, stopping at Naples on the way. Nobody knew anything of Pingree's charter there, either.

They went back to Fort Myers at fifty miles an hour to check on Pingree's activities before he left. Pingree had bought thirty gallons of gas at the Yacht Basin. By itself, that fact meant nothing. But when you added the twenty gallons he bought at a second pump, and the forty at a third, it began to add up to a lot of gas. Pingree had bought a new engine a few months ago for his thirty-six-foot cabin cruiser. The owner of the boat yard where the engine had been installed thought Howard must be doing well these days charter fishing, but several of the other charter boat captains couldn't remember seeing Pingree out with many parties.

Late that afternoon they drove as close as possible to the little cove on the lower Caloosahatchee known as Pingree's Landing. Just off the road an old coupé registered in Pingree's name was parked in the bushes. They followed a footpath through a tangle of mangroves and reached an unpainted wooden shack, beyond which a sagging pier teetered out over the water. Pingree lived alone, and the shack was deserted. They peered through the windows.

"Do you see what I see?" Tim asked.

"You mean four hundred bucks' worth of television set?" Johnny asked. "Twenty more years and he can get a program on it. Nearest station's in Miami. Is he nuts?"

"Sometimes a cracker does queer things when he gets in the chips. Back in prohibition a guy down here bought a Cadillac and then knocked the side out of his shack so he could push it inside. He didn't want to drive the car; he just wanted to live with it."

They drove back to the McCarter house, and Tim telephoned the chief in Miami and reported that Pingree might be on his way to Havana to pick up some wet cargo.

After that, things went into low gear for several days. Johnny's nerves began to feel like hot wires strung through his body. The way this was working out, the Border Patrol was likely to mess up his private business. Pingree might be the man he had been stalking all these months, but there was no way to make sure unless he could have a few quiet moments alone with him. With the whole Border Patrol moving in, there wasn't much chance of that.

On the fourth morning WWMI flashed a coded lookout to all units. Pingree had left Havana late the night before with, it was believed, two aliens. The Havana police said he had left in a hurry because somebody took a shot at him. As Johnny and Tim finished decoding that message, WWMI sent another coded report. The Border Patrol's converted Army crash boat, snuffling along south of the Marquesas Keys, had spotted Pingree's cabin cruiser and then lost it in an early-morning fog.

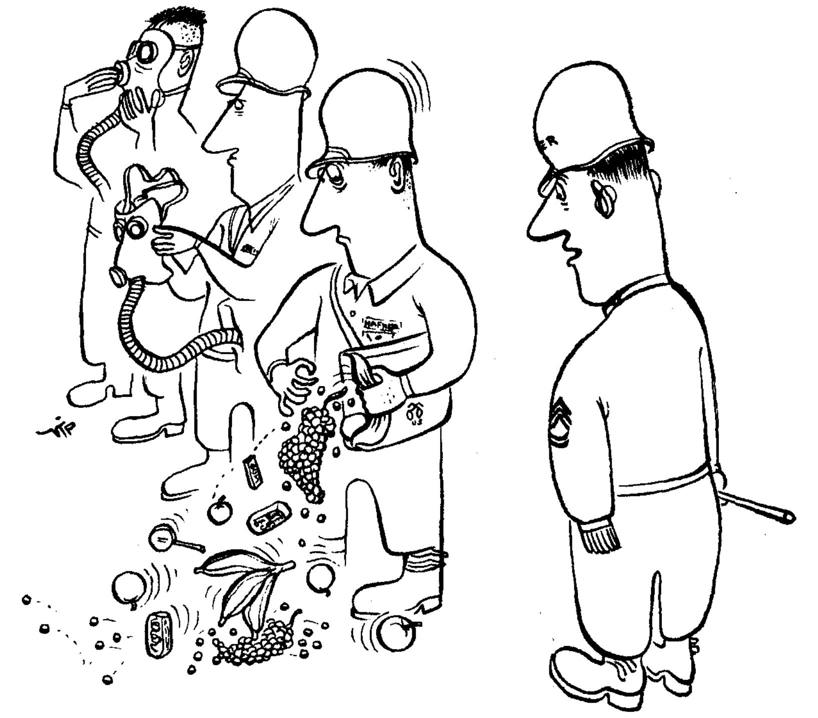
AFTER that message, Pingree dropped out of sight. All along the coasts of south Florida, Border Patrol units stayed alert. There was no way to figure where Pingree might land. He could either come up the west coast or slip through the Keys to the east coast. Tim picked out some special friends and asked them to let him know at once if they saw the Pingree boat. He spent hours hunched over maps figuring out plans to cover anything that might happen.

Three more days passed. Nothing happened, although Pingree could have made the run from the Marquesas to Fort Myers in less than half that time. On the third night, Johnny and Sally were sitting alone in the McCarter house. Tim was out, visiting people who might know whether Pingree had any friends farther up the coast. He had left a list of telephone numbers of people he expected to see, in case Johnny needed to locate him.

Johnny slumped in an easy chair and stared at the Fort Myers News-Press. He wasn't seeing the type or the pictures. He was seeing the lower west coast of Florida the way it unrolled below you from a plane. Bob Tate had flown them down to Cape Sable and back that afternoon, and it had been quite an experience. From Cape Sable north for fifty miles lay the drowned shore line of the Everglades, laced with tidal rivers that coiled in and out and back on themselves like so many black water moccasins. Mangroves along the banks reached the fantastic height of seventy and eighty feet. You could hide all the boats in Florida in those rivers.

Above the river country came the Ten Thousand Islands. The name was a joke;

## VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"Woops! I guess you musta got a noncom's gas mask by accident"

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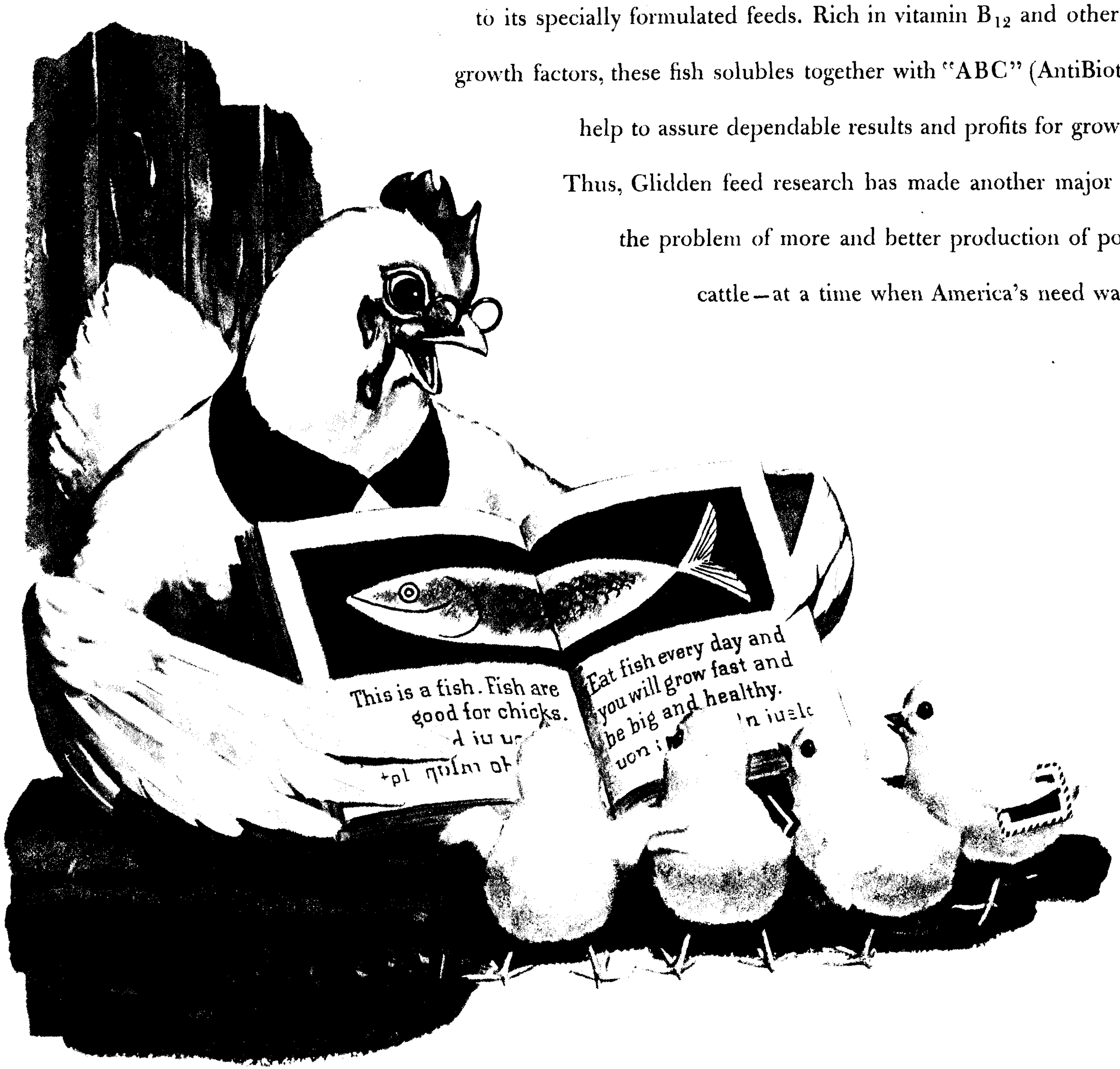
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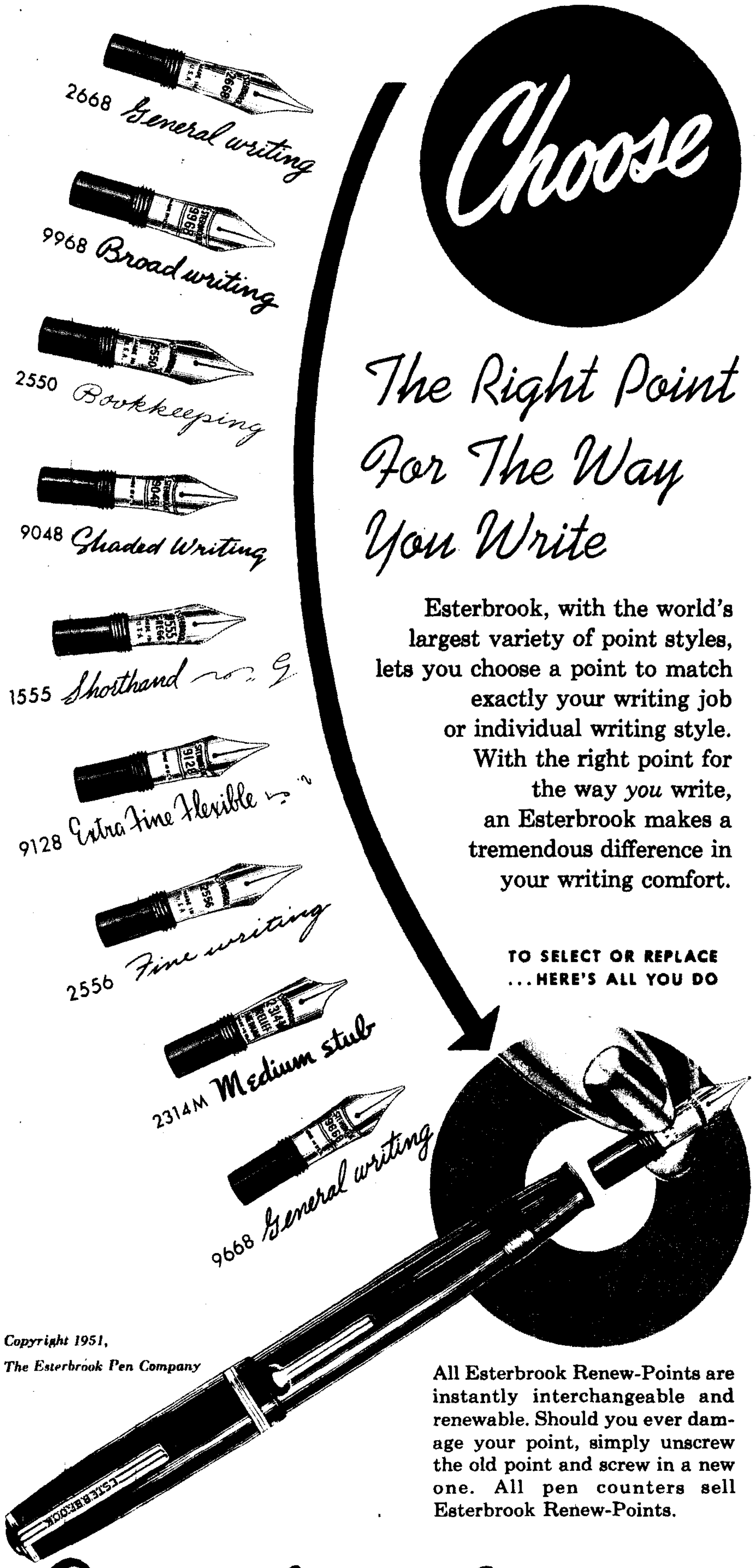

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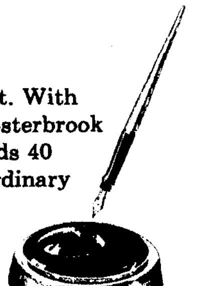

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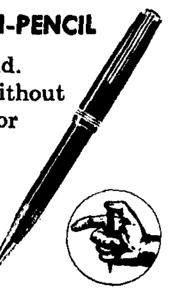

nobody had ever counted them. They fitted into one another like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, separated by narrow channels that appeared at high tide and vanished at low. A boat moored up against one of those islands under the mangroves would never be seen by anything but crabs and snook and mullet. Pingree was probably somewhere in that green labyrinth, waiting for things to cool off. From the northern end of the Ten Thousand Islands he could make a night run to Fort Myers in a few hours.

THERE was something queer about the whole setup, Johnny thought. You started looking for a bunch of smooth operators who did things in a big way and you found a riverbank character who shouldn't try to get away with anything worse than stop-netting a stream. Pingree's trip was badly planned. He had left a trail like an alligator going through mud—buying so much gas, forgetting to carry enough fishing tackle to back up his story, and checking with old man Jenks about inland channels.

Then he reached Havana and picked up two aliens and somebody took a shot at him. That didn't sound like a big-time operation. It sounded more as if Pingree were on his own. Maybe he had been a small-timer in the gang, and got restless about lying low and decided to go in business for himself.

The telephone rang. Sally answered it, then called him.

Johnny took the telephone. "This is Edwards," he said.

A thin voice said, "I want to make sure this is Edwards, the damyankee, and not some other feller."

"Hi, Mr. Jenks. What are you up to, using a Northern invention like the phone?"

"I wanted to know why you ain't been down yet to go cane-pole fishing for snook."

"Been kind of busy. But I'll make it."

"Maybe I could fix things so you wouldn't be so busy. Friend of yours just went upriver. Man we talked about the other day. Thought you might want to see him."

"You sure it was him? Did you see his boat? Did he have anybody aboard? Did—"

"Listen, son," the old voice said. "I didn't see nothing. But I know the sound of every boat using this river regular. He was easing along without running lights. Probably you could beat him to that place he hangs out if you don't argue with me too long. You owe me a dime for this call, too. Now get goin'."

"Okay. Thanks a lot."

Johnny dropped the telephone, ran into his bedroom, slipped into the Sam Browne belt, buckled it and checked the revolver in the holster.

Sally blocked him as he came out. "What is it?" she asked.

"Pingree. He just slipped past Punta Rassa."

"You'll want Tim. Here's the list of telephone numbers he left."

"You track him down. I don't have time if I'm going to beat Pingree to his landing."

"You can't go alone!"

"Sorry. Don't need a chaperon."

"Johnny, you can't! It's against regulations to try to handle a job like this by yourself. Too many things can go wrong!"

"Yeah, sure. Give me a good funeral."

He brushed past her and ran out to his car. Shell spurted back from the rear wheels as his car leaped forward in second gear. He spun right onto McGregor Boulevard. The ghostly gray columns of royal palms flickered past, then curved lines of coconut palms, then scrub pine and palmetto. He swerved down the road to Iona Cove, drove a mile, and turned back upriver toward Pingree's Landing. As soon as he made the turn he switched off his headlights. The road was just a track across sand, faint and blurred in the starlight.

Bushes lifted a solid black wall ahead and he saw the glint of Pingree's parked car. He skidded to a halt, jumped out of the car and ran stumbling down the long black footpath to the river. Mangroves brushed his face and flung cunning loops at his feet. He didn't dare use his flashlight. He reached the cove and saw the dark bulk of the shack, and the pier staggering out drunkenly on its pilings, and the empty black water, faintly glittering with starlight. For a moment he was afraid he had guessed wrong and might stand there helpless while Pingree cruised upriver to another landing place.

Then he heard the exhaust. It came tapping closer and closer like the sound of a blind man's cane. He would never forget that sound. Five weeks ago he had stood on another pier and listened to the boat tapping its way stealthily down-river near him. Five weeks ago a man in that boat had squinted down the barrel of a .30-.30 rifle and squeezed the trigger a split second too late. Tonight things weren't going to work out quite the same way. He stepped back into the shadow of the cabin.

A boat drifted into the cove as quietly as the reflection of a cloud on water. Bow and stern lines squeaked tight on pilings. Voices whispered. A man climbed onto the dock, padded along sagging planks, shuffled through sand. It was Pingree. Watery glints rippled along the rifle in his right hand. Johnny flattened himself against the wall. The revolver sat up easily and lightly in his hand. Inside his chest his heart beat as slowly and heavily as a bell buoy. Either this was the man who killed Tony, or he knew who had. One way or another the end of the long hunt was close.

"Drop it, Pingree," he called. "This is the Border Patrol." The man froze like a dog taking a point. "Drop it!" he said sharply.

The rifle fell to the sand.

Without any warning, feet clattered on the deck of the boat and two men leaped into the water. Johnny went cold. He heard the desperate churning of water but he couldn't see the swimmers. They were heading for the bushes along shore. He didn't know what kind of characters Pingree had picked up in Havana. They might be tough babies. If they were armed and started working on him from different points along shore, it wouldn't be good.

He yanked out his handcuffs. "Get in the shadows here," he said. "Then hold out your right hand."

Pingree didn't budge. Either he was scared stiff or he was stalling. Bushes crackled as the aliens scrambled ashore. Johnny stepped out into the open and shot once into the bushes. Pingree still hadn't moved. His face looked heavy and white. Johnny was tempted to clip him with the barrel of the revolver and put him away, but then Pingree couldn't do any talking. And he didn't know how much time he had before Tim would come roaring along and break up any little third-degree party.

"You have one second to hold out your hand for the bracelets," he said.

Pingree moved his right hand slowly forward. This was the wrong way to handcuff a person. The right way was to make your prisoner stand at arm's length from a wall and lean forward until his head touched it. Then, when you made him put his hands behind his back, the guy was off balance and helpless. There wasn't time to make Pingree do that. Johnny leaned forward to snap on the cuffs, keeping his revolver back against his body and watching Pingree closely. There was one dangerous moment when he had to concentrate on Pingree's right hand to get the bracelet on it.

That was the moment when a wave of blackness started at the base of his skull and washed up quickly through his head.

HE WAS struggling to wake up from a nightmare. He seemed to be floating in black water at the bottom of a very deep well. He felt sand grinding against his teeth. It was odd to find sand on top of the water in a well. He thought about that. He tried to climb the sides of the well and found himself teetering on his hands and knees, staring at the sand.

Several objects glittered near him. He balanced himself carefully, because the sand was tilting like the Gulf in a ground swell, and reached for one of the objects. Handcuffs. He stuffed them into a pocket, wondering how he had happened to drop them. The second object turned out to be his revolver. He was upset about that; it did revolvers no good to be dropped into sand. The third and last object was tiny, and lay several feet away. He crawled to it. It was an empty .45 cartridge case.

That was queer. It couldn't have come from his revolver, because revolvers didn't eject cartridge cases when you fired them. Only automatics did. And besides, his revolver was a .38, not a .45. He had dropped everything else that had been lying on the sand, however, so perhaps he had dropped the cartridge case too.

HE PUT it in a pocket, crawled to a nearby cabbage palm and hauled himself up by the trunk until he was standing.

Suddenly he remembered everything that had happened.

He stumbled out to the dock. The boat was gone. He swung around and stared at the shack and the rumpled sand and the mangroves that reared up around the clearing. Nothing moved. He took out his flashlight. Its beam probed shadows, flickered over empty sand and over water as smooth as tar. There were not even bubbles on the water to show that a boat had recently left the cove. He looked at his watch. Half an hour had passed since he'd reached out to snap the handcuffs on Pingree's wrist. He listened, heard nothing but the tide sucking out past the pilings.

A lot of things didn't make sense. Pingree had tried to kill him a few weeks ago. Tonight Pingree had had a chance to do the job right and more reason to do it, but he had cruised off leaving him alive. Something was phony. He took out the .45 cartridge case and stared at it. He broke open his revolver and checked the fact that the case of the .38 he had fired was still in its chamber. That was a stupid thing to do, because nobody had to prove that a .38 revolver didn't eject .45 automatic cartridge cases. However, this was his night to be stupid and he didn't want to get out of character.

He walked back the footpath to where he had left his car. As he started to get in, he heard the hum of another car racing toward him. He crouched beside a fender. The oncoming car had no lights. It was too much to hope that Howard Pingree would come back, but just in case . . .

The car swished to a halt near him, and he saw that he was right in not hoping. He stood up and called, "They got away, Tim."

Tim jumped out of the black sedan and ran to him. "You hurt?" he asked.

"Now. . . . Before I start, do you like it?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES RODRIGUES

"No."

The spotlight of the sedan flicked on, touched him briefly. Another voice said, "The hell he isn't. Sand all over him and rocking like a boat." The spotlight faded, and the Lee County sheriff got out.

"Pingree slugged me, was all," Johnny said. "Rabbit punch. I'll be all right."

"What happened?" Tim said.

"Pingree came off the boat, and when I hailed him two other guys jumped in the water and made it to shore. I started to handcuff Pingree. I was working too fast and I got sloppy. I never saw him move but he must have chopped down at the back of my neck as I leaned over to get the bracelets on his right hand. I was out for half an hour. The boat's gone. Everybody's gone. Any time you're ready, you can start telling me what a great job I did."

"You don't mind if we catch a couple aliens first, do you?" Tim said. "Get the aerial up." He turned to the sheriff and said, "Block the Beach Road junction for us, will you? Take Johnny's car. I'll call one of your deputies to take over, soon as I can."

The sheriff drove away. Johnny raised the aerial and Tim sent the flash to WWMI. Then they started back to Fort Myers. Johnny hung on as they took curves; he wouldn't have thought McCarter could make like a dirt-track champion when he was in the mood. They screeched onto McGregor Boulevard in a turn that left hot rubber on the road, raced to the outskirts of town, and skidded to a halt.

"Roadblock," Tim said.

Johnny pulled out the big sign from the luggage compartment and planted it on the road where the sedan could spotlight the words: STOP. U.S. OFFICERS. Tim raised the aerial and began sending more details to WWMI. He finished, hauled out a pipe, and began stoking it, one grain at a time.

"What do I do?" Johnny said. "Just keep braced until you're ready to tee off on me?"

"I have nothing to say right now."

Johnny shrugged. When it came, it ought to be good. This was the chance McCarter had been waiting for; probably he was saving his comments for the Chief Patrol Inspector. So long, fellows. Nice to have been with you in the Border Patrol.

THE funny thing was, he was beginning to work up a little respect for the outfit. Apparently the boys really went to town when something broke. You could follow what was happening from messages crackling from the receiver. Radio signals were jerking through the night, and a net was spreading over south Florida. In Miami, a patrol unit swung west and reported it was blocking the Tamiami Trail at the city limits. Up in Sarasota, another unit cut Route 41. The radio signals kept on. In them you heard echoes of telephones ringing in quiet offices and darkened bedrooms, of teletype machines starting to chatter.

A patrol unit was racing west from Miami to block the Tamiami Trail at Naples. A Florida Highway Patrol car whisked out of the Fort Myers station and halted where the Beach cut-off road met the Trail. A Fort Myers police car hauled off to the side of the road at Edison Bridge across the Caloosahatchee. The meshes of the net closed slowly. Here and there a new knot jerked tight—north of Fort Myers at Punta Gorda, south at Bonita Springs, east at Clewiston on Lake Okeechobee.

Two hours later their own mesh of the net suddenly caught a bit of news. A truck driver, coming out of town, looked back at their sign and then stopped.

"Aliens," Tim said. "Did

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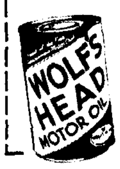

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you happen to see a couple of strangers in wet clothes around town tonight?"

The truck driver thought for a moment. "Look, Tim," he said. "We been friends for years. If a guy picked up a couple guys down the road earlier tonight and gave them a lift into town, not knowing a thing about them, would he be in a jam?"

"Hell, no. Did you pick them up?"

"Well, yeah. They didn't look like aliens, see? They talked just like you or me, only sort of tough. Their clothes were wet, all right. They said they'd been in a friendly tussle and fell off a dock."

"Give me all the details," Tim said, opening the circuit to WWMI.

Twenty minutes later, after some quick checking by the Fort Myers police, everybody on the radio net knew that two aliens, who had probably lived in the United States for a long time and then had been deported, had hopped a ride into Fort Myers before the net was formed and got out of town on a Trailways bus heading north on Route 41.

Half an hour went by. Then the Sarasota unit called WWMI and said cheerily, "Just pulled your boys off the Trailways bus. Where do you want them delivered?"

"Lee County jail in Fort Myers," WWMI said. Then it added, "MI 3 from WWMI. Attention, Inspector McCarter."

Tim flipped down the lid of the glove compartment and checked in.

"What do you think about Pingree?" WWMI asked.

Tim tapped out, "Everything indicates Pingree escaped in his boat. His car still parked near his shack."

"MI 3 from WWMI," the receiver said. "Chief Patrol Inspector will meet you at Lee County jail at approximately 0300. To all other units: Nice work, everybody. Return to regular assignments."

AT TEN o'clock next morning, Johnny sat in the living room of the McCarter house and tried to shrug off the sick throbbing in his stomach. He watched Chief Patrol Inspector Brian come in and sit down heavily, rubbing his hand over a stubble of beard. Across the room Tim McCarter cleared his throat with a noise like a wagon crunching over glass.

The chief said, "I've been over things again with those two aliens. They were deported as habitual criminals in 1947, and slipped back to Cuba a couple of months ago. They met Pingree in a Havana bar and made a deal to be landed here and driven to the bus station. Their friends in New York had sent them driver's licenses and other fake identification, and they figured they had no worries once they landed. So when Edwards grabbed Pingree, they made a break for it and that's the last they saw of Pingree."

Johnny fingered the .45 cartridge case in his pocket and said, "How many shots did they hear after the hassel started?"

"I suppose just one," Brian said. "You only shot once, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I found a .45 cartridge case on the sand when I came to."

"It could have been lying there for days," Tim said.

"Yeah, sure," Brian said. "Well, things have popped so fast that I haven't had a chance to get the whole story of how this started. Let's have it, Tim."

Johnny braced himself in the chair.

Tim said, "Last night at eight o'clock I was out talking to people I thought might have a line on Pingree. Edwards was here. A friend of his—the same old cracker who gave him the tip to start with—phoned and said Pingree had just gone upriver. Edwards figured Pingree would land at his shack, and he decided it would take too long to locate me. So he took off for Pingree's Landing while Sally checked around for me."

Johnny was mildly surprised. McCarter had had a good chance to go to work on him with brass knuckles, and instead he was taking it easy. Setting him up for a sucker punch, maybe.

The chief said, "How long did it take for Sally to locate you?"

"About twenty minutes. The way I figure it, Edwards had a tough decision to make. If he waited to notify me, Pingree might land and get away. If he went alone, he was one guy against several, probably. I wouldn't say he decided wrong."

Brian said, "Then what happened after Edwards reached the shack?"

"He got there a couple of minutes before the boat came in. Pingree came ashore, carrying a rifle. Edwards drew on him and told him to drop it. The two aliens jumped in the water and got ashore. Edwards stepped out to handcuff Pingree, and while he was doing it Pingree sneaked in a rabbit punch. When Edwards woke up, the boat and everybody had disappeared."

Johnny took a deep breath. The brass knuckles were there under the gloves. McCarter realized something could be said in favor of his starting after Pingree alone, and so the guy cagily said it first. That made it look as if McCarter were giving him a break. But all the time McCarter had been waiting to slug him with the charge that he walked up to a disarmed smuggler and let himself be rocked to sleep. Meet Edwards, recently of the Border Patrol.

Brian hadn't missed anything. He said, "Edwards, this Pingree had dropped his rifle, hadn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly how did you go about handcuffing him?"

"Now wait a minute," Tim said in a harsh voice. "Don't forget two tough characters had just reached shore. Edwards didn't have time to handcuff Pingree the way the book says."

"All right, Tim, all right," the chief said. "I was just asking. I wasn't going to take your boy apart."

"Okay, then," Tim muttered.

This was really something, Johnny thought. You got ready to duck another rabbit punch and found the guy patting you on the back.

Brian said, "Edwards, do you have anything to add to all this?"

"Well, I could have told it so I looked a lot worse."

"Just leave it the way it is," Tim said irritably.

Brian got up. "Suits me," he said. "Edwards, you have nothing to worry about. And I'm not forgetting you got the tip originally. Well, what about Pingree?"

"He must be low on gas and supplies," Tim said. "He can't hide out long. I don't suppose you could spare us any help in running him down?"

"Wish I could, Tim. But we still have this big Havana deal to worry about, with aliens dropping out of sight by the dozens. I don't dare stretch things too thin anywhere. You two boys see can you clean it up. Better get some sleep for now. So long."

After the sound of his car faded, Johnny said, "I don't get it, Tim. You know I'd have rushed off alone to Pingree's Landing even if you'd only been two minutes away instead of twenty."

"Yeah, I know that."

"You thought I was a heel all along. You still think so."

"Whatever headaches I have about you, they're mine and not Ed Brian's."

"You know something? I like you a lot better than I did. I wish I thought we'd get along from now on."

"Don't let it worry you. I don't expect people to change overnight. Speaking of headaches, you got any bad effects from that rabbit punch?"

"I'm all right. Sleepy is all."

"You feel up to a little workout?"

"If I have to. What kind of workout?"

"A while back," Tim said, "you were acting tougher than usual, and I said we'd probably have to have it out someday. I asked if you wanted to make it right then. You said you'd take a rain check. I'm collecting that rain check now."

McCARTER'S big, square face looked as blank as his bald head. Johnny stared at him. "You're kidding," he said.

"No I'm not. Unless you claim you're still rocky from that rabbit punch, we're going outside and I'm going to take some of that tough-guy recklessness out of you."

"Oh, I get it. Years ago when Ed Brian was a kid you cooled him off that way, didn't you? He told me about it. But look. It won't work with me. The setup is different. It would be silly."

"Aw, come on," Tim said softly. "Let me be silly if I want to be."

"I'm not going to fight you."

"No? Well, that may save me a little trouble. Come on outside."

Johnny gave an irritated laugh. "I'm staying here."

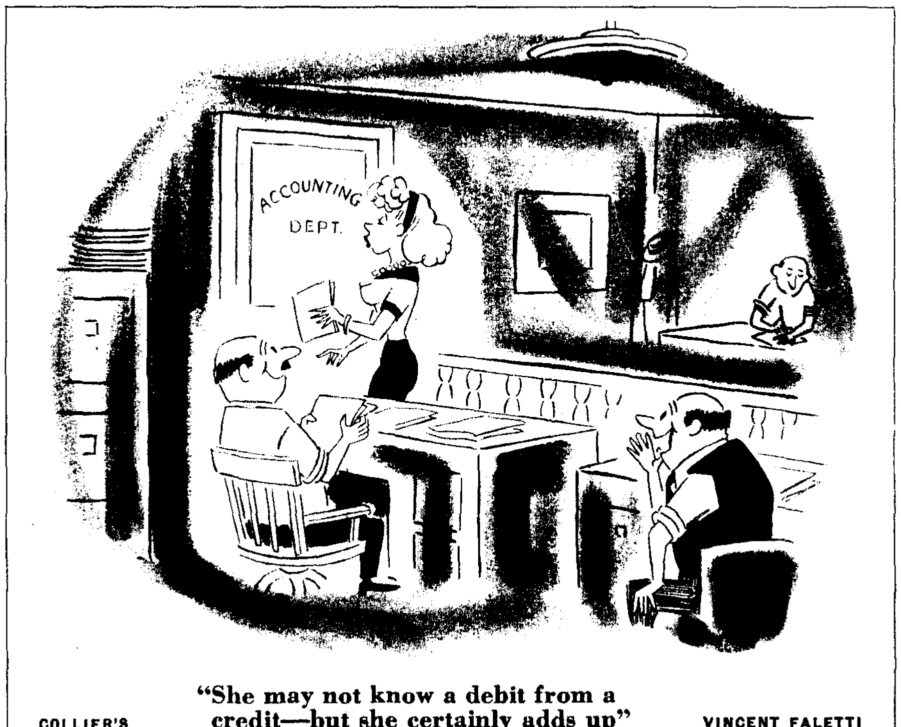
Tim said regretfully, "This may be hard on the furniture," and began unbuckling his Sam Browne belt.

*Arguing with this character was like trying to stop a bulldozer by lying in its path.* "It would probably be my chair that got broken," Johnny said wearily. "All right, let's go out." This was one of the most ridiculous things that had ever happened to him. Just when he started to like the guy, he had to fight him.

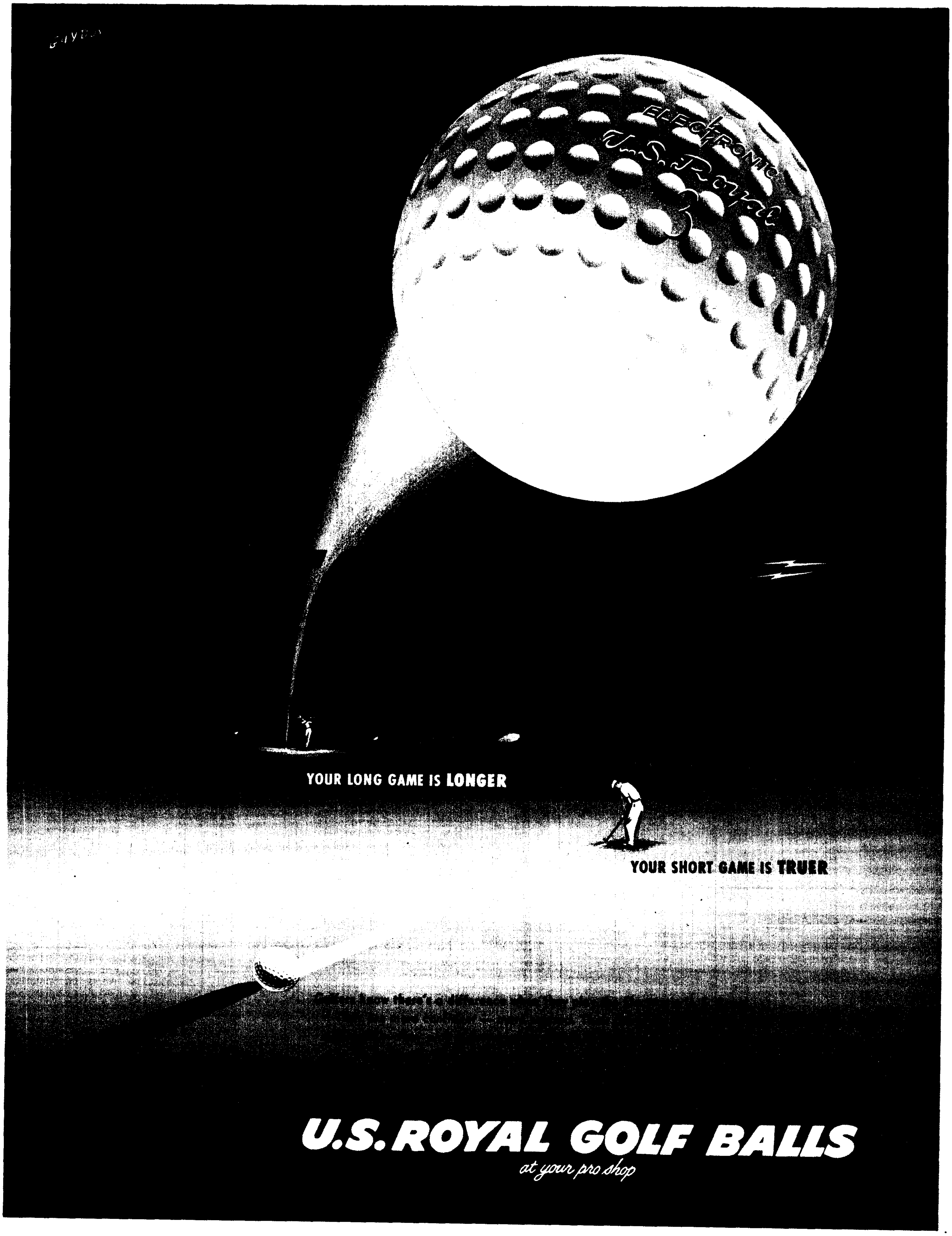
They went outside, and Tim suggested they stay on the river side of the garage so that Sally, working in her orange grove, couldn't see them. Johnny took off his belt and jacket and tested the footing in the sand.

"You ready?" Tim said politely.

Johnny put up his guard and nodded. He felt oddly helpless, watching the big man


ACCOUNTING DEPT.

COLLIER'S "She may not know a debit from a credit—but she certainly adds up" VINCENT FALETTI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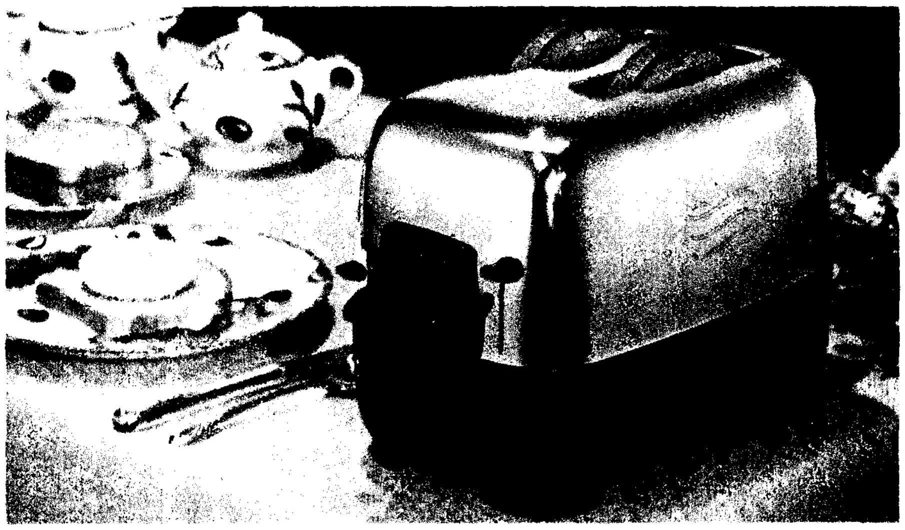

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facing him. How did you begin a thing like this when you didn't want to begin it? He started circling slowly to his right, waving a feeble left jab at Tim.

Something clipped his forehead and set him back three feet. Oh. You began it like that.

The punch hadn't hurt. Enough power in it to move a piano, but not much jolt. He came back fast, slipped a hook that steamed at him like a slow freight, and whipped in a hard right. He could feel the impact right up to his ear. Bob Tate had gone down under a punch like that. It bounced off Tim's jaw and the guy didn't even blink.

He moved back and tried to figure what to do. He hadn't really meant to throw the right that hard. He didn't want to knock the guy cold. And to be honest, quite possibly he couldn't. The sensible way to handle a man as rugged as McCarter was to stay at long range and cut him up with jabs and right crosses. That wasn't an appealing idea. Next best thing was to tire him out and try for a draw.

FOR the next five minutes, Johnny forced Tim to come to him and spent his time slugging Tim's forearms and biceps to numb the muscles. At the end of that time he was starting to breathe hard. The trouble was, McCarter didn't wear himself out dancing around in the sand; he just plodded in solemnly and kept working away like a lumberjack chopping at a big tree.

When you came right down to it, Johnny decided, you apparently couldn't get a draw with Tim. It was either take him or be taken. He drilled in a hard jab, feinted another and got a quick opening for a right cross. He didn't throw it. He slipped a hook over his shoulder, got another opening, passed that up too. Quick, somebody, lend me some killer instinct, he thought.

Tim's hooks slammed into him, rolling him back and back and then flapping him down on the sand.

He lay there getting the twinkles out of his head. It could have been worse. The heavy punches had lost power throwing him around and left him only slightly scrambled. He didn't plan to jump up, however, and throw any more right and left profiles at Tim's fists. This business of letting the other guy win could be carried too far.

A girl's voice, clear and furious, said, "Why don't you get down on your hands and knees and bite it out with him?"

That startled Johnny into opening his eyes. Beyond Tim's legs, planted like a couple of tree trunks, he saw Sally.

Tim swung around and mumbled, "I didn't know you were here."

"Don't let me interrupt. Can I bring you a flint ax or some other primitive weapon?"

"Now listen, Sally, this is none of your business."

"Whose business is it? The coroner's?"

"You know Edwards and I have been working up to this for a long time. And that stunt he pulled going after Pingree was the pay-off. So after Ed Brian left I decided we'd settle things and—"

"I've been watching for five minutes and all you've settled is the fact that you're forty-five years old."

"You don't have to tell me nothing else is settled yet," Tim said grimly. He turned and looked down at Johnny and said, "I don't see you getting up."

It was a little late to try playing dead again. "Just prop me up against the garage if you want to take a few more swings."

"Don't kid me. You're not that bad off."

"All right. I'm fine. I just like it here."

"You were talking about Bob Tate once and saying he quits easy. And I said lots of guys quit easy, and asked how fast you get up when you get knocked on your can. This looks like the answer."

"Look, Tim, you just won a fight. What do you need to prove it—a death certificate?"

"You know something, Edwards? I didn't care whether I won this or not. Main thing I wanted was to see if you could take it. I wondered about that business at Pingree's Landing. You bobbed up without a scratch and claimed you'd been knocked out for half an hour. Well, now I've stopped wondering. Somebody shot at you, and you turned yellow and ran."

Johnny got up. This was bad stuff. "Maybe we'd better have a rematch."

"I'll give you one," Tim said, "but it won't prove anything. Now you're more scared of what I think of you than you're scared of getting hurt."

Sally walked up and shoved them firmly apart. She faced Tim and said, "If we weren't related I'd say you came from a long line of morons. Tim! Be sensible. A child could tell you what happened. Johnny threw that fight to you."

"He what!"

"He threw it to you. I was watching for five minutes. I didn't try to stop it, because nobody was getting hurt. Johnny had several chances to hit you and he didn't take them. And you were too slow to hit him. Then Johnny walked right in and let you knock him down."

"Look, Sally, you're talking in your sleep."

"Don't forget I saw Johnny hit Bob Tate. All he did was wave at you."

Tim said stubbornly, "He got in one good punch at the start and then quit."

"He certainly picked a hard way to quit."

Tim looked at Johnny and snapped, "What do you say about all this?"

"I don't think anything I said would matter."

"You got something there," Tim muttered. He thought for a few moments, jamming his hands into his pockets as if he didn't trust them out in the open where they could turn into fists. "Well," he said finally, "I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. But just remember it's Sally's doubt. I can't seem to work up any." He turned and walked heavily toward the house.

Sally sighed. "You took a few cuts on your face. If you want to come in the house, I'll fix them."

He sat on a chair in the kitchen and let her dab at his face with bits of cotton. She had long, cool fingers. It made him remember the time in Havana when he had watched her helping Bob Tate: pretty girl aiding wounded hero. At the time he had thought it must be nice to be a hero and that he would have to try it sometime.

She stuck an adhesive bandage under his left eye and said, "There."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it," she said coolly. "Letting Tim win that fight was a fine gesture. It's a point in your favor. I wish I could think of another." She got up and left.

Now that he had tried being a hero, it turned out to be not so nice after all.

FOLDING up the Sunday newspaper, Johnny rose from the breakfast table and said, "Hope you haven't changed your mind about this being a day off."

"No," Tim said. "I haven't changed my mind."

Johnny counted the words. Six. In the week since the fight this was the first time Tim had wasted six words on him when one would do. He would have moved somewhere else to live except that the Pingree case might heat up at any moment, and he didn't want to miss anything. Scores of people along the lower west coast of Florida were watching for Howard Pingree or his boat, and would telephone any news to the McCarter house.

Sally said, "I hope you're both going to take it easy today. You need rest."

"I thought I'd go to the beach," Johnny said. "Planned to meet somebody there."

"Oh," Sally said. She added lightly, "The same somebody you had a date with twice last week?"

"Well, yes."

Sally said, "I've been wondering about your somebody. Is—"

"Don't grill people that way," Tim snapped.

"I just wondered what she was like," Sally murmured. "Can't I ask Johnny a simple little question such as what is she like, Johnny?"

"It looks as if nobody can stop you," Tim said.

"She's just a girl," Johnny said. "Little redheaded kid who's staying at the beach for the season."

"It must be nice," Sally said, "to have hair all one color, not bleached into streaks like mine. What's her name, Johnny?"

Tim said, "You already asked one question, and there was nothing little or simple about it. Why don't you lay off?"

Johnny walked out of the room. It took more than Tim McCarter to stop Sally when she set her mind on something. And, since there was no redheaded girl, he might have trouble keeping up his end of the conversation. He collected his trunks and a towel, wrapped his .38 in them so it wouldn't show, and left the house.

He had spent those two evenings during the past week poking around Pingree's Landing. He had gone through the shack until he almost had a census of the termites working through its wood. He had also crawled around on hands and knees outside, combing his fingers through the sand. That work uncovered three nests of fire ants, and they hadn't liked being disturbed. Maybe he ought to drop crime and take up insects.

Today he was working on another idea. It was so vague that he couldn't describe it to himself.

HE DROVE to the cove at Iona, about two miles down-river from Pingree's Landing, and rented a flat-bottomed boat with an inboard motor and cruised slowly up the Caloosahatchee. At Pingree's Landing he switched off the engine and began poling upstream close to the bank. He was looking for the cabin cruiser. Pingree's brain couldn't have been working very well if he had hidden the boat anywhere near his shack; however, his own brain wasn't working well either and maybe this was a good way to give it a day off.

When you looked at a mile of riverbank from a distance, it looked like a mile of riverbank. But when you came close it turned out to be several miles of riverbank, because of the way coves and sloughs cut the shore line into lace. Here and there, as he poled along, the pale water deepened and he saw the rakish shadows of snook. Dense mangroves enclosed small pools that couldn't be seen until you looked at the bushes from a certain angle and caught a glint of water behind them. He investigated every hidden pool. Once he surprised a raccoon washing a pinfish, and another time an alligator slid off through the water, watching him with periscopic eyes.

By noon he had poled nearly a mile upriver, and he turned back to search alongshore below the landing. In midafternoon he saw a white glint back among the mangroves. It might be merely a faded leaf, but he decided to take a look anyway. He poled the boat forward.

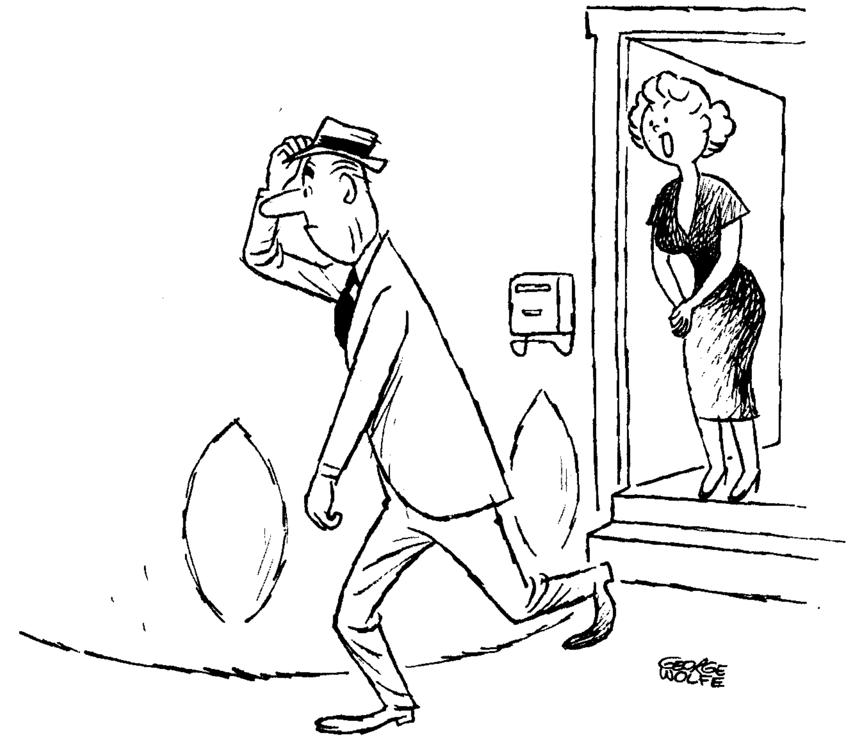
Bushes parted like a theater curtain. Deep in the pale-green shadows loomed the cabin cruiser.

FOR a minute he couldn't move. His boat drifted across the hidden cove and the blank eyes of the cruiser's portholes seemed to watch it coming. Nothing stirred. He reached slowly into his rolled-up towel and eased his fingers around the butt of the revolver. The bow of his boat squeaked against the cruiser. There was no answering sound. Johnny snaked forward and slid aboard Pingree's boat.

It was deserted. Below in the cabin the bunks were rumpled and smelled stale, and the galley held dishes on which food had dried hard. Abovedeck, lines angled from bow and stern to clumps of mangrove. He hauled the boat close to the bank and went ashore, balancing on mangrove roots to avoid leaving footprints in the muck. Pingree hadn't been as careful; here and there the muck showed where he had stepped. Johnny started following the footprints. As he went along, he noticed that branches had been snapped at intervals. The breaks were at waist level, as if the man had blazed a trail to help him find the boat again. The trail hit the sandy road a few hundred yards down-river from the footpath leading to Pingree's Landing.

He returned to the boat and searched it carefully. It looked as if Pingree had only taken two things away with him: his .30-.30 rifle and the cruiser's big bow anchor. An interesting combination. He searched still more carefully. There were a couple of new scars in the wood of the stern transom, as if the point of a heavy anchor had been dropped there. And, quite close to the scars, he could see where a dark stain had oozed over the paint.

His right hand came from his pocket carrying an empty .45 cartridge case. He had



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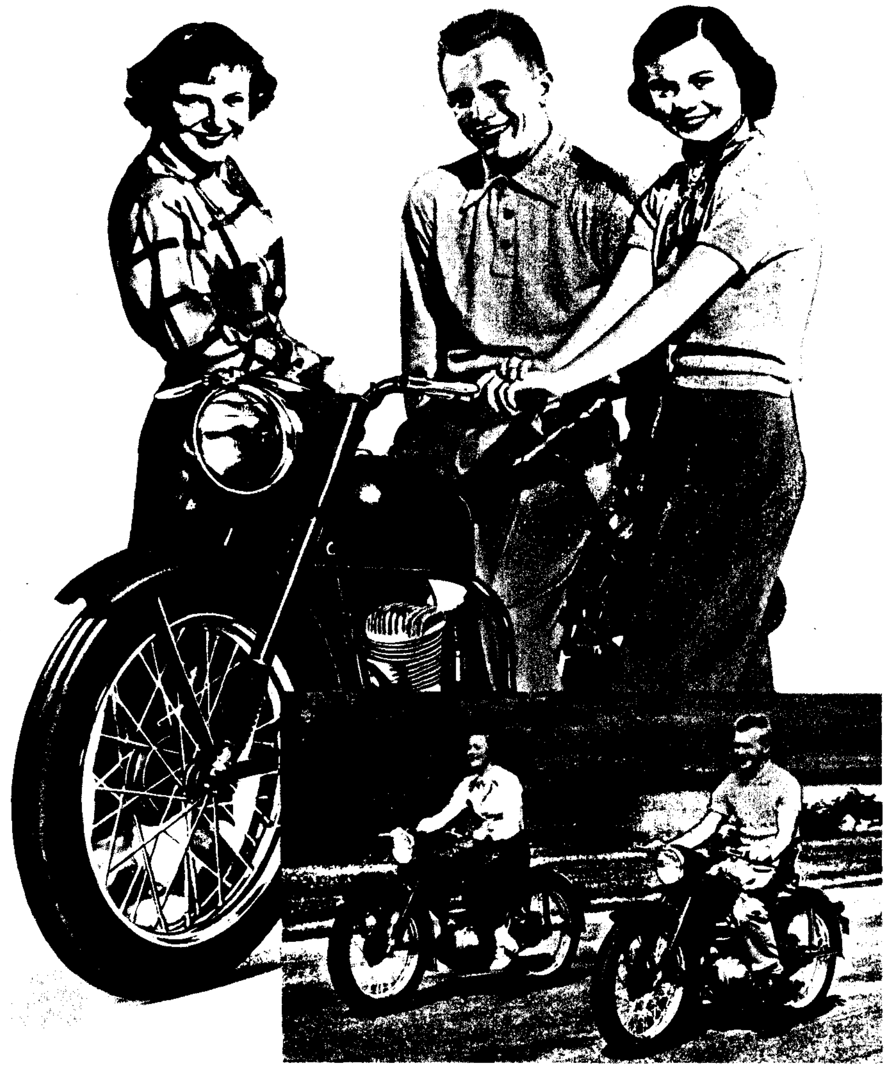

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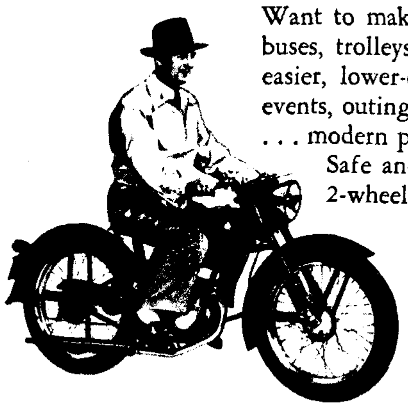

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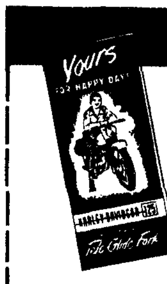

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been right in suspecting that Pingree wasn't the killer. The guy was a small-timer in the smuggling gang. He didn't like lying low, and he had slipped off to Havana on his own. The gang had had somebody in Havana take a shot at him to scare him out of business, but Pingree had got his two aliens aboard and headed back to Fort Myers. The boys had been waiting for him. There was only one complication: a character named Edwards who'd come boiling up at the last moment. Fortunately, Edwards hadn't minded turning his back and letting someone sneak up behind him to get in a rabbit punch.

Johnny nodded. He had been right in deciding that Pingree's brain hadn't been working very well if he had hidden the boat near his shack. Because, Pingree's brain hadn't been working at all. Pingree hadn't carried the big bow anchor far. Probably just down to the bottom of the river.

Things were looking up. For the first time, he had cut across a trail leading directly to the man who carried a .45 automatic and had killed twice with it. It wasn't much of a trail—just a line of broken branches leading from the boat to the sandy road—but, fortunately, he didn't have to follow it. All he had to do was sit in the boat long enough, and the killer would come creeping back through the mangroves. The guy intended to use Pingree's boat again; otherwise he wouldn't have snapped the branches so he could find it easily.

The killer intended to use something else again, too. That was the rifle. Up to now, Johnny knew, he had been lucky. The gang hadn't wanted to kill him and bring half the Border Patrol down on Fort Myers. Of course Pingree had taken a couple of shots at him originally but that didn't count; Pingree must have acted on impulse, without orders.

Now things were different. If somebody happened to be killed with a .30-.30 bullet and Pingree's rifle were found nearby, Pingree would be blamed.

IT WAS very dark in the little cove walled by the mangroves. The only light came from the luminous face of his wrist watch. It was nine thirty. He settled down quietly in the cockpit of Pingree's boat to spend the next three or four hours. That would make a total of almost thirty hours he had spent in the boat since finding it more than a week ago. Every time he had a free night, he slipped away from the McCarter house to wait in the boat.

Nobody else had visited it in that time. Vines were starting to creep out the bow and stern lines. Mangrove leaves had drifted over the deck. Tiny spiders had parachuted down on wind-borne threads and were setting up housekeeping.

Spending night after night in the boat was no fun. He was getting jumpy from strain and lack of sleep. Back at the McCarter house, they thought he was dating a girl these evenings. From an outsider's point of view it must look like quite an affair; Tim McCarter had even broken a moody silence to lecture him about not going overboard for a woman. Tim would have done better to give his sister a lecture, because she seemed to be going out a lot in the evenings, too. Apparently she was sneaking off to meet Bob Tate. Some girls liked to go slumming.

What Sally did, however, wasn't his problem. He had plenty of his own. Right now there were a million sounds to identify. Insects wove a net of shrill vibrations around his head. The tide made sipping noises among the mangrove roots. From the mangrove jungle came secret rustlings.

Some night, one of those sounds would have a meaning he'd better catch fast. The killer might not stroll casually into his trap. Several nights recently he had noted headlights keeping pace behind him as he drove down McGregor Boulevard. Each time he had swung into back roads to break his trail, and the headlights had vanished. The whole business could be meaningless, but this time he wasn't taking chances. If the killer ever trailed him here, things would happen fast. It would be nice if they happened to somebody else. He was getting tired of—

That was a new noise, wasn't it?

HE LISTENED. Actually it was many old sounds strung together in a new way. Something was coming through the mangroves. It didn't sound like a small animal or bird or snake. The small animals make a rustle, stop to listen, come on again. Birds move in quick fluttering bursts. Snakes make a very faint slow whispering. This was a longer, heavier sound, made up of leaves rustling and branches scraping and mud sucking at feet. A big confident gator could be coming. Or a man, not quite so confident.

Johnny crouched and eased back the hammer of the revolver. Something flickered among the mangroves. It could be a pen-sized flashlight, pricking the darkness and vanishing. The winks came slowly closer. He gripped his own flashlight in his left hand and waited. For a few thuds of his heart there was only blackness and silence. Then the light winked ten feet away. He began taking up trigger slack and flipped on his flashlight.

The white beam drilled through the dark with almost physical force. It splashed over a face that winced and jerked back blindly. It gleamed on hair laced with pale streaks of gold and silver. It showed a girl's body frozen in tense lines of terror. Sally's body.

He blanked everything from his mind except the job of swinging his revolver aside without jarring the delicate balance of the hammer. When you took up that much trigger slack, a pistol was ready to do its own shooting. It moved as if it weighed a ton, but finally he got it turned and started living again.

*(To be continued next week)*

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# 48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

salesman with similar designs on him bought his dinner. Since then he has answered every insurance solicitation coming either by phone or mail. Always too busy to see anybody during working hours and too tired to talk at home. According to his own careful reckoning he is now eating at least three lunches and two dinners a week on insurance solicitors' expense accounts. The time will come, he knows, when he'll have to expand his insurance coverage. But he's away ahead of the game thus far. Gained 22 pounds. Only trouble is, his appetite has become so pampered he can't eat at his own expense in places he can afford.

★ ★ ★

When we told that one to our Washington ear, he said it was nothing—nothing—absolutely nothing. Whereat, he began to tell us about an unofficial group of food consumers and liquid absorbers known in Washington as Free Loaders of the Pentagon. Knowing this ear of ours to be trustworthy, we take his word for it that there are stout members of the FLOP who, since the current crises got going, have dropped in on as many as six cocktail parties, two lunches and at least one dinner daily. And not one of them, he continues, knows what the inside of his money pocket feels like. We deplore, however, any tendency to refer to the Pentagon as the Flophouse.

★ ★ ★

Arkansas has a brisk new blue-sky stock law aimed at protecting investors. It was adopted by referendum at the last elections. Much credit for its adoption is given to the Arkansas Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, which spent a mere $200 in their drive while opponents of the legislation spent thousands. "It just goes to show," explained one of the officers of the AFBPWC, "what can happen when several thousand women get to talking about the same thing at the same time."

★ ★ ★

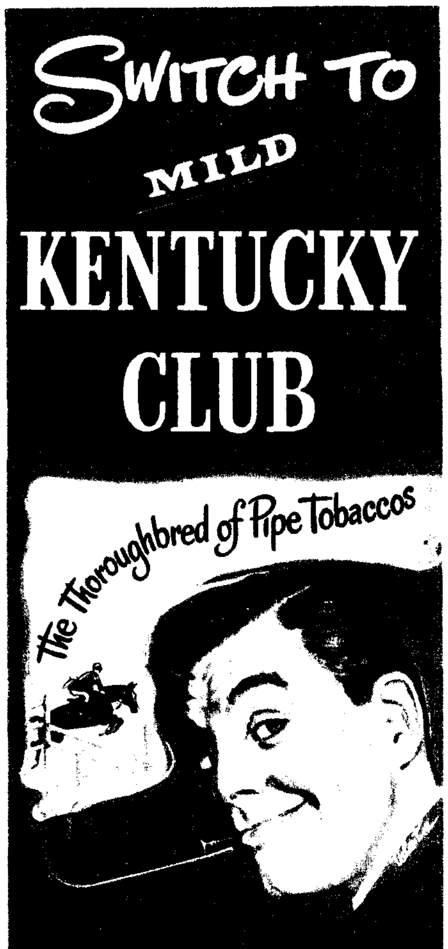
We were just about to say something jocular about 1952 being leap year, wag that we are. But Senator Homer Ferguson (R.) of Michigan, a solemn fellow who tolerates very little nonsense, stopped us at the very beginning of what we'd intended to be a heavy chuckle. He told us that the one extra day in 1952 will cost us an extra $167,000—one day's pay for federal government employees. And so long as we've embarked on this cheerless topic, we may as well tell you that the senator stopped far short of the harrowing facts. The Census Bureau says that almost 6,500,000 civilians (repeat 6,500,000 civilians) are on the combined federal, state and local public payrolls—one out of every 24 of us. How bureaucratic can we get?

★ ★ ★

In Omaha recently, the voice from a prowl car came into police headquarters: "Chasing a speeding car. Doing better than 70." Silence. A little later: "Gaining. I'll get him." Still a little later. "I've passed him. I'm leading him. Maternity case."

★ ★ ★

That's all, except we've just been notified by the Rock Island, Illinois, Argus that there's a crisis in Silvis, a town nearby. The police squad car is out of tires.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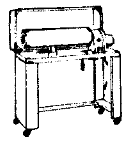

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

# The Euphio Question

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Fred and I were inexplicably grinning like idiots. I felt relaxed and tingling. Lew Harrison looked as though he'd stumbled into the dressing room at the Copacabana. He glanced at the studio clock, appalled. The monotonous hiss had been on the air for five minutes! If the engineer's cuff hadn't accidentally caught on the switch, it might be on yet.

Fred laughed nervously, and Lew hunted for his place in the script. "The hiss from nowhere," Lew said. "Dr. Bockman, has anyone proposed a name for these interesting voids?"

"No," Fred said. "At the present time they have neither a name nor an explanation."

The voids the hiss came from have still to be explained, but I've suggested a name for them that shows signs of sticking: "Bockman's Euphoria." We may not know what the spots are, but we know what they do, so the name's a good one. Euphoria, since it means a sense of buoyancy and well-being, is really the only word that will do.

After the broadcast, Fred, Lew and I were cordial to one another to the point of being maudlin.

"I can't remember when a broadcast has been such a pleasure," Lew said. Sincerity is not his forte, yet he meant it.

"It's been one of the most memorable experiences of my life," Fred said, looking puzzled. "Extraordinarily pleasant."

We were all embarrassed by the emotion we felt, and parted company in bafflement and haste. I hurried home for a drink, only to walk into the middle of another unsettling experience.

The house was quiet, and I made two trips through it before discovering that I was not alone. My wife, Susan, a good and lovable woman who prides herself on feeding her family well and on time, was lying on the couch, staring dreamily at the ceiling. "Honey," I said tentatively, "I'm home. It's suppertime."

"Fred Bockman was on the radio today," she said in a faraway voice.

"I know. I was with him in the studio."

"He was out of this world," she sighed. "Simply out of this world. That noise from space—when he turned that on, everything just seemed to drop away from me. I've been lying here, just trying to get over it."

"Uh-huh," I said, biting my lip. "Well, guess I'd better round up Eddie." Eddie is my ten-year-old son, and captain of an apparently invincible neighborhood baseball team.

"Save your strength, Pop," said a small voice from the shadows.

"You home? What's the matter? Game called off on account of atomic attack?"

"Nope. We finished eight innings."

"Beating 'em so bad they didn't want to go on, eh?"

"Oh, they were doing pretty good. Score was tied, and they had two men on and two outs." He talked as though he were recounting a dream. "And then," he said, his eyes widening, "everybody kind of lost interest, just wandered off. I came home and found the old lady curled up here, so I lay down on the floor."

"Why?" I asked incredulously.

"Pop," Eddie said thoughtfully, "I'm damned if I know."

"Eddie!" his mother said.

"Mom," Eddie said, "I'm damned if you know either."

I was damned if anybody could explain it, but I had a nagging hunch. I dialed Fred Bockman's number. "Fred, am I getting you up from dinner?"

"I wish you were," Fred said. "Not a scrap to eat in the house, and I let Marion have the car today so she could do the marketing. Now she's trying to find a grocery open."

"Couldn't get the car started, eh?"

"Sure she got the car started," said Fred. "She even got to the market. Then she felt so good she walked right out of the place again." Fred sounded depressed. "I guess it's a woman's privilege to change her mind, but it's the lying that hurts."

"Marion lied? I don't believe it."

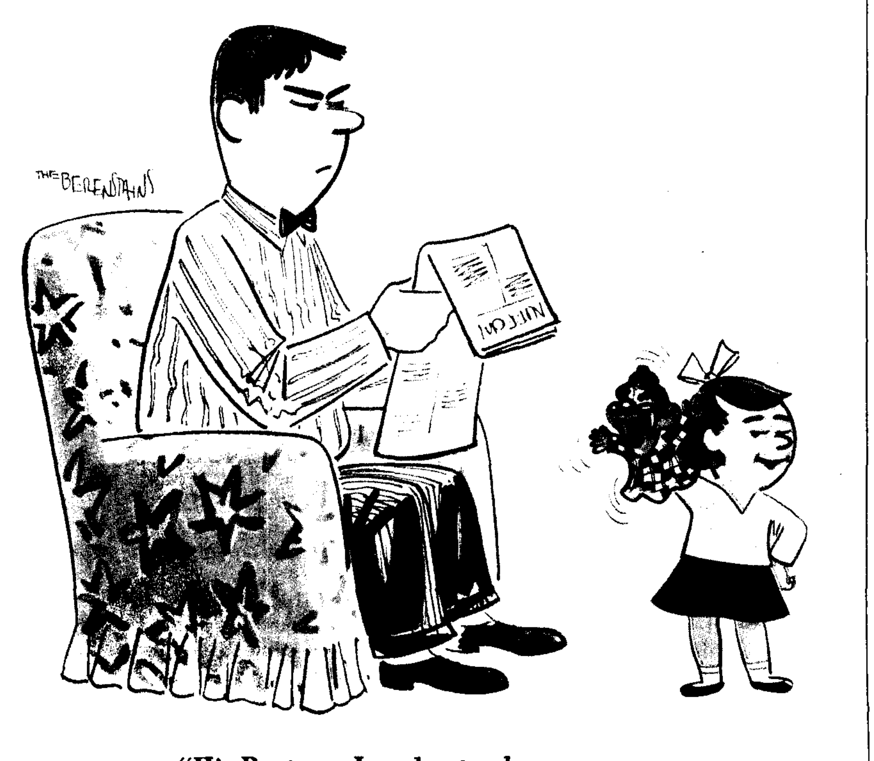
"She tried to tell me everybody wandered out of the market with her—clerks and all."

"Fred," I said, "I've got news for you. Can I drive out right after supper?" . . .

When I arrived at Fred Bockman's farm, he was staring, dumfounded, at the evening paper.

"The whole town went nuts!" Fred said. "For no reason at all, all the cars pulled up

## SISTER



COLLIER'S

"Hi, Buster. I understand you have a very talented daughter"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

to the curb like there was a hook and ladder going by. Says here people shut up in the middle of sentences and stayed that way for five minutes. Hundreds wandered around in the cold in their shirt sleeves, grinning like tooth-paste ads." He rattled the paper. "This *is* what you wanted to talk to me about?"

I nodded. "It all happened when that noise was being broadcast, and I thought maybe—"

"The odds are about one in a million that there's any maybe about it," said Fred. "The time checks to the second."

"But most people weren't listening to the program."

"They didn't have to listen, if my theory's right. We took those faint signals from space, amplified them about a thousand times, and rebroadcast them. Anybody within reach of the transmitter would get a good dose of the stepped-up radiations, whether he wanted to or not." He shrugged. "Apparently that's like walking past a field of burning marijuana."

"How come you never felt the effect at work?"

"Because I never amplified and rebroadcast the signals. The radio station's transmitter is what really put the sock into them."

"So what're you going to do next?"

Fred looked surprised. "Do? What is there to do but report it in some suitable journal?"

WITHOUT a preliminary knock, the front door burst open and Lew Harrison, florid and panting, swept into the room and removed his great polo coat with a bullfighterlike flourish. "You're cutting him in on it, too?" he demanded, pointing at me.

Fred blinked at him. "In on what?"

"The millions," Lew said. "The billions."

"Wonderful," Fred said. "What are you talking about?"

"The noise from the stars!" Lew said. "They love it. It drives 'em nuts. Didja see the papers?" He sobered for an instant. "It *was* the noise that did it, wasn't it, Doc?"

"We think so," Fred said. He looked worried. "How, exactly, do you propose we get our hands on these millions or billions?"

"Real estate!" Lew said raptly. " 'Lew,' I said to myself, 'Lew, how can you cash in on this gimmick if you can't get a monopoly on the universe? And, Lew,' I asked myself, 'how can you sell the stuff when anybody can get it free while you're broadcasting it?' "

"Maybe it's the kind of thing that shouldn't be cashed in on," I suggested uneasily. "I mean, we don't know a great deal about—"

"Is happiness bad?" Lew interrupted hotly.

"No," I admitted.

"Okay, and what we'd do with this stuff from the stars is make people happy. Now I suppose you're going to tell me that's bad?"

"People ought to be happy," Fred said.

"Okay, okay," Lew said loftily. "That's what we're going to do for the people. And the way the people can show their gratitude is in real estate." He looked out the window. "Good—a barn. We can start right there. We set up a transmitter in the barn, run a line out to your antenna, Doc, and we've got a real-estate development."

"Sorry," Fred said. "I don't follow you. This place wouldn't do for a development. The roads are poor, no bus service or shopping center, the view is lousy and the ground is full of rocks."

Lew nudged Fred several times with his elbow. "Doc, Doc, Doc—sure it's got drawbacks, but with that transmitter in the barn, you can give them the most precious thing in all creation—happiness."

"Euphoria Heights," I said.

"That's great!" said Lew. "I'd get the prospects, Doc, and you'd sit up there in the barn with your hand on the switch. Once a prospect set foot on Euphoria Heights, and you shot the happiness to him, there's nothing he wouldn't pay for a lot."

"Every house a home, as long as the power doesn't fail," I said.

"Then," Lew said, his eyes shining, "when we sell all the lots here, we move the transmitter and start another development. Maybe we'd get a fleet of transmitters going." He snapped his fingers. "Sure! Mount 'em on wheels."

"I somehow don't think the police would think highly of us," Fred said.

"Okay, so when they come to investigate, you throw the old switch and give *them* a jolt of happiness." He shrugged. "Hell, I might even get bighearted and let them have a corner lot."

"No," Fred said quietly. "If I ever joined a church, I couldn't face the minister."

"So we give *him* a jolt," Lew said brightly.

"No," Fred said. "Sorry."

"Okay," Lew said, rising and pacing the floor. "I was prepared for that. I've got an alternative, and this one's strictly legitimate. We'll make a little amplifier with a transmitter and an aerial on it. Shouldn't cost over fifty bucks to make, so we'd price it in the range of the common man—five hundred bucks, say. We make arrangements with the phone company to pipe signals from your antenna right into the homes of people with these sets. The sets take the signal from the phone line, amplify it and broadcast it through the houses to make everybody in them happy. See? Instead of turning on the radio or television, everybody's going to want to turn on the happiness. No casts, no stage sets, no expensive cameras—no nothing but that hiss."

"We could call it the euphoriaphone," I suggested, "or 'euphio' for short."

"That's great, that's great!" Lew said. "What do you say, Doc?"

"I don't know." Fred looked worried. "This sort of thing is out of my line."

"We all have to recognize our limitations, Doc," Lew said expansively. "I'll handle the business end, and you handle the technical end." He made a motion as though to put on his coat. "Or maybe you don't want to be a millionaire?"

"Oh, yes, yes indeed I do," Fred said quickly. "Yes indeed."

"All righty," Lew said, dusting his palms, "the first thing we've gotta do is build one of the sets and test her."

This part of it *was* down Fred's alley, and I could see the problem interested him. "It's really a pretty simple gadget," he said. "I suppose we could throw one together and run a test out here next week."

THE first test of the euphoriaphone, or euphio, took place in Fred Bockman's living room on a Saturday afternoon, five days after Fred and Lew's sensational radio broadcast.

There were six guinea pigs—Lew, Fred and his wife Marion, myself, my wife Susan and my son Eddie. The Bockmans had arranged chairs in a circle around a card table, on which rested a gray steel box.

Protruding from the box was a long buggy whip of an aerial that scraped the ceiling. While Fred fussed with the box, the rest of us made nervous small talk over sandwiches and beer. Eddie, of course, wasn't drinking beer, though he was badly in need of a sedative. He was annoyed at having been brought out to the farm instead of taken to a ball game, and was threatening to take it out on the Bockmans' Early American furnishings. He was playing a spirited game of flies and grounders with himself near the French doors, using a dead tennis ball, and a poker for a bat.

"Eddie," Susan said for the tenth time, "please stop."

"It's under control, under control," Eddie said disdainfully, playing the ball off four walls and catching it with one hand.

Marion, who vents her maternal instincts on her immaculate furnishings, couldn't hide her distress at Eddie's turning the place into a gymnasium. Lew, in his way, was trying to calm her. "Let him wreck the dump," Lew said. "You'll be moving into a palace one of these days."

"It's ready," Fred said softly.

We looked at him with surprise, uneasi-

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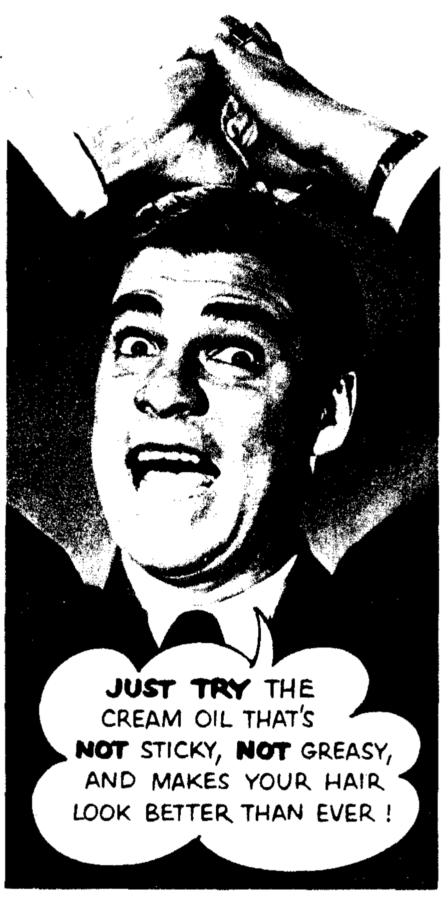
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ness. Fred plugged two jacks from the phone line into the gray box. This was the direct line to his antenna on the campus, and clockwork would keep the antenna fixed on one of the mysterious voids in the sky—the most potent of Bockman's Euphoria. He plugged a cord from the box into an electrical outlet in the baseboard, and rested his hand on a switch. "Ready?"

"Don't, Fred!" I said. Suddenly I was scared stiff.

"Turn it on, turn it on," Lew said. "We wouldn't have the telephone today if Bell hadn't had the guts to call somebody up."

"I'll stand right here by the switch, ready to flick her off if something goes sour," Fred said reassuringly. There was a click, a hum, and the euphio was on.

A deep, unanimous sigh filled the room. The poker slipped from Eddie's hands. He moved across the room in a stately sort of waltz, knelt by his mother and laid his head in her lap. Fred drifted away from his post, humming, his eyes half closed.

Lew Harrison was the first to speak, continuing his conversation with Marion. "But who cares for material wealth?" he asked earnestly. He turned to Susan for confirmation.

"Uh-uh," said Susan, shaking her head dreamily. She put her arms around Lew, and kissed him for about five minutes.

"Say," I said, patting Susan on the back, "you kids get along swell, don't you? Isn't that nice, Fred?"

"Eddie," Marion said solicitously, "I think there's a real baseball in the hall closet. A *hard* ball. Wouldn't that be more fun than that old tennis ball?" Eddie didn't stir.

Fred was still prowling around the room, smiling, his eyes now closed all the way. His heel caught in a lamp cord, and he went sprawling on the hearth, his head in the ashes. "Hi-ho, everybody," he said, his eyes still closed. "Bunged my head on an andiron." He stayed there, giggling occasionally.

"The doorbell's been ringing for a while," Susan said. "I don't suppose it means anything."

"Come in, come in," I shouted. This somehow struck everyone as terribly funny. We all laughed uproariously, including Fred, whose guffaws blew up little gray clouds from the ashpit.

A SMALL, very serious old man in white had let himself in, and was now standing in the vestibule, looking at us with alarm. "Milkman," he said uncertainly. He held out a slip of paper to Marion. "I can't read the last line in your note," he said. "What's that say about cottage cheese, cheese, cheese, cheese, cheese . . ." His voice trailed off as he settled, tailor-fashion, to the floor beside Marion. After he'd been silent for perhaps three quarters of an hour, a look of concern crossed his face. "Well," he said apathetically, "I can only stay for a minute. My truck's parked out on the shoulder, kind of blocking things." He started to stand. Lew gave the volume knob on the euphio a twist. The milkman wilted to the floor.

"Aaaaaaaaaaah," said everybody.

"Good day to be indoors," the milkman said. "Radio says we'll catch the tail end of the Atlantic hurricane."

"Let 'er come," I said. "I've got my car parked under a big, dead tree." It seemed to make sense. Nobody took exception to it. I lapsed back into a warm fog of silence and thought of nothing whatsoever. These lapses seemed to last for a matter of seconds before they were interrupted by conversation or newcomers. Looking back, I see now that the lapses were rarely less than six hours.

I was snapped out of one, I recall, by a repetition of the doorbell's ringing. "I said come in," I mumbled.

"And I did," the milkman said.

The door swung open, and a state trooper glared in at us. "Who the hell's got his milk truck out there blocking the road?" he demanded. He spotted the milkman. "Aha! Don't you know somebody could get killed, coming around a blind curve into that thing?" He yawned, and his ferocious expression gave way to an affectionate smile. "It's so damn' unlikely," he said, "I don't know why I ever brought it up." He sat down by Eddie. "Hey, kid—like guns?" He took his revolver from its holster. "Look—just like Hoppy's."

Eddie took the gun, aimed it at Marion's bottle collection and fired. A large blue bottle popped to dust, and the window behind the collection splintered. Cold air roared in through the opening.

"He'll make a cop yet," Marion chortled.

"God, I'm happy," I said, feeling a little like crying. "I got the swellest little kid and the swellest bunch of friends and the swellest old wife in the world." I heard the gun go off twice more, and then dropped into heavenly oblivion.

Again the doorbell roused me. "How many times do I have to tell you—for Heaven's sake, come in," I said, without opening my eyes.

"I *did*," the milkman said.

I heard the tramping of many feet, but had no curiosity about them. A little later, I noticed that I was having difficulty breathing. Investigation revealed that I had slipped to the floor, and that several Boy Scouts had bivouacked on my chest and abdomen.

"You want something?" I asked the tenderfoot, whose hot, measured breathing was in my face.

"Beaver Patrol wanted old newspapers, but forget it," he said. "We'd just have to carry 'em somewhere."

"And do your parents know where you are?"

"Oh, sure. They got worried and came after us." He jerked his thumb at several couples lined up against the baseboard, smiling into the teeth of the wind and rain lashing in at them through the broken window.

"Mom, I'm kinda hungry," Eddie said.

"Oh, Eddie—you're not going to make your mother cook just when we're having such a wonderful time," Susan said.

Lew Harrison gave the euphio's volume knob another twist. "There, kid, how's that?"

"Aaaaaaaaaaah," said everybody.

When awareness intruded on oblivion again, I felt around for the Beaver Patrol, and found them missing. I opened my eyes to see that they and Eddie and the milkman and Lew and the trooper were standing by a picture window, cheering. The wind outside was roaring and slashing savagely and driving raindrops through the broken window as though they'd been fired from air rifles. I shook Susan gently, and together we went to the window to see what might be so entertaining.

"She's going, she's going, she's going," the milkman cried ecstatically.

SUSAN and I arrived just in time to join in the cheering as a big elm crashed down on our sedan.

"Kee-*runch!*" said Susan, and I laughed until my stomach started to hurt.

"Get Fred," Lew said urgently. "He's gonna miss seeing the barn go!"

"H'mm?" Fred said from the fireplace.

"Aw, Fred, you missed it," Marion said.

"Now we're really gonna see something," Eddie yelled. "The power line's going to get it this time. Look at that poplar lean!"

The poplar leaned closer, closer, closer to the power line; and then a gust brought it down in a hail of sparks and a tangle of wires. The lights in the house went off.

Now there was only the sound of the wind. "How come nobody cheered?" Lew said faintly. "The euphio—it's off!"

A horrible groan came from the fireplace. "God, I think I've got a concussion."

Marion knelt by her husband and wailed. "Darling, my poor darling—what happened to you?"

I looked at the woman I had my arms around—a dreadful, dirty old hag, with red eyes sunk deep in her head, and hair like Medusa's. "Ugh," I said, and turned away in disgust.

"Honey," wept the witch, "it's me—Susan."

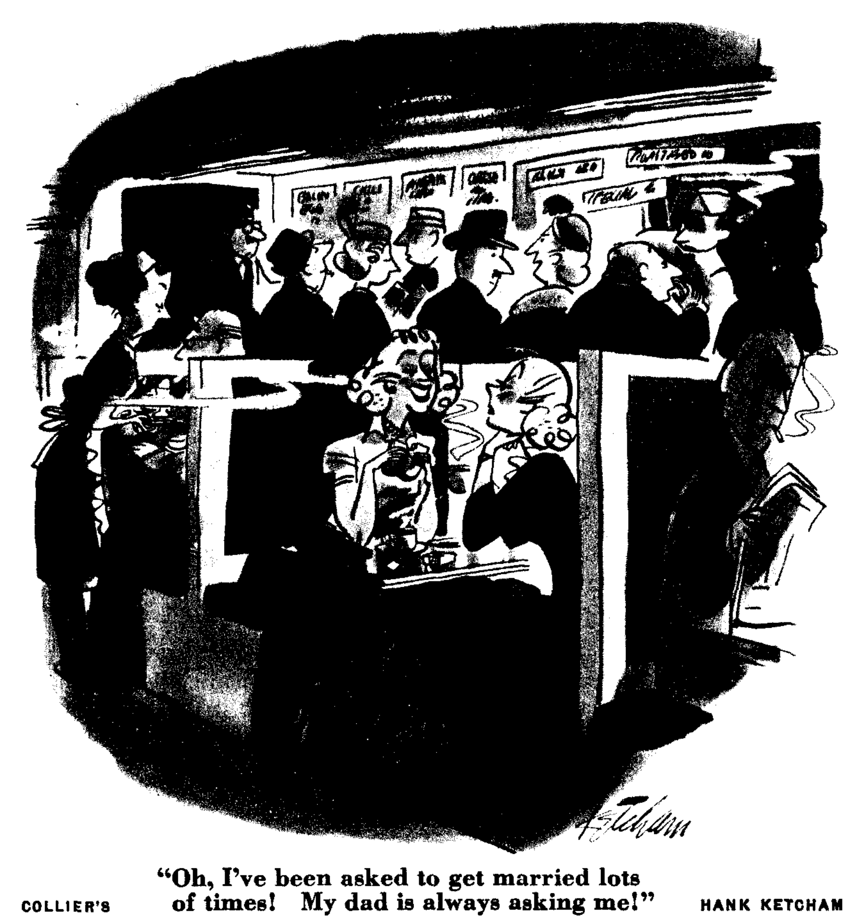
Moans filled the air, and pitiful cries for food and water. Suddenly the room had become terribly cold. Only a moment before, I had imagined I was in the tropics.

"Who's got my damn' pistol?" the trooper said bleakly.

A Western Union boy whom I hadn't noticed was sitting in a corner, miserably leafing through a pile of telegrams and making clucking noises.

I shuddered. "I'll bet it's Sunday morning," I said. "We've been here twelve hours!"

The Western Union boy was thunderstruck. "Sunday morning? Holy smokes! I walked in here on a Sunday night, and



COLLIER'S "Oh, I've been asked to get married lots of times! My dad is always asking me!" HANK KETCHAM

*'I can make you a Champion!'*

*'We can use a Champion!'*

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the lies she had to tell
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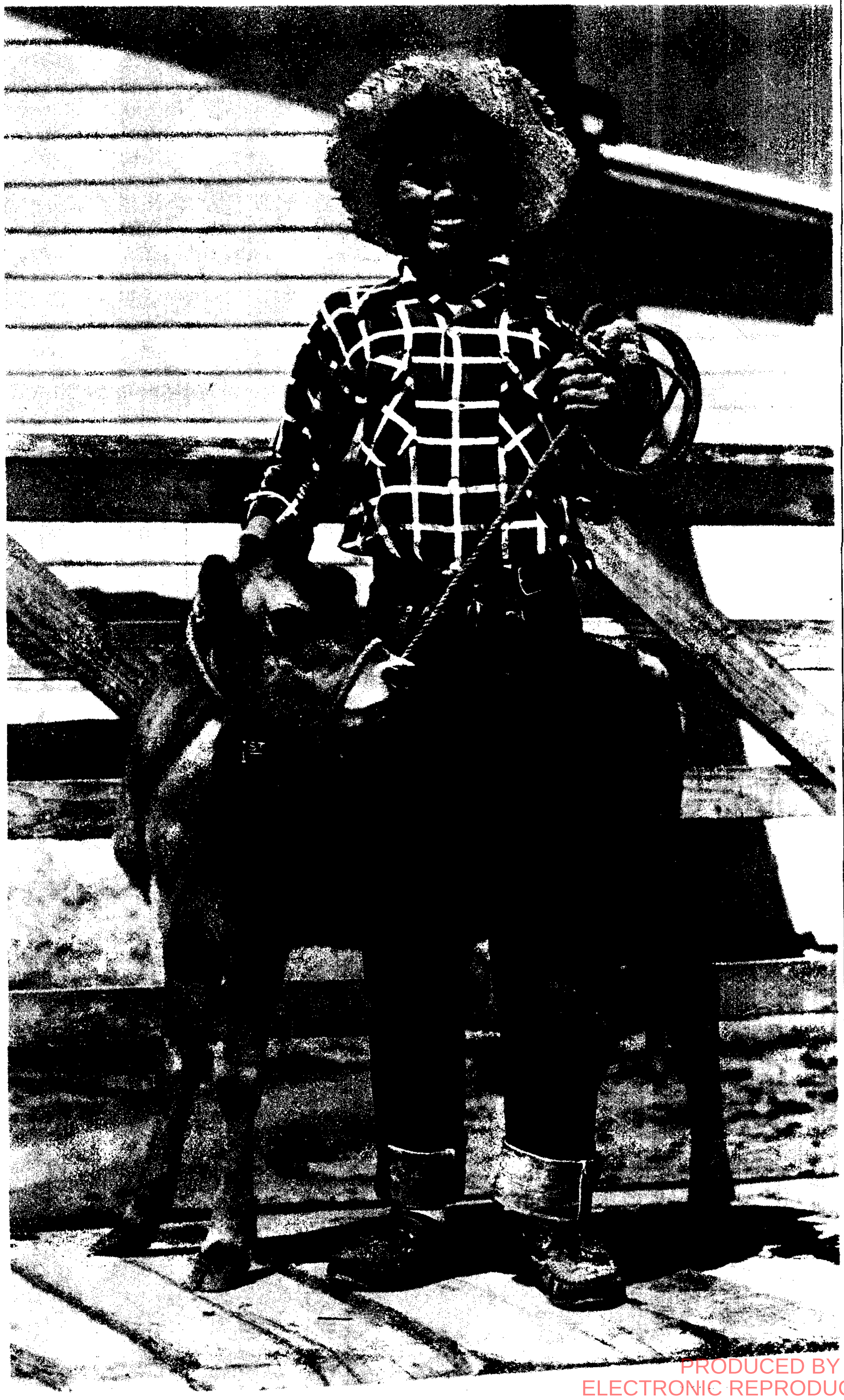

only saw the sun rise once." He stared around the room. "Looks like them newsreels of Buchenwald, don't it?"

The chief of the Beaver Patrol, with the incredible stamina of the young, was the hero of the day. He fell in his men in two ranks, haranguing them like an old Army top kick. While the rest of us lay draped around the room, whimpering about hunger, cold and thirst, the patrol started the furnace again, brought blankets, applied compresses to Fred's head and countless barked shins, blocked off the broken window, and made buckets of cocoa and coffee.

WITHIN two hours of the time that the power and the euphio went off, the house was warm and we had eaten. The serious respiratory cases—the parents who had sat near the broken window for twenty-four hours—had been pumped full of penicillin and hauled off to the hospital. The milkman, the Western Union boy and the trooper had refused treatment and gone home. The Beaver Patrol had saluted smartly and left. Outside, repairmen were working on the power line. Only the original group remained—Lew, Fred and Marion, Susan and myself, and Eddie. Fred, it turned out, had some pretty important-looking contusions and abrasions, but no concussion.

Susan had fallen asleep right after eating. Now she stirred. "What happened?"

"Happiness," I told her. "Incomparable, continuous happiness—happiness by the kilowatt."

Lew Harrison, who looked like an anarchist with his red eyes and fierce black beard, had been writing furiously in one corner of the room. "That's good—happiness by the kilowatt," he said. "Buy your happiness the way you buy light."

"Contract happiness the way you contract influenza," Fred said. He sneezed.

Lew ignored him. "It's a campaign, see? The first ad is for the long-hairs: 'The price of one book, which may be a disappointment, will buy you sixty hours of euphio. Euphio never disappoints.' Then we'd hit the middle class with the next one—"

"In the groin?" Fred said.

"What's the matter with you people?" Lew said. "You act as though the experiment had failed."

"Pneumonia and malnutrition are what we'd hoped for?" Marion said.

"We had a cross section of America in this room, and we made every last person happy," Lew said. "Not for just an hour, not for just a day, but for two days without a break." He arose reverently from his chair. "So what we do to keep it from killing the euphio fans is to have the thing turned on and off with clockwork, see? The owner sets it so it'll go on just as he comes home from work, then it'll go off again while he eats supper; then it goes on after supper, off again when it's bedtime; on again after breakfast, off when it's time to go to work, then on again for the wife and kids."

He ran his hands through his hair and rolled his eyes. "And the selling points—my God, the selling points! No expensive toys for the kids. For the price of a trip to the movies, people can buy thirty hours of euphio. For the price of a fifth of whisky, they can buy sixty hours of euphio!"

"Or a big family bottle of potassium cyanide," Fred said.

"Don't you see it?" Lew said incredulously. "It'll bring families together again, save the American home. No more fights over what TV or radio program to listen to. Euphio pleases one and all—we proved that. And there is no such thing as a dull euphio program."

A knock on the door interrupted him. A repairman stuck his head in to announce that the power would be on again in about two minutes.

"Look, Lew," Fred said, "this little monster could kill civilization in less time than it took to burn down Rome. We're not going into the mind-numbing business, and that's that."

"You're kidding!" Lew said, aghast. He turned to Marion. "Don't you want your husband to make a million?"

"Not by operating an electronic opium den," Marion said coldly.

Lew slapped his forehead. "It's what the public wants. This is like Louis Pasteur refusing to pasteurize milk."

"It'll be good to have the electricity again," Marion said, changing the subject. "Lights, hot-water heater, the pump, the—oh, Lord!"

The lights came on the instant she said it, but Fred and I were already in mid-air, descending on the gray box. We crashed down on it together. The card table buckled, and the plug was jerked from the wall socket. The euphio's tubes glowed red for a moment, then died.

Expressionlessly, Fred took a screwdriver from his pocket and removed the top of the box.

"Would you enjoy doing battle with progress?" he said, offering me the poker Eddie had dropped.

In a frenzy, I stabbed and smashed at the euphio's glass and wire vitals. With my left hand, and with Fred's help, I kept Lew from throwing himself between the poker and the works.

"I thought you were on my side," Lew said.

"If you breathe one word about euphio to anyone," I said, "what I just did to euphio I will gladly do to you."

**Next Week**

**RUDOLPH HALLEY**

**How He Nailed America's Racketeers**

AND there, ladies and gentlemen of the Federal Communications Commission, I thought the matter had ended. It deserved to end there. Now, through the medium of Lew Harrison's big mouth, word has leaked out. He has petitioned you for permission to start commercial exploitation of euphio. He and his backers have built a radiotelescope of their own.

Let me say again that all of Lew's claims are true. Euphio will do everything he says it will. The happiness it gives is perfect and unflagging in the face of incredible adversity. Near tragedies, such as the first experiment, can no doubt be avoided with clockwork to turn the sets on and off. I see that this set on the table before you is, in fact, equipped with clockwork.

The question is not whether euphio works. It does. The question is, rather, whether or not America is to enter a new and distressing phase of history where men no longer pursue happiness but buy it. This is no time for oblivion to become a national craze. The only benefit we could get from euphio would be if we could somehow lay down a peace-of-mind barrage on our enemies while protecting our own people from it.

In closing, I'd like to point out that Lew Harrison, the would-be czar of euphio, is an unscrupulous person, unworthy of public trust. It wouldn't surprise me, for instance, if he had set the clockwork on this sample euphio set so that its radiations would addle your judgments when you are trying to make a decision. In fact, it seems to be whirring suspiciously at this very moment, and I'm so happy I could cry. I've got the swellest little kid and the swellest bunch of friends and the swellest old wife in the world. And good old Lew Harrison is the salt of the earth, believe me. I sure wish him a lot of luck with his new enterprise.

THE END

## Galahad's a Cropper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

look?" cried Jorge, shocked. "Señor, what kind of man does not wish to look at girls?"

"I love girls," Gridley said, blushing. "Cross my heart. I'm pulling a trick. When you pass the cove, pull into shore and let me off."

Rid of a terrible doubt, Jorge grinned and, as they passed the cove, manfully slowed the launch and gaped in rapture. "Such an architecture!" he exclaimed. "A woman of formidable womanliness. Permit me to pass the cove again, señor."

Gridley refused and they chugged around to a spot out of sight of both the bather and the yacht. Burlap sack in hand, Gridley leaped ashore, staggered like a drunken flamingo for a few steps as he got his land legs, then loped off for the cove. At the tip of one of the small arms embracing the cove, he peeped over a rock, sucked in his breath at what he saw, then got up and walked into the cove, his eyes on the sands.

"Hello, there!"

BRACED to meet a nude sun worshiper, Gridley discovered she was clad, however negligibly, in two wisps of cloth, a costume popular in France. She wasn't anyone he recognized, but it was a joy staring anyway. She was golden-haired and gorgeous.

"What's the pouch for?" she asked.

"Pouch? Oh, the sack. Collecting marine specimens."

"I've been having a swim," she said. She stretched her lovely limbs. "Pull up some gravel, shell collector, and sit a minute."

Gridley sank to the sand.

"You're American, aren't you?" she asked. "You're so tall and skinny, I suppose you must be from Texas."

"No, ma'am, Colorado originally. Is that accent of yours English?"

"Probably. I went to school in Europe. I'm Kim Powers."

Gridley introduced himself. A long pause followed. Kim shuffled her shapely feet in the sand and reddened handsomely. "Do you like my suit?" she asked. "I wouldn't ask, but you've got kind of a funny stare."

Gridley closed his mouth with a slight pop. "Praising that suit on you is like praising the string around a prime beef roast." He throttled a couple of impulses not germane to his mission. "I suppose you're from the yacht around the bend?"

She nodded. "I'm cruising with Terry Harrison."

"I've heard a lot about Harrison. What sort is he?"

"Terry? He's marvelous. I love him!"

Gridley began to burn slowly. "Known him long?"

"Since last year when I met him at Cannes. A month ago he cabled for me to join him at Ensenada."

"From Cannes? He ordered you clear from Cannes, France?" Gridley peered into the open, fresh countenance upon which innocence was the oldest settler. He was getting his story, all right—a good revolting story. Terry Harrison, the renowned Timber Wolf, sending all the way to France for a sweet child like this. "Are you going to marry him?" he asked.

"That seems unnecessary, Gridley," she replied, lifting the lid of a massive picnic hamper. "I'll cruise with him a while, then go back to France. If he sends for me next year, I'll stay longer. Terry is a darling, really." She took a bottle of champagne from the hamper. "Pull the plug on that, please. Are you fond of caviar?" She glanced up. "I wish you'd keep your mouth from falling open like that. Is it congenital? I hope not."

Gridley uncorked the wine and poured out two glassfuls. Kim handed him a cracker heaped with caviar like shiny bird shot. She spoke to someone behind him: "Back from diving so soon, Terry?"

Gridley gave a little jump and looked over his shoulder into the eyes of a tall, burly man in swim trunks, carrying a spear, goggles and swim fins. Harrison was strong-featured, heavy in the eyebrows and wise in the eye.

"Who's this?" he asked.

Kim introduced them. The men met stiffly, like two unacquainted male hounds.

"I'll be running along after my crustaceans," Gridley said.

"You'll ruin my picnic!" Kim cried. "Terry, make him stay!"

A hand like an eagle's foot dropped on Gridley's shoulder. "Stick around, Cochrane. I want to hear more about you."

"Gridley and I were discussing how I met you and so on," Kim said.

The eagle's foot on Gridley's shoulder put on weight. "This is absorbing, Cochrane. What did you say you did?"

"Me? Shells." He tossed off his champagne. "I've got to be moving. Working a tight tidal schedule." He took Kim's hand. "You've been hospitable and I'll—" He stopped, his jaw swinging loose, like the under part of a broken steam-shovel bucket. Into the cove had come a dinghy manned by two men in dungarees.

The seamen beached the dinghy and walked up to the little group. They stared at Gridley, then at each other. "Hey, it's old greasy pork chop, the Achin' Mariner. How'd you find 'em, Mac?"

Harrison said, "You've met Mr. Cochrane?"

"Hour ago he was nosin' around the yacht askin' questions. Said he was from some newspaper."

Gridley confronted a rapidly chilling audience. "I'm Gridley Cochrane of Intercontinent News. I'm here after a story on Mr. Harrison and his latest—uh—find. I have the story. Kim, I'm sorry, but—well, so long, all."

"Don't run off, son," Harrison said, smiling. "You say you have your story, but it seems to me you have only part of it. You haven't talked to me at all and my role might be interesting—it used to be, at least. So why don't you dine with us tonight and complete your story? I'd like it better that way and I think your editor would too. I'm sure Kim would enjoy having you."

"Be a great pleasure to have the joker with us," Kim said, moodily munching a cracker. "Do come."

"Since you put it that way," Gridley said, "I accept."

A SAILOR was sent to inform Jorge of the changed plans, and when he returned they left for the yacht. Aboard, Harrison excused himself to change, and Gridley drew Kim aside.

"Let me apologize. I was a rat to do what I did."

"I doubt if a rat would do it, for that matter."

"I hadn't expected anyone so lovely and —uh—pure."

"In your corrupt way you're insinuating that Terry customarily associates only with tramps. Well, who gives a hoot what you think? Terry's kind and honest and I love him!" Prettily inflamed, she studied his pale visage, now puckered with confusion. "I could like you too, but behind that false Y.M.C.A. front you're such a stinker!" She paused, pensive. "I suppose, though, by the standards of your loathsome profession, you've done well. I'll see if I can be tolerant." She left him.

As he watched her go, Gridley was a battleground of emotions, all hot. At his side, a steward said, "Mr. Harrison is waiting, sir."

In the saloon, Harrison waved him to a chair, then sat back, appraising him through a veil of cigar smoke. "Cochrane, the press has always shown a beady-eyed interest in my private life. If I had been engaged to all the women the papers had me engaged to, I'd have enough females around to start Lend-Lease with understocked sultans. The truth is, ten months a year I'm a hard-working businessman. The

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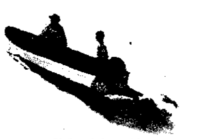

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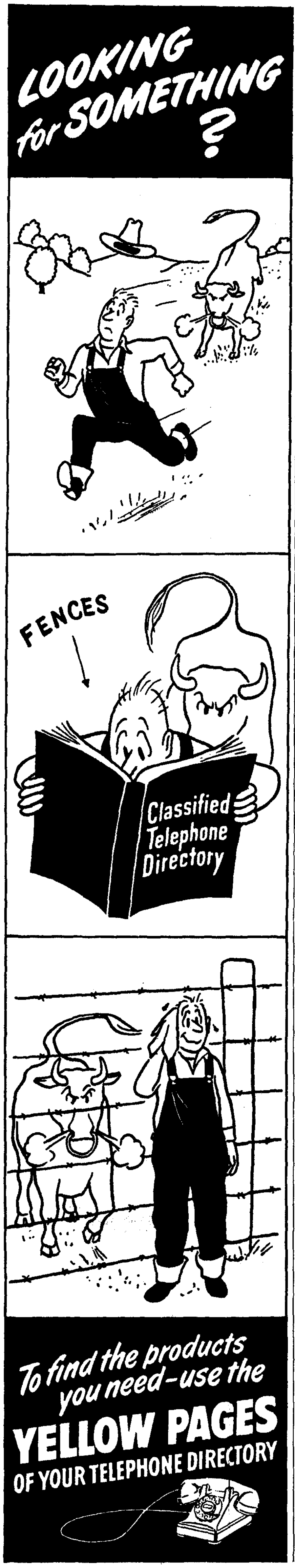

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other two months my only depravity is fishing."

Gridley just laughed sardonically, and Harrison, grunting as if he had anticipated such a reaction, went on: "You've talked to Kim. What did she tell you, precisely?"

"Precisely? This: She met you in Cannes last year. You sent for her. She joined you at Ensenada. She stated she loved you. She said marrying you was unnecessary."

Harrison's heavy eyebrows went up, paused, and came down. "Believe me, Cochrane, Kim is a wonderful girl and it would hurt her a great deal to see anything like that printed."

"Listen," said Gridley, "I'm a second-rate journalist on the ragged edge of unemployment. If I flop on this story, I'm fired. I gotta be merciless."

For a moment Harrison smoked meditatively. "Son, forget you met Kim. Tell your editor I wouldn't speak to you. Do that and I'll guarantee you another job and a good bonus besides."

Well, look at me, Gridley thought—grown so vital millionaires got to bribe me. There his reflections broke off and he was on his feet. "I'm not peddling my copy to the highest bidder, Harrison! I'll not be a party to your sordid affairs!"

"Holy Saint Peter!" Harrison cried, wearing the look of a man who had offered a steak to a dog and had had his hand chewed off. "I beg your pardon. Kindly get back in your chair."

Gridley sat down. *Why doesn't someone nail my top down?* he asked himself. I might even make a little money.

In a spare cabin Gridley changed to a dinner jacket loaned by Harrison and at eight shambled to the dining saloon. Presently Kim, an angel in white, came in, followed by a woman of about forty-five, a handsome lady with blue eyes and an air of well-bred intelligence.

Harrison clasped her hands warmly. "Anne, my dear, this is Mr. Gridley Cochrane. Mr. Cochrane, Miss Anne Dodge."

Gridley bowed. What was this—a seagoing harem?

DINNER was long and wet. Unable to eat because of internal conditions, Gridley confined himself to wines and liqueurs and by ten he was faced with the ghastly knowledge that he wasn't going to be able to hold out much longer. He pushed himself to his feet and bent a glazed look upon his tablemates. "Forgot something in my cabin," he muttered, and lurched out.

He was groaning on his bunk when Kim entered. She sat beside him and laid her hand on his clammy brow. "That's an interesting color you have there," she said. "Reminds me of mildewed leather. Are you always seasick?"

"Without fail. I'm a high-strung, passionate fellow with a stomach like a Yo-yo. I'll probably have to toss my cookies, but keep your hand on my head. You have certain analgesic properties."

She rubbed his temples gently, and his pain seemed to be going away, but suddenly he sat up. "Kim, what's going on aboard this boat? Who's this Anne babe?"

"Friend of Terry's. He's courting her."

"Her *too?* How does he find the time?" He got his glassy eyes focused on her. "I don't know how Harrison tricked you into this, but get out quick. You can start over. As soon as my stomach lets me stand up we'll sneak off in the dinghy—"

"In spite of your revolting occupation and a mind in many ways oddly feeble, you're a good clean kid, Gridley, but please try to realize that things may not be what they seem. And I can't go with you because I'm having too much fun here." Her lips brushed his cheek. "Get some sleep. The head's over there."

When she'd gone, Gridley sank back on his rolling bed of nausea and eventually slept. When he woke up, a steward was standing over him with a tray. "Papaya and coffee, sir?"

Aware of the hum of Diesels and the slap of waves on the hull, Gridley sat up. "Are we at sea?"

"Yes, sir, we left Mazatlán about midnight."

"By God!" Gridley cried. "I've been shanghaied!"

He dismissed the steward and began to ponder his situation. His suitcase had been fetched from the hotel, which indicated that his presence aboard was neither whimsey nor drunken oversight. Harrison was going to unreasonable pains to keep news of Kim and Anne Dodge from getting out, Gridley realized. There was something fishier about this thing than just an elderly playboy on a cruise in mixed company. Harrison was hiding something, and Gridley, in a high state, wondered whether he was smuggling dope, or maybe aliens. Gridley was face to face with the biggest story of his career, if he could only recognize it. While thus ruminating and sipping coffee, he realized that, for the first time aboard a boat, he wasn't seasick.

He dressed and went up on deck, where he found Harrison watching a school of porpoises. "Good morning, Cochrane," the playboy said. "You appear healthier. Last night you were in no condition to be moved, so I wired your office you'd be sailing with me as far as Acapulco."

"Uh-huh," said Gridley. "Since when is a seasick man too sick to be taken ashore? I ought to be hotter than a two-dollar pistol, but I'm not. I think it's because I've never been abducted on a settled stomach before. Undoubtedly saved you a busted snoot, Harrison."

"Is that a fact?"

"I haven't figured out what you're up to, except that it stinks, but before we get to Acapulco I'll tear the lid off this rotten mess. And while I'm aboard there'll be no more hanky-panky with Kim. I'm putting a wing over that poor, ruined child."

Harrison eyed him with genuine interest. "You have a fascinating mind. You're not a divinity student in disguise?"

"Don't throw me off the scent. Both Kim and that Dodge woman have accents. Couldn't be you're planning to slip a couple aliens into the United States, eh, Harrison?" As he sauntered off, Harrison shook his head in wonder.

Gridley spent most of the day with Kim, probing cannily for useful facts, but the lovely blonde, though affable, told him nothing revealing. After dinner that evening, they sat together at the stern, languorously gazing upon the golden wake.

"Kimmie," said Gridley, feeling yeasty, "lend me your ear. Put it right here on my shoulder."

"Aye-aye, Griddle."

He snuggled the warm bundle and spoke his piece like a man. "Baby, regardless of the loathsome moral conditions aboard this boat, I've grown fond of you."

"Why, bless your stuffy little heart," she said. "Isn't that fine?" She waited expectantly. "If you're so fired up, Griddle," she suggested, "why don't you kiss me?"

He did. The effect was like putting a nickel in a juke box. Lights went on and music played.

"Hey!" Kim murmured happily. "I think I'm going to pieces."

It was clear to Gridley that here was the woman heaven had staked out for him, even if she was temporarily in the wrong pasture. He clutched her excitedly. "Baby, at Acapulco we'll jump ship. I'll help you go straight. You're young; the wound will heal."

"What wound is that?"

"I refer to the effect of this life with Harrison."

"That's no wound. I feel great. Terry's a darling."

Through the gloaming, Gridley's eyes burned like a worried owl's. "Don't you have any feeling for me?"

"I'm falling for you, Griddle. No doubt about it."

"But you love Harrison?"

"Certainly, but it's not the same—can't you understand?" As her distraught suitor groaned, she bent her face to his. "Let's run through that again."

"What?"

"That kissing. I've never—"

AT THAT Gridley rose like a stork off a hot chimney and reeled to the rail. What manner of libertine was this, anyway? With the humiliating sensation that he was in company much too speedy for a young Christian from Colorado, he hauled in his kited passions, wrenched his features into a sardonic smile, and faced the toothsome hussy, who had joined him at the rail.

"It was hospitable of Harrison to send one of his spare women to keep me entertained. You perform well, but I think I'll take my ruptured illusions and go to bed."

"Gridley!"

He stopped and turned. She stood with her feet apart, her hands on her pretty hips. "You hammerheaded journalist! You've got the filthiest mind I ever saw! And where'd you get that brain? It fits your skull like a gopher in a badger hole!"

Conscious of shame and ringing ears, Gridley stalked away. In the shadows along the port rail, he collided with a party of two—Harrison and Anne Dodge.

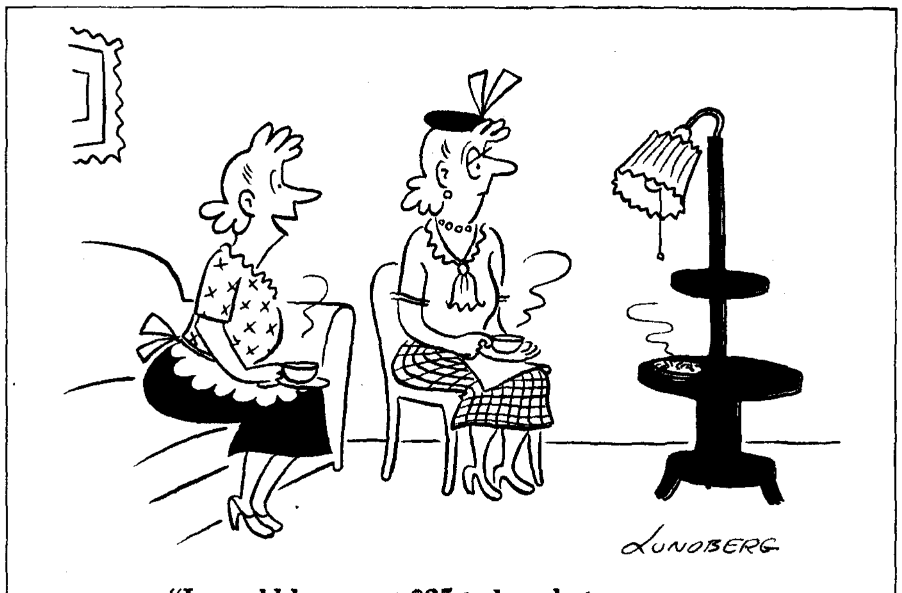
"Ah, Harrison," snarled Gridley. "Hard at work, huh? Must keep you hustling with so many clients aboard."

"For a reporter, Cochrane," said Harrison wearily, "you have the sophistication of an ape. Why don't you pull up your diapers and go to your crib? It's past curfew."

Revulsion, frustration and hatred assembled combustively in Gridley's seething interior. "Fist-fighting old gents isn't my line, but you've been begging a bump!" He swung a long, hard one. "Hang on to your dentures, Harrison! This one's for Kim!"

Harrison ducked the fist and flung a handful of big knuckles to Gridley's button.

"Timber!" cried Kim, running up. The



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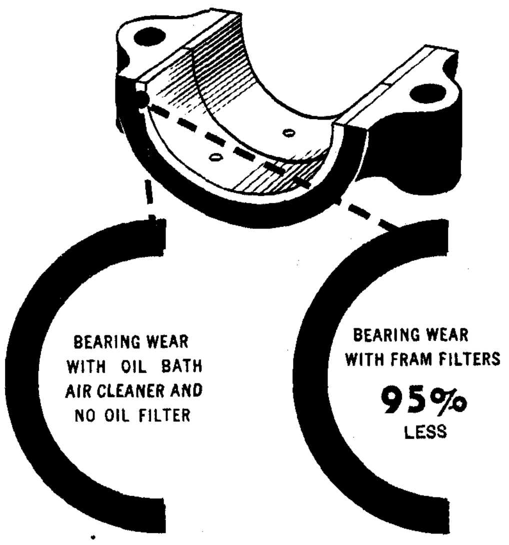
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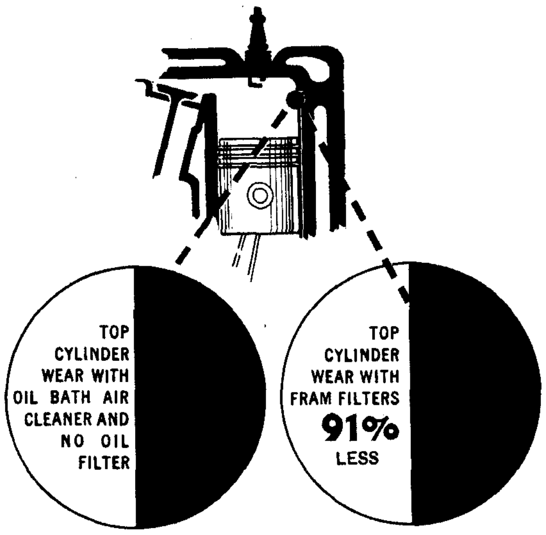
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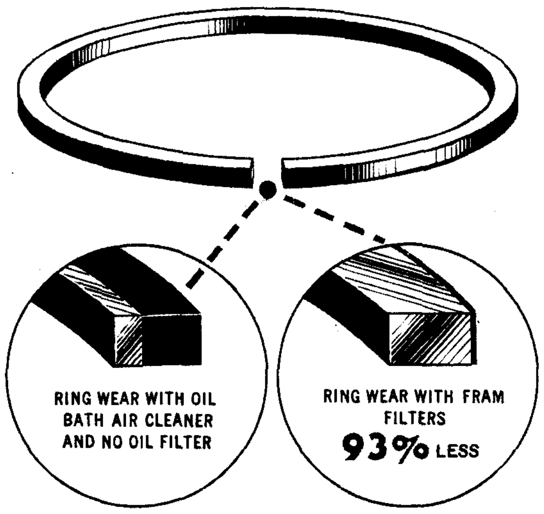
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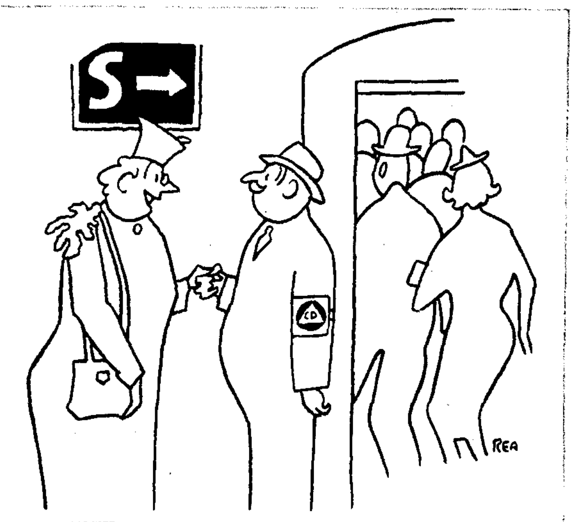


**"Why, Mr. Murgatroyd! I almost didn't recognize you in uniform!"**

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

body collapsed at her feet. "The poor, sweet, idiot boy," she said tenderly. . . .

The morning was hot and steamy; the sea was a steel floor. From his porthole, Gridley gave the expanse a glum scrutiny. His finest passions had been toyed with, Harrison had decked him ingloriously, and he was no closer to finding out what shenanigans Harrison was up to. Brooding, he dressed and went up on deck. Harrison, Anne, Kim and Captain Hansen were gathered at the rail, watching something at sea.

"Good morning," said Gridley. "What are you—? Hey!"

Two hundred yards away, a flat object big as the dining-room floor leaped ten feet in the air and pancaked down with a tremendous splash.

"Who's that?" Gridley cried.

"Manta ray," Harrison said. "Giant ray. Devilfish." To the captain he said, "I'm going after him. Rig the dinghy: harpoons, lance and line. Hurry it, Captain."

Suddenly, Kim was in front of Harrison, holding his forearms, her face distressed. "Please don't go, Terry! I've read about mantas. They knock little boats apart and kill people. They're terribly mean. Leave him be, please!"

"But I've never taken a manta," Harrison said, smiling.

Anne was facing him now, wearing an expression Gridley would have given his arm to see on a woman looking at him. "I wish you wouldn't go," she said quietly, "and I know you will." She kissed him. "Keep your bottom dry, darling."

Gridley had watched the little scene and felt sick in the tripes from the ageless pang the home-front man gets when he sees the womenfolk send the warrior off to battle. He asked himself what did he care what Kim thought. Why should he risk his neck fighting a large, stupid fish for a dame that had given him a classic run-around? Such stuff was for the birds, not for old Griddle, but there old Griddle was, shuffling forward brave as a lion and possibly half as bright. "I'll tag along," he said.

"Somebody could get hurt, son," Harrison told him.

"You'll need a guy to sop up the blood," Gridley said.

Harrison nodded, smiling, and left for the dinghy.

"You big skinny show-off!" Kim hissed. "You'll be a great help out there, throwing up all over the place!"

She was red-faced and extravagantly wrathful. What did a man have to do to attract women—beat an elephant to death with a shoe? "Why, child, I'll just be looking after the sultan. If anything was to happen to him I guess half womankind would just plain wither from lack of attention."

IN THE dinghy, Harrison sat in the bow, Gridley sat in the middle, and a sailor ran the outboard. The two black tips of the manta's gigantic pectoral fins stuck a foot above the surface, like twin shark dorsals, fifteen feet apart. Water swirled and eddied over his great back. Shaped like an elongated diamond, the manta swam somewhat as a bird flies. His mouth was a yard-wide opening on his leading edge, flanked on each side by a kind of flap. He had a tail, but it was useless—like a blacksnake whip.

"How big is he?" Gridley asked, awed.

Harrison was crouched in the bow, holding the slender harpoon. "He'll go twenty to twenty-two feet across the wings, weigh maybe twenty-five hundred pounds." He signaled, and the sailor cut the motor. They glided up behind the lolling manta and when they were on top of it Harrison rose and drove the harpoon into its back.

With astounding speed the manta rolled, exposing its dirty-white underside, stuck a wing out, and missed a prodigious swat at the dinghy. Then, as Harrison bellowed for them to retreat, the ray took off, swimming robustly just below the surface. It hauled the dinghy along at about six knots for a quarter of an hour without sign of either fatigue or annoyance. It sounded, then, at thirty feet, and stayed there.

"He's discussing it with himself," Harrison said. "When he comes up he'll want to fight us." He balanced the long wooden lance tipped with a double-edged steel blade. "Then we stab him."

The rope went slack. "Now he comes," Harrison said.

In a surge of malice the manta came up under the bow, lifting it until the stern shipped water and the sailor howled. The bow slid off and Harrison stood up with the lance and rammed in the blade. In retaliation, the manta put its wing high out of the sea, slugged three feet of the dinghy's port gunwale loose, batted the lance into the water and spread Harrison over Gridley like a shroud. It went down and came up under the boat. For a few wild moments, the occupants rode the bucking craft, then the manta dumped them into the deep. In the chaos, Gridley got off in a shallow dive and lit out hurriedly for quieter parts.

When he stopped, the sailor was nearby and healthy, but forty yards away the manta rampaged about the busted dinghy, and in the center of the maelstrom was Harrison, moving about with puzzling eccentricity. He disappeared, as if he'd been sucked under, then bobbed up. "I'm fouled in the line!" he gasped. "I can't get—" and under he went again.

Gridley glanced at the sailor. The sailor shook his head. "It'd be murder in there, Mac. Wait for the yacht."

Gridley's meditations were of the brief, queer sort he always had in tight moments before blowing up. Any time now, he knew, that big fish was going to clout Harrison to a pulp or tear off across the briny, trolling the millionaire along behind. He's slugged me and abducted me, Gridley reminded himself, but like the lady says, my brain fits my head like a gopher in a badger hole, so here I come, Harrison, damn your sportsman's hide.

He swam within twenty feet of the manta, getting to Harrison. The lumberman was tugging at the rope encircling his waist and legs, but when he saw Gridley he embraced him like a love-smitten python.

Gridley backhanded him one under the nostrils to break the hug, then fought to get enough slack to slip Harrison loose. Twice they were both pulled under, but Gridley got the rope off and lugged Harrison out of the danger zone. Once there, choking, out deep, with the unconscious Harrison in his arms, Gridley had time for a few bitter reflections. Now you got him, Strongheart, he told himself, what you going to do with him? While he was thus speculating on his cleverness, a big fat white doughnut lighted beside him and a cry rang over the water: "Grab it, Griddle boy!" And he did.

They laid the bodies out on the deck like odd marine life, and the women took one each. Gridley drew Kim, whose agitation was a joy to behold. She plopped his watery head in her lap, murmuring affectionately, "You no-good, scrawny grandstander, you!" and slapped his face smartly, under the impression he was out cold; then she kissed him and discovered he had enough strength to go a couple of spirited rounds. Presently he disengaged himself and sat up, wearing a kind of funny expression. "I guess I'm going to be sick," he said. At the rail he met Harrison, similarly occupied.

After that, the braves were led below, toweled off and fired with whisky. Gradually they stopped shuddering.

"Cochrane got me loose; he swam in and freed me," Harrison said. "I'd be long gone with the fishes otherwise." The audience gazed warmly upon the hero. "Anything in this world money can buy or gratitude deliver is yours, Cochrane."

"All right," Gridley said. "Since I'm too backward to figure out what's going on around here, maybe you could tell me who these dames are you're trying to hide. And why was I shanghaied?"

HARRISON took Anne's hand. "Twenty-two years ago, before I was a speck in the public's eye, I married Anne. Kim is our legal issue. We—"

Gridley's long thin frame gave a convulsive jump. "Oh, no!" He scanned the two women for a resemblance and found it: same blue eyes, same nose. "I got the mental acuteness of a slug," he muttered.

"Yes. Now, shortly after Kim was born, Anne and I separated. She wanted the marriage kept secret. She didn't want the notoriety I was starting to get to slop over on her and Kim."

"Why didn't you tell me these things," Gridley cried, "instead of letting me stumble around like a blind, short-haired Carrie Nation? Hell's bells, I had you figured as anything from a dope smuggler to a carriage-trade white slaver!"

"Thank you. Please don't interrupt and it will become clear," Harrison said gently. "Last year I met Anne and Kim in Cannes, where they'd been living. I wanted them back. Anne couldn't see it, but I persuaded her I was a reformed old guy, vastly abused, who needed his wife and kid again. She consented to this cruise as a kind of dry run to find out whether I was worth returning to. I had to promise her complete freedom from the press. Everything was fine until you showed up and snaked some information out of Kim. Anne blew her lid when she found out about that—said I'd failed on my promise and that she was leaving then and there. I couldn't buy you off, so there I was, losing my wife because of you. Made me a bit desperate. However, it was Kim who thought of exploiting your weak stomach and abducting you until Anne could make up her mind about me."

Kim took a seat on Gridley's lap, grinning. "When I sat on your bunk that first evening with your clammy forehead under my hand, your bumbling, emotional manner kind of got me. You were going to need a lot of care, from head to tummy, and I felt like giving it to you. Besides, this boat ride was getting pretty dull. Do you understand, darling? If you do, kindly signify by closing your mouth."

Gridley stared at Anne. "You're taking Harrison back?"

"I am," Anne said. "The way he mistreated you proved he was serious."

Even Gridley knew he had a story for Intercontinent News. "Can I file this story?"

"It's all yours, son," Harrison said.

"I want it complete and exclusive," Gridley said, "including this depraved blonde on my knee."

She kissed him cheerfully. "You may file when ready, Gridley." THE END

# Beware of Stalin's Smile

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

losing all. And that would mean converting the United States into a colony for the hundreds of millions of land-hungry people of Asia.

This must not happen to America. From now on we must be ready all the time—every minute of every day. Our generation will never again know what we used to regard as normal peacetime. We must become accustomed to a condition of strength as a continuous way of life. There can be no letdown without the gravest risk to our very existence. Must we have new disasters in Korea or elsewhere to wake us up again?

It is terribly urgent that we realize as a nation that we are the only power on earth that could win World War III and therefore we are the only power on earth that can prevent it.

I have two sons. I want them trained to protect their country so they will not be thrown unprepared, unarmed into any sudden war. I want them trained in the majestic company of a prepared America and a prepared free world. My fight today is to prevent World War III. For the last 10 years I have dedicated myself to the task of saving my country from the tragedy of weakness and isolationism, and I intend to keep on doing so.

Certainly we must know by now that we would dry up and wither away without the 71 essential materials we get from all over the globe. As I wrote in Collier's three months ago, we simply could not exist without a vast, continuing flow of critical materials from India, Ceylon, Indochina, Indonesia, Brazil, Nigeria, the African Gold Coast and British South Africa. Our front line is in Europe, Africa and Asia.

Isn't it time for us to grow up, recognize our opportunity and responsibility, stop wobbling around, stand firm and save the peace?

Isn't it time that our educational system taught the simple essentials to our very existence?

Isn't it time that all our youth were taught the simple facts of America's position in the world, and our absolute dependence upon a strong free world for our survival?

Isn't it time to stop the demagogy, so that your son and mine, when they serve in uniform, will no longer be impressed by Communist propaganda? Newspapers have carried story after story that our soldiers in Korea have asked, "What are we fighting for?" An eighteen-year-old boy I know asked, "Am I serving in the Army to protect our right to sell soft drinks in Africa?"

### An Army Officer's Viewpoint

Why must our youngsters still learn the hard way? I have a letter from a young Army officer in Tokyo, written last December while he was sick in a hospital. He said: "The bleak military situation in Korea has of course cast its gloomy shadow over Japan. . . . It is fine for some of our statesmen to suggest that the United States become a Gibraltar and build up our forces at home, but to anyone who has spent any substantial amount of time in the Far East, it is crystal-clear that what we lose in the East we can never win in the West. To put it in a homely American expression, what good does it do to lock the front door and let the thieves sneak in the back?

"If by some dire calamity Korea were to fall, you may expect the prairie fire of Communism to consume Indochina, Malaya, Siam, Burma, the Philippines, Indonesia, Ceylon and India within one year. Japan could not withstand the pressure beyond a year unless we were prepared to put in an occupation force of a million men and continue economic aid on a scale and for a period of time that would make the Marshall Plan look infinitesimal in comparison. Add to the countries listed above, China, Manchuria, Formosa and Tibet and you have an area with a population of 1,000,000,000 people with such vital resources, to name but a few, as oil, rubber, tin, copra, hemp, without which the U.S. economy would come to a grinding halt within a very short time.

"The fall of these countries to the Communist orbit would be a major catastrophe to us. But to Russia they are not even the main prize. Once Russia had consolidated her position in this area, she would then be ready for some really master strategy. . . .

"Does all this sound fantastic? . . . I shudder when I think of the potential as I analyze it but I think you will understand why I say that we shall never win in the West that which we lose in the East."

That young man who was just a boy a year ago grew up fast and learned the hard way—in the mud of Korea—what even many leaders of our government have not yet learned.

### Systems That Must Grow Up

If our government had not wavered all over the lot on Korea, this young man would not have had to learn the hard way. Perhaps we would not have had over 58,000 casualties in Korea, or any. But the point is that our educational system and our political system must grow up as our youth have had to grow up in order to save their lives and the very existence of our country.

Are we going to continue to swing from the pacifist extreme to the militarist extreme as Stalin smiles or frowns? Are we going to let the actions of the Kremlin continue to determine the attitude of the people of the United States toward their foreign policy? When the Kremlin gets bellicose we get bellicose. When the Kremlin is peaceful, we let our defenses fall apart. When Stalin smiles we smile back.

I do not blame either political party or the American people for this naïve performance. The fact is simply that in our short span of life as a nation, we have been so busy and so happy developing this continent that we thought we could let the rest of the world go its own way as we went ours. Now, suddenly, we find that we are the one power great enough to save our country and the free world from going down the Communist drain.

Suddenly we rather desperately realize that we need a strong, dependable foreign policy executed by men with years of training and intimate knowledge of the economies, national aspirations, personalities, hates and rivalries of every nation in the world.

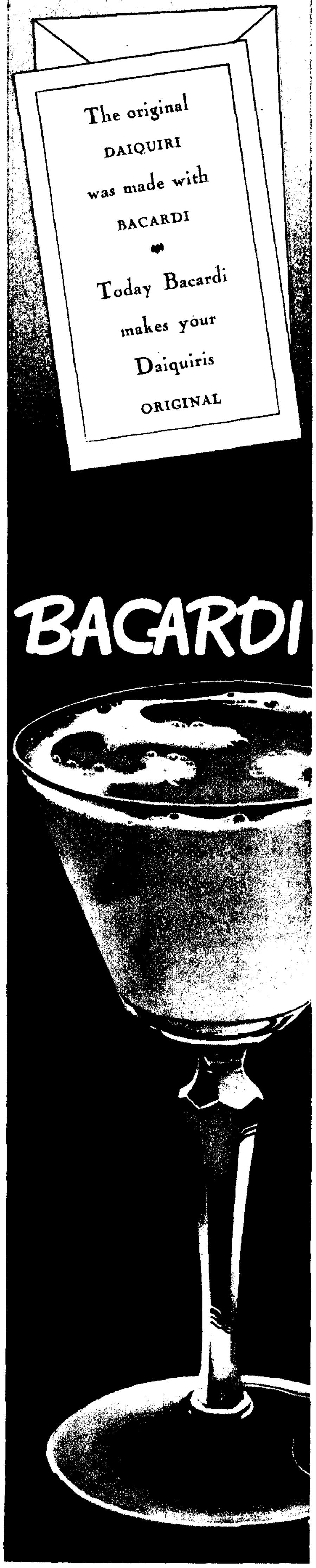
Suddenly, we find we need a government that realizes that a casual remark at a press conference can be a thunderclap around the world.

Suddenly we realize what we have always known to be true, that the Kremlin intends to take the world and that every Soviet act, whether of aggression or retreat, is a step toward conquest. The Soviet Union has broken every treaty she made, at Yalta, Tehran and Potsdam for the establishment of free governments in Europe. She violated her treaty to respect *and defend* the government of Chiang Kai-shek for 20 years within 20 minutes after she signed it. Stalin's word is no good. And when he gives it, it is for the purpose of deception.

We know all this but every time things seem to go well for three months, we want to forget about them and go fishing. That is Stalin's strongest weapon. It is a weapon we must destroy.

It is still not too late for us to act our age.

Let's win a peace—for the first time since 1814. From a military standpoint, the War of 1812 was the only war we ever lost and



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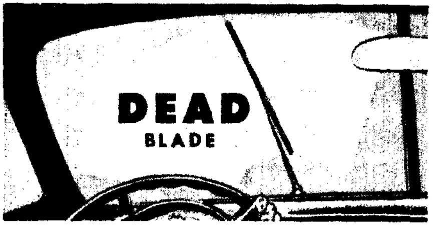

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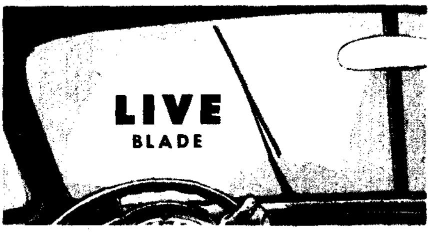

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the only peace we ever really won. American attempts to invade Canada and capture Montreal were defeated with humiliating ease. Washington was captured and the White House was burned. The war was ended by the Treaty of Ghent on December 24, 1814. We gave up our ostensible objectives, the conquest of Canada and ending the impressment of our seamen by the British. But we won from the British the real substance of victory—a free hand on our part of this continent.

That was the last peace America won—137 years ago—with the minor exception of the Spanish-American War of 1898. It cannot be said that we won the peace following the Mexican War of 1848, though we gained large territory, since it poisoned our relations with Latin America for generations. The War between the States was followed by half a century of bitterness.

We lost the peace of World War I at the council tables of Versailles, and in World War II we lost the peace before the war was even won.

The valor of our hastily trained armed forces and the might of American industries have been glorious beyond belief. What I am praying for is that we shall start winning a peace with our brains instead of winning another war with our blood and our treasure. We have gone from one emotional extreme to another, each affecting our government. Everything is wonderful and we are off to the ball game, or everything is terrible and we are off to war.

What I want is to win a real peace for the first time in 137 years, instead of merely preparing to win a new war. It can be done. But it can only be done by a new stability of policy on the part of both our people and our government and by a new, permanent degree of military and moral strength.

### How We Can Win the Peace

How shall we be steady and firm enough to win this peace? It seems to me there are some simple fundamentals:

1. There need be no World War III. If we are well enough armed on land, sea and in the air and keep on strengthening our friendly allies, I am convinced Russia will not start an all-out war.

2. Despite both Lenin's and Stalin's violent statements to the contrary, Communism and capitalism *can* exist on earth together so long as capitalism—the free nations—is stronger than its would-be conquerors—the Communist nations.

3. We must stop swinging from complacency to hysteria, from false optimism to deep gloom. We must learn at last to become firm, steady, consistent, wise, resolute and relentless in waging the cause of peace and freedom.

4. We must not alternately arm and disarm with every seeming change in Kremlin policy. The real Russian policy never changes. It has been an almost fatal blunder to let the Kremlin call the tune. From now on we must call the tune.

5. We must seize every means for peaceful adjustment of differences, but be prepared to resist with overwhelming force every violent effort of conquest by the Communists, whether it be in Iran, Yugoslavia, Indochina or Korea.

Look at Switzerland. For 500 years that little mountainous republic of only 4,500,000 people has maintained its liberty in the midst of all the wars and turmoils of Europe.

Has it been easy? Certainly not. It has been the hard, sacrificial road of universal military training, perpetual readiness and constant faith in their government and in themselves. Let me tell you a story.

In the course of World War II the Germans served notice on the Swiss that it was necessary for them to pass through Switzerland in order to supply arms and men to Mussolini and to their other Mediterranean operations. Two German generals paid a visit to the commanding general of the Swiss armed forces to make the arrangements.

They were astonished when the Swiss general politely said he regretted he could not comply with their demands. The German generals said they were very sorry, indeed, to hear it, but in that event they would be compelled to go through Switzerland anyway, just as they had gone through the rest of continental Europe.

The Swiss general expressed his regret that they felt such a necessity and added, "Won't you please let me show you through the passes you intend to invade?"

### Scaring the German Generals

Amazed at the hospitality, the German generals accepted and were taken on a tour. They were shown a tunnel through which their trains would have to pass. The Swiss general said: "This tunnel is more than 12 miles long and it is mined at intervals. Should your troops enter it, I guarantee to you that it will be totally destroyed and it will take you 19 years to reopen it."

The German generals were then shown other tunnels and mile after mile of mountain passes. I have seen them and they are an eyeful. Every few hundred yards there is a steel door in the side of a mountain of solid rock. The Swiss general explained: "Behind some doors there are cannons which will enfilade the ranks of any men you send through here. Behind others there are munitions and food supplies to last six months, and hospitals to care for 10,000 men.

"If you invade Switzerland," the Swiss general concluded, "you may get in but I doubt if any Germans will ever get out."

The German generals went home and the Swiss never heard from them again.

Switzerland is still free after 500 years because every Swiss boy starts his gymnastics at the age of six, and until he is sixteen he gives three hours a week to hikes, games, terrain, reconnaissance, exercises and, in winter, skiing.

From sixteen to twenty, he takes voluntary courses (compulsory courses if he has failed to pass his gymnastic tests), and voluntary rifle training.

At nineteen he has both physical and mental tests to determine the precise service for which he is best fitted and *no one in Switzerland is excused unless he is totally unfit for any service*, in which event, he pays a military exemption tax until he is forty-eight years old.

Each Swiss recruit starts off with 118 days of basic training. From then on, every year, he takes training for from 10 to 20 days until he is forty-eight. Every able-bodied Swiss is in the army from the time he is twenty until he is sixty. This army is a citizen army. The Swiss are tough—and they are free.

At this moment the Swiss can mobilize 550,000 trained troops—more than we had in the whole United States Army at the outbreak of the war in Korea. The older classes in the auxiliary services would add 300,000 more.

Approximately 20 per cent of the total Swiss population is trained to fight. Comparable forces in America would give us 30,000,000 men trained to fight.

There are some things in this world that do not change much. George Washington wrote to Alexander Hamilton on May 2, 1783:

"Then, passing by the mercenary armies which have at one time or another subverted the liberties of almost all the countries they have been raised to defend, we might see, with admiration, the freedom and independence of Switzerland supported for centuries in the midst of powerful and jealous neighbors by means of a hardy and well-organized militia."

### Swiss Freedom Is Costly

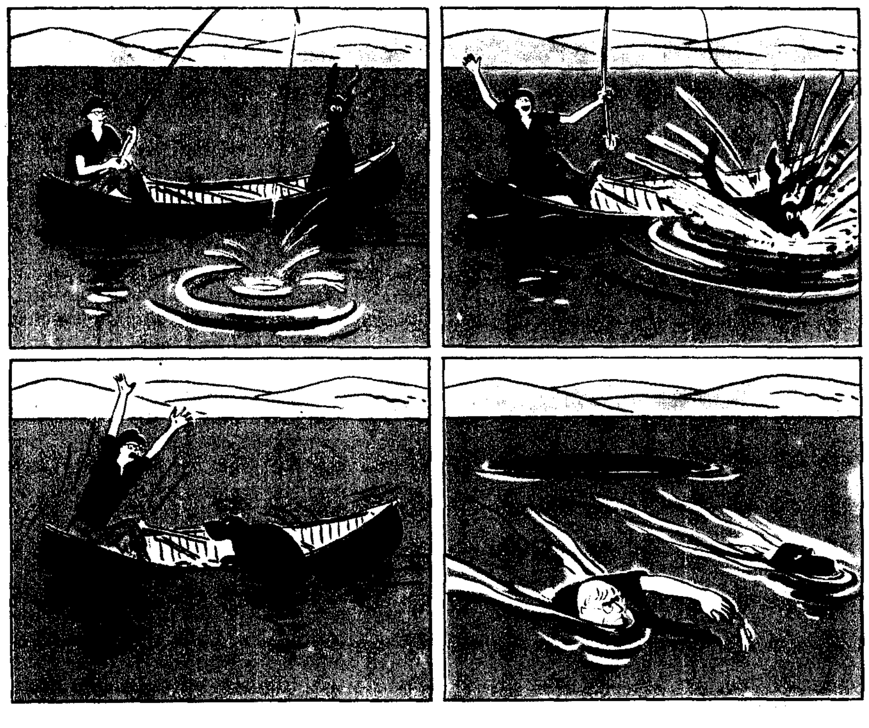
The Swiss have not bought their freedom cheaply. In 1951 their military budget will be 45 per cent of the total government expense. But that little nation of many cultures, languages and religions is united, free, prosperous and strong.

I want to see our country as serene, as dogged and as determined as Switzerland in our own defense—and that means in the defense of the free world, without which we would not survive.

We cannot do it the Swiss way—and the Swiss can't do it alone any longer either. I think they know that if Russia should conquer Europe they could no longer survive. They will inevitably someday be part of the great army General Eisenhower is building. So will the Turks and the Greeks and the Yugoslavs and the Spaniards—so, too, will the Near East, if our people and our Congress support a policy broad enough for our needs and if our diplomacy moves forward with sufficient skill and firmness.

A new spirit has been born in Europe. Look at Norway. Stretching 1,100 miles across the shortest aerial route between New York and Russia, Norway is ready to fight. She has universal military service. A six-month supply of food and arms has been stockpiled in mountain hide-outs. Since the Chinese attack in Korea, the

**CLANCY**



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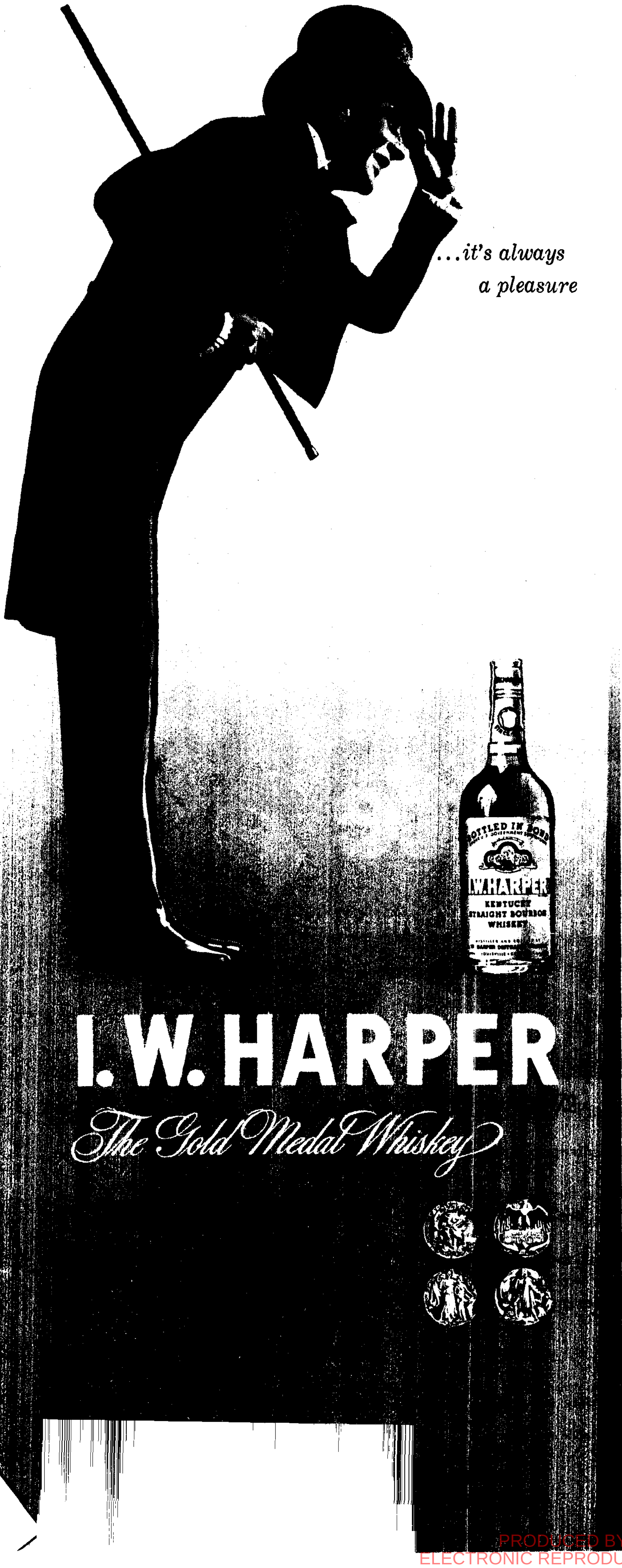

whole nation has been on a 24-hour alert. Listen to these stirring orders to the Norwegian army:

"Disregard any threat of reprisals, such as bombing of towns . . .

"Resist even if alone and the situation seems hopeless . . .

"Continue to resist despite orders to the contrary purporting to come from the king or the government . . ."

No quisling will ever again succeed in betraying Norway.

In continental Western Europe there is right now, in training or in position for defense, an army of 4,000,000 men from the North Atlantic nations.

The British people are actually hungry, on a miserable diet of less than 10 cents' worth of meat a week. Yet the British government has increased its defense budget to almost double that of a year ago. The French are making comparable sacrifices and are building the largest and most powerful divisions in the world.

Men fight on spirit and when they believe they have a chance to win. The people of Europe now believe America means business, and therefore they have a chance to win.

I do not mean that all is well. I mean that all can be well if America moves steadily, relentlessly forward. Leading from strength, we can stop the world-conquering Communist threat. We can stop the Communist effort to drive a wedge between the friendly free peoples of the world. Instead, we can start driving our own wedge between the Communists and the unhappy 800,000,000 people they rule. We can convince the peoples of the world that Communism means slavery—because it does.

Today, the Russian propaganda line has made progress over all the world. They have even convinced many intelligent, high-minded people that we Americans are warmongers. That means that we have done a miserable job of explaining our purposes. A major objective of the next year should be to make our purpose clear to all the peoples of the world.

### Our Staunch Friends Abroad

In spite of our poor propaganda job, we have friends abroad who know our real aims, who trust our motives and who are fighting shoulder-to-shoulder with us in the cause of freedom. They are creating new, free governments in the front lines of freedom, right under the shadow of Communist guns. It takes a lot of courage to fight for freedom when the Communists are breathing down your neck and you know that if you lose one election, you lose your life.

For example, consider Alcide DeGasperi, Premier of Italy. A frail scholar, seventy-one years old, he has led Italy from the chaos of dictatorship, war and defeat to a position where stability is coming closer every day. I say this not only because I know him well and like him so much, but because it was DeGasperi's leadership that saved Italy from the Communists in the election of 1948.

A truly great intellectual and leader, the Premier of Italy is paid exactly the same salary as an American friend of mine in Rome pays his chauffeur. DeGasperi and his wife still live in the same three-room apartment they have occupied for 20 years, except when he was put in jail by Mussolini for opposing his regime.

Robert Schuman of France, former Premier and now Foreign Minister, is another great fighter for freedom. He, too, is frail and scholarly. He has represented the same Alsace-Lorraine district for 30 years. Almost unknown in America when he became Premier in 1947, he achieved a miracle of financial stability in the turmoil of French politics and postwar poverty.

Father of the Schuman Plan to unite the iron and steel production of Western Europe, he may go down in history as the greatest statesman of continental Europe in this century. This plan for the pooling of resources can do much to end the ancient fears between the nations of Europe and at last draw them close together. Unfortunately, the British Labor government is still opposing it. But the Schuman Plan seems destined to come into being and provide the first broad economic unity Europe has ever seen.

A United States of Europe is one of the great visions of the world's history. Broken up into numerous nations, most of them smaller than the state of New York both in area and population, Europe is bound to be torn with national jealousies and rivalries. With continuing tariff barriers between every nation, restricted movement of labor and unstable currencies the future of Europe would not be promising.

For years, I have been urging that our country promote a United States of Europe. Following my Lincoln Day speech in Boston in 1948 on the subject, that objective was written into the preamble of the Marshall Plan. Our country then had the power to bring it about, but we missed the bus. It can still be achieved.

### A Call to "Unite or Perish"

This is not an idle vision. Winston Churchill has played a leading role in the cause and the President of France spoke of it repeatedly on his recent visit here. In a brilliant new book Paul Reynaud, former Premier of France, issues a clarion call to Europe: "Unite or Perish." This theme has been advocated by the leaders of nearly every nation in Western Europe.

With the Benelux Plan for the Low Countries, the French and Italian Customs Union which has already been launched, and now the Schuman Plan and the North Atlantic Treaty, a United States of Europe is actually on the way.

Just as the Schuman Plan is a mighty instrument to bring the industries of the nations into a common pool, so the North Atlantic Treaty is a mighty instrument to bring their military strength into a common pool. The treaty is designed to provide stability so that we can get on with the work of a peaceful world.

It takes confidence to risk savings and create the new industry to raise living standards and provide mass production, mass employment and mass distribution of goods. The North Atlantic Treaty, under the leadership of General Eisenhower, will provide the stability that brings confidence and achievement. It will give governments the means to restore stable currencies, stop inflation and build for greater military, economic and political unity.

I believe that we in America have at last learned that we need a free Western Europe and the products of her colonies and possessions just as much as Europe needs us. We will all swim together or sink together. We will survive only if we have a steady, common unwavering determination to build strength and unity in the face of great peril.

Western Europe has 270,000,000 people —almost twice as many as our country— and a United States of Europe can become a power so great that between us we can guarantee peace on this earth.

Our most precious objective is to maintain freedom in peace. We can win freedom and peace through these means and I believe through these means only. The greatest danger to peace will be when Stalin starts his peace offensive. The only objective of a Russian peace offensive now is to divide and disarm the free world so Russia can conquer it.

I repeat:

There is one greater danger to the survival of our country than open attack by the Soviet Union.

That greater danger—the greatest of all —will be when Joseph Stalin smiles. I am afraid he may smile soon, and that we will smile back.

But if we do not, we can win. If our strength and determination become great enough and remain constant enough, there will be no World War III. THE END

# Millions for Modern Medicine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"and then I don't want to see your face again." The offer was for $5,000,000, to be matched by Rockefeller.

"That offer," smiled Flexner, "we'll accept."

The great gifts to establish a rival medical college at Rochester rocked New York City from Spuyten Duyvil to the Battery. When Dr. Welch got together with Eastman and Rush Rhees, Rochester's president, to formulate plans, apathy in the Big Town exploded into furious action. Not to be outdone, Cornell and Columbia likewise began plans for huge new medical colleges.

### Dr. Flexner's Dream Realized

Today, all three medical schools are splendid institutions, and often on a sunny afternoon the aged but still spry Dr. Flexner likes to drive past them. Overlooking the East River in upper Manhattan looms the massive medical center of Cornell. On the west side of town, overlooking the Hudson, is the equally huge center of Columbia.

And thinking back to the 1920s, Flexner recalls the aroused pride of noted New Yorkers who made these huge centers possible—men such as J. P. Morgan, Edward S. Harkness, Payne Whitney and a host of indignant old grads rising to the brash challenge of Rochester. That memory causes the scholarly old gentleman to chuckle.

But his loudest chuckle is over an accolade bestowed by Eastman. "That man Flexner," Eastman told a friend, "is the worst highwayman who ever flitted into and out of Rochester."

Dropping stones into placid ponds and watching the splash is a standard technique of Rockefeller boards. Flexner's next was dropped in the Midwest. No state was more upset over his report than Iowa. At once the legislature voted more funds to the State University of Iowa for medicine. Then W. R. Boyd, of the board of regents, hustled to New York. In view of what the state had done voluntarily, he asked that Rockefeller cash be given Iowa for a pathological laboratory. Flexner's answer was that the General Education Board would help only if the medical school were fully reorganized.

"How much will that involve?" Boyd asked.

When $5,000,000 was mentioned, he paled. "That would be a staggering sum for the farmers of Iowa," he objected. "They're not accustomed to think in sums of seven figures."

"But Iowa's farmers," said Flexner, "are shrewd businessmen. They might be tempted by the possibility of buying a dollar for 50 cents." That meant Rockefeller would give half.

Iowa bought the bargain. It levied a special tax to raise its $2,500,000 for a medical center at Iowa City, and when the center was built, added another $1,000,000 a year to support it. This was equivalent to the income of an endowment of about $25,000,000. Welch had started at Johns Hopkins with a mere $400,000.

As that splash swept over the Midwest, delegations from state after state headed for New York and the golden Rockefeller fountain. "Aren't we as good as Iowa?" they asked.

"By all means, gentlemen," said Buttrick, in effect. "But even Mr. Rockefeller's money is limited. We can help only so many, by way of inspiration to proud states like your own. In short, your state now has the big opportunity to show the world that Iowa does *not* possess the best medical college in the Midwest."

The neighbors of Iowa were soon trying to outdo both Iowa and one another.

### Medical Joneses' Rivalries

Vanderbilt University in Nashville and Washington University in St. Louis were made the "inspirations" for the South. The Johns Hopkins "shining example" was further brightened by the Wilmer Eye Clinic, the first of the kind in the United States. The nation churned with the competition of keeping up with these and other medical Joneses. At the same time huge new hospitals rose everywhere, apart from the hospitals attached to universities.

And 80 old medical schools quit business. In 1929, the General Education Board's books showed that in 10 years it had aided 20 medical schools to the extent of $75,000,000. Flexner estimated that the outlay had, directly or indirectly, inspired a total spending in the medical field of $500,000,000. Big Medicine was a nation-wide fact.

But Big Medicine brought its headaches too. The worst of these, to the medical profession itself, is the current issue of "socialized medicine" advocated by the Truman administration, and being fought by

VIRGIL PARTCH

## LITERAL LATIN

Some Free Translations of Familiar Phrases

VIII

| | |
|---|---|
| *Ira furor brevis est:* | Ira is a panic in his shorts |
| *Ventis secundus:* | Second wind |
| *In aqua scribis:* | Ball-point pen |
| *Locus communis:* | Crazy Reds |
| *Non liquet:* | Frozen solid |
| *Video meliora proboque:* | Television is Better Than Ever |
| *Janus clausis:* | Winter clothes |

—DICK SHAW

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most doctors as they have fought nothing before.

Rockefeller advisers recognized early that the changed character of medical education, while enormously elevating the profession for everybody's good, would not solve the problem of the growing costs of medical care to the individual. Actually, it increased costs sharply. A committee of 50 was organized to investigate the situation. Headed by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, a Rockefeller Foundation trustee, and financed by Foundation and other funds, the committee worked five years. Its report, in 1933, was not a rosy one.

The committee found that hospital care is necessarily a more costly business than care at home or in a doctor's office, but that hospitals are the only places where the seriously ill can be given the benefit of all scientific advances. The report also emphasized that the cost of treating a sick person is substantially the same, regardless of whether the patient is rich or poor; that what might be a small cost to one might bankrupt another.

An alarming trend was noted. The committee estimated that the public was spending around a half billion dollars yearly on "useless or harmful patent medicines and nostrums, and for the services of quacks and charlatans." With the costs of legitimate medical care going up, it feared this outlay would rise dangerously unless quickly counteracted.

The report noted that "some European countries have already had 40 or 50 years of experience in some form of government provision for medical care"—Germany as early as 1883. It added that the doctor bill of the United States as a whole was only about 4 per cent of the national income—an easy bill to pay if everybody shared it.

Not even the Flexner report brought such prompt results. The ink was hardly dry before the American Hospital Association formulated its now familiar Blue Cross plan of small monthly payments, actually a form of insurance against the payment of big hospital bills in time of need. Nine Blue Cross agencies enrolled 11,500 members in 1934; 10 years later, 80 agencies had 13,000,000 enrolled. Membership now exceeds 35,000,000. Other health-insurance plans are becoming common.

### Mr. Truman vs. the A.M.A.

President Truman would make this kind of protection compulsory by law, like Social Security. The American Medical Association decries this as Socialism, and is fighting to keep and extend the voluntary nonprofit plans. Between the two, the Rockefeller Foundation maintains neutrality; its interest is in the end result. But it also emphasizes that the prevention of disease is as vital as its cure, and that until regular medical examinations are routine for all Americans, health insurance won't have attained its maximum potential, nor the country its maximum of strength.

The Foundation, with a world mission, ranged afar while Flexner and Wilbur were touching off medical revolutions. It aided medical advances in 22 countries, started the rise of Big Medicine in Canada. By heavy grants of money to Harvard, Yale, McGill, London and other universities, it helped lift psychiatry from a minor to a major medical specialty. Through the doldrums of the 1930s and on into the 1940s, the Foundation backed more laboratory long shots and researchers' dreams than have ever been listed in one philanthropic budget.

For example, as of today:

About $130,000 has been advanced, since 1935, to the University of Illinois to forward the researches of the famous biochemist, Professor W. C. Rose, having to do with the amino acid requirements of human beings.

About the same sum has been given to Cornell to promote the work of another famous biochemist, Professor Vincent du Vigneaud, dealing with vitamins and other mysteries of human nutrition.

To the California Institute of Technology in 1948 went $700,000 to aid the comprehensive researches, being directed by Professors George W. Beadle and Linus Pauling, into molecular structures of the body.

Over a period of 20 years, $1,800,000 has been devoted to aid enzyme researches in various institutions, most recently at the University of Wisconsin, Columbia University and the Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston.

For the National Research Council, approximately $1,400,000 has been appropriated to support its Committee for Research in Problems of Sex, which medically run from venereal disease to "change of life."

The list might go on endlessly, covering grants that in the main are individually modest year by year, but which gradually become significant totals.

The Foundation's biggest gamble of the past two decades was with atomic research, in support of a score or more key projects leading to the atomic bomb. Medicine, not war, prompted that support. And it is in medicine, it is hoped, that atomic energy will most distinguish itself in time.

Also, in theory, rises the possibility of rendering us immune to most if not all infectious diseases, through simple forms of vaccination such as are now used in preventing smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid and yellow fever.

On that possibility the Foundation has laid wagers on a dozen or more scientific pipe dreamers who are working with that highly complex fluid, the blood. One of them is white-haired Dr. Michael Heidelberger, of Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons. As the leading authority on the more chemical aspects of immunity, he is intimately concerned with the antibodies. In fighting disease, they are what artillery is to the infantry in war.

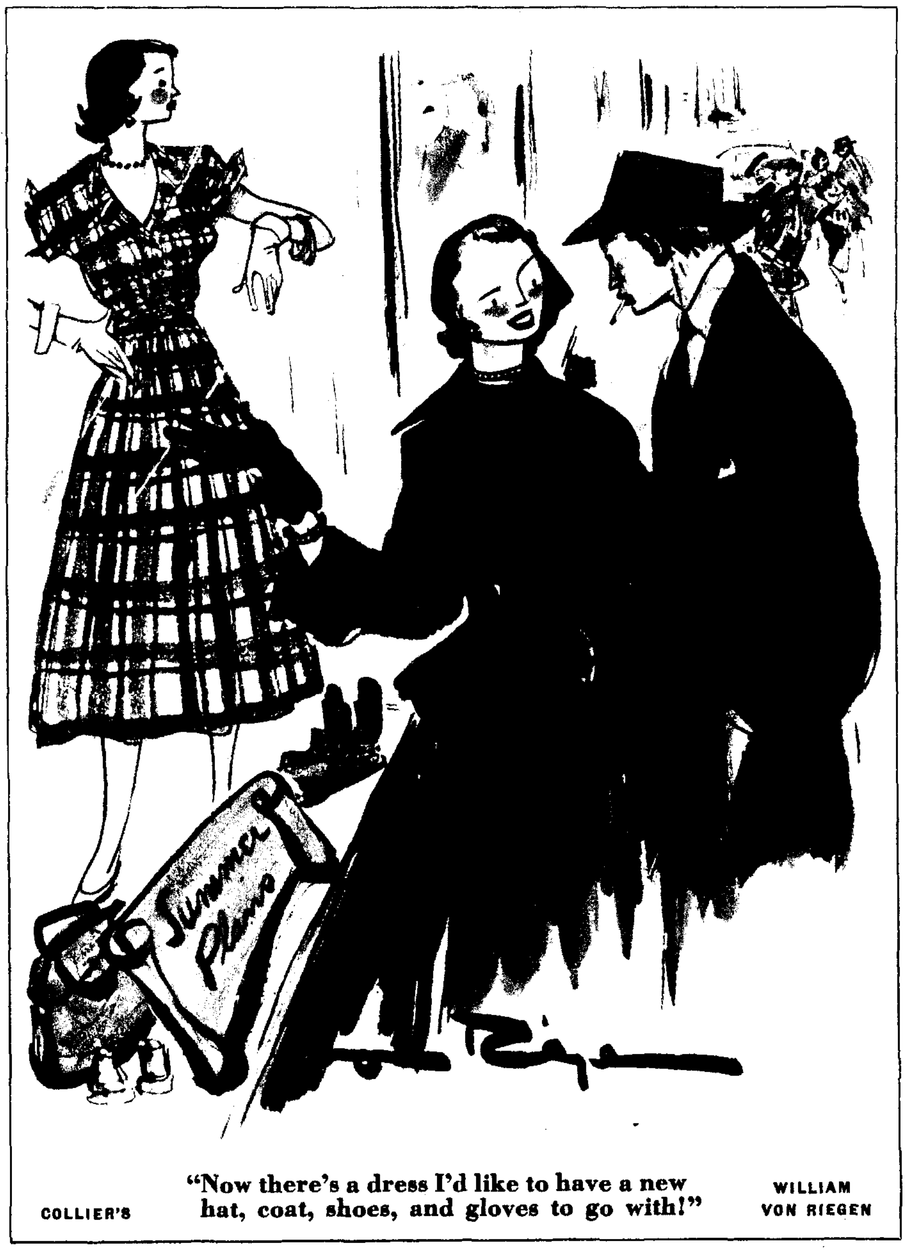
But while an army goes into action with both of these arms, the body usually begins its fight with infantry alone, made up largely of white blood cells and related troops. While the infantry fights a delaying action against invading microbes, the blood gets busy producing its big guns, the antibodies. If it does this promptly, you recover, and what's more, the antibodies hostile to that disease may stay in your blood for months, years, or a lifetime in some cases. That is why if you have had the mumps, for example, you rarely get mumps again.

### Better Vaccination Methods

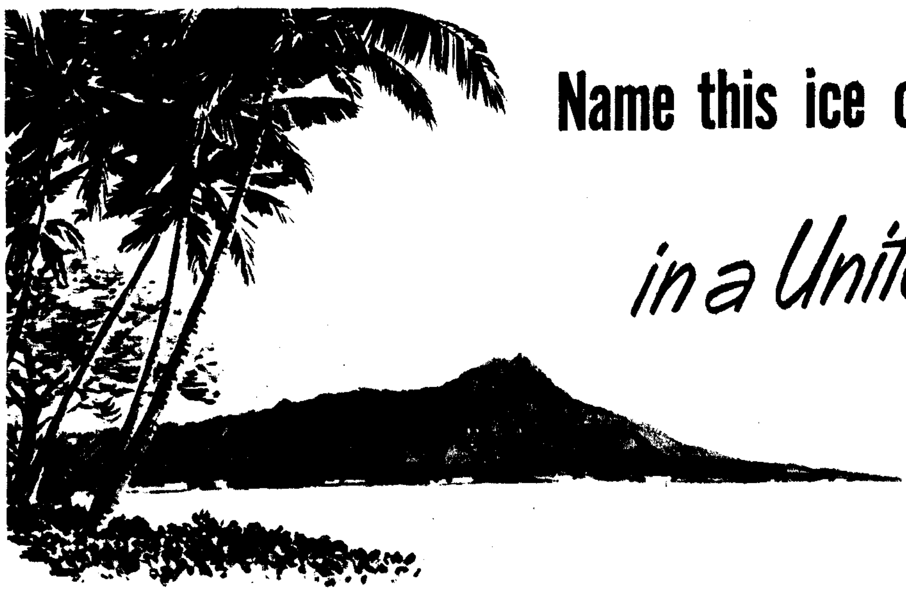
Of course, the technique of creating a mild infection by vaccination, and thus arousing the blood to form antibodies, has been known a long time. But here is where something radically new comes in. Actual germs are *not* needed to stir the antibodies into action. This may be accomplished in the case of pneumonia, for instance, by vaccinating with a tiny portion of the purified slimy substance in which the germs (pneumococci) are encased. In other words, you remove the deadly pea from its harmless pod, and use only the pod, which in its purified state is as safe as distilled water. This chemical achievement opens possibilities of making people immune to germs much too dangerous to introduce into the blood in the old way.

Careful analytical measurements by Dr. Heidelberger and his associates showed that, after vaccination with purified pneumococcal slime, sufficient antibodies might be formed to protect against the disease.

During the bleak winter of 1944-'45, pneumococcal pneumonia was sweeping through the big Air Force training camp at Sioux Falls, in South Dakota. Thorough studies were made by one of the Army's most capable teams of bacteriologists, Drs. C. M. MacLeod, W. G. Bernhard and R. G. Hodges. Usual methods did not check the

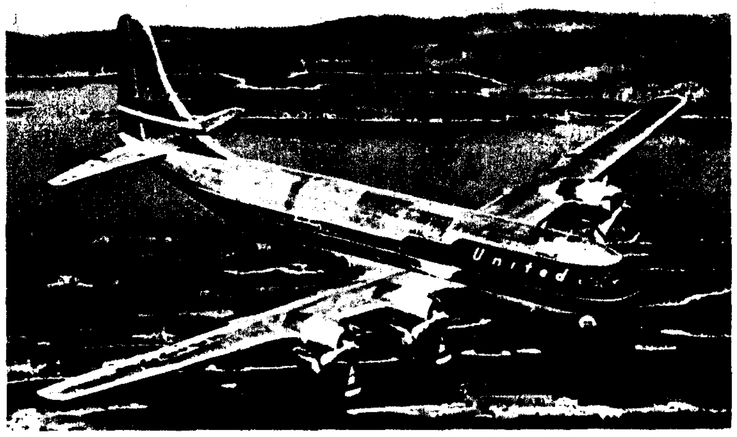


COLLIER'S "Now there's a dress I'd like to have a new hat, coat, shoes, and gloves to go with!" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



# Name this ice cream dessert and fly to HAWAII in a United Air Lines Stratocruiser

## for a 2-week vacation



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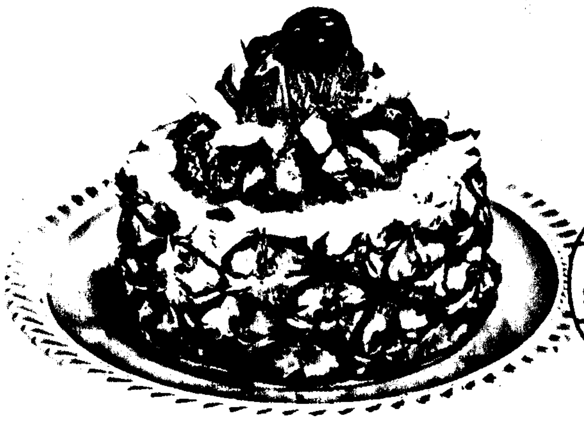

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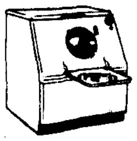

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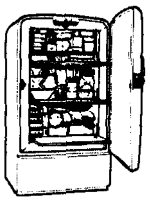

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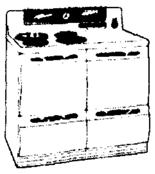

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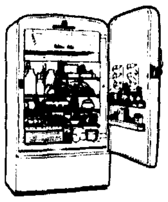

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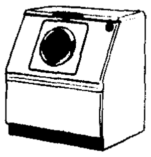
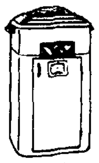


**2 Westinghouse Clothes Dryers (Model D-3A)**



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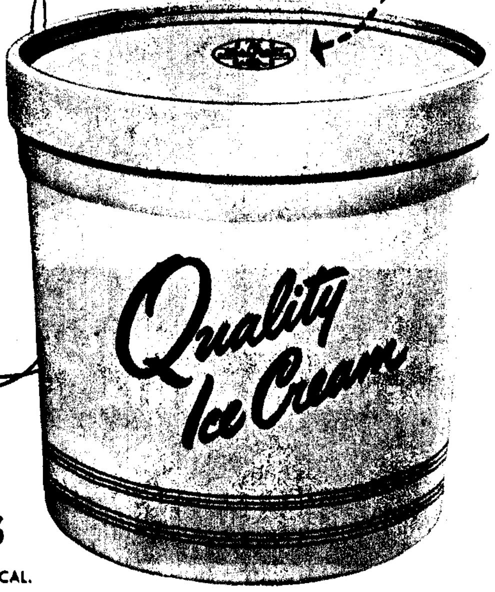

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epidemic. Then supplies of the purified vaccine were rushed into camp. The stuff was so potent that an ounce of it was enough to vaccinate a half million men.

Nine thousand men were vaccinated. After the first two weeks, in which four cases developed before antibodies had been fully formed, no one who had been vaccinated came down with any of the four kinds of pneumonia—those isolated from countless billions of germs—against which the vaccine provided immunity.

Today, the Columbia University germ surgeons are going on to new problems in the never-ending struggle against infectious disease.

In betting on men, the Rockefeller Foundation follows a few simple rules. Once they find a good man, he is allowed plenty of rope. He chooses his own work and methods. If he is young, so much the better, for big things usually build up with tedious slowness. Ideally fitting the rules was Dr. Howard Walter Florey, born in Australia in 1898, winner of a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford, a pathologist with the zest of an adventurer. In 1925, to young Dr. Florey the Foundation gave a fellowship grant of a few hundred English pounds so that he might do some advanced study while serving Oxford as a professor.

They almost forgot Florey until 1936. Then they got a letter from him asking if he might have $1,280 to buy some chemical apparatus. Florey, it appeared, had grown excited over a greenish-blue mold known as *Penicillium notatum*, and the discovery of a bookish chap, Dr. Alexander Fleming, at St. Mary's Hospital in London. Fleming had placed some of the mold in a test tube with dangerous microbes. The microbes had vanished. In 1929, Fleming wrote a paper about this strange event, one that nobody noticed until Florey read it seven years later.

So the Foundation sent Florey $1,280.

### Two More Requests for Money

In 1939, he asked for $5,000, and cautiously hinted that his work with the blue mold was promising something important. So that money was sent too. But when, in 1940, Florey asked for another $5,000, his repressed excitement spread to the Foundation. One of its directors, Warren Weaver, went to England.

Eagerly, Florey told Weaver of his work. Vats of mold filled his laboratory at Oxford. From that mold by slow, heartbreaking chemical processes he and his associates were able to extract a yellow-brown powder. When microbe-filled white mice were treated with the powder, they almost literally arose from the dead and became healthy mice again.

That night Weaver wrote in his diary: "This project, if it were indeed successful, would be more revolutionary than the discovery of the sulfa drugs!"

But Weaver, a mathematician, also saw that Florey and his group of six tired, loyal helpers were trying to move a pyramid with toothpicks. It took them days of tedious work to get enough of the lifesaving powder to cure one sick mouse. And it takes 3,000 times as much to cure one sick man!

Weaver did a lot of thinking en route home to the land of Big Medicine. In July, 1941, on his recommendation, the Foundation voted a special grant of travel funds to bring Dr. Florey and his chief assistant, Dr. Norman C. Heatley, to the United States. They came. In the matter of days, powerful forces were enlisted behind them and the single little vial of mold culture that Florey carried in his pocket.

### World-Wide Search Begins

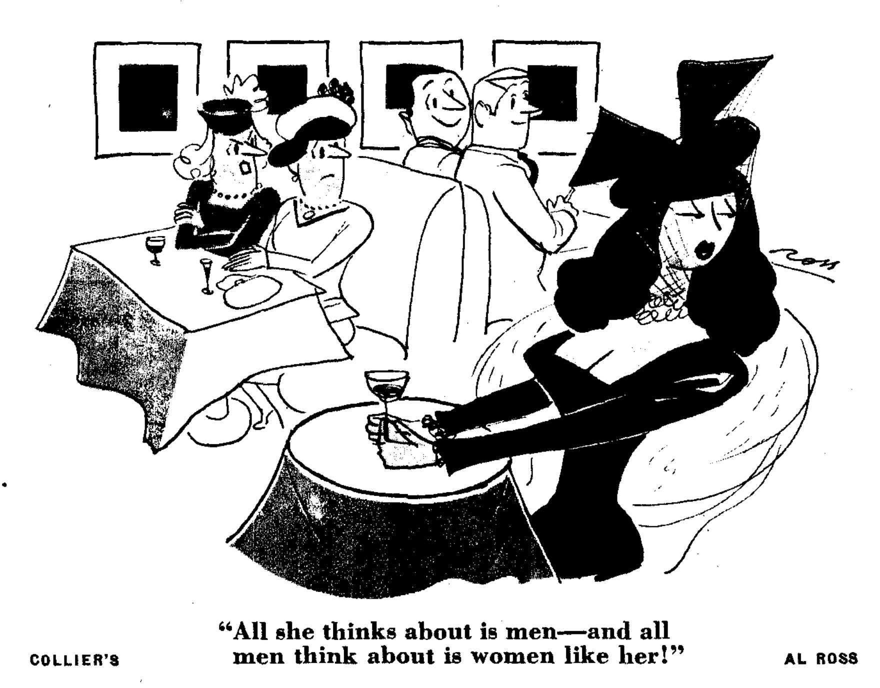
Scientists of the U.S. Department of Agriculture at Peoria, Illinois, began studying how to make that mold grow faster. The U.S. Air Forces hunted the world over for the mold's most favored food. It turned out to be an overripe cantaloupe picked up in a Peoria fruit market. Five great universities and 22 leading drug manufacturers joined in the common research, which was directed by the National Research Council. Under Dr. Chester Keefer of the Evans Memorial Hospital of Boston, the nation's hospital facilities were organized for mass trials of the new microbe consumer—if and when enough of it could be made.

The *if* was answered in May, 1943. From Washington came the word that one pound of the magic powder actually was on hand, and in white pure form.

The news of that triumph was also the answer to *when.* It was now. At once the waiting drug companies united to build at top speed $25,000,000 worth of producing plants.

And that is how penicillin, as Florey named it, came to America and mankind. It created the epoch of the "wonder drugs," the antibiotics. In all history, no other drug has paralleled penicillin's sudden worldwide success against so many diseases. And the total investment of the Rockefeller Foundation in Howard Walter Florey and his greenish-blue mold was only $28,640.

*Besides its war on diseases, the Rockefeller Foundation has carried on an unremitting fight against war itself, through its pioneering studies in human relations and food production. Next week's Collier's carries the full story. Order a newsstand copy now*



COLLIER'S

"All she thinks about is men—and all men think about is women like her!"

AL ROSS

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FOR REXALL, EVERY SUNDAY,
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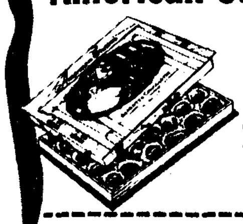

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| **Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets**, 85's | 39¢ |
| **Rexall Pile Ointment**, 1-oz. tube | 65¢ |
| **Rexall Orderlies**, the original chocolate-flavored laxative tablets, 60's | 60¢ |
| **Rexall Toothache Drops**, large-size | 25¢ |
| **Rexall Antihistamine Tablets**, 15's | 39¢ |
| **Rexall Little Pills**, 100's | 35¢ |

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| **Rexall Boric Acid**, powdered or crystal, 2 oz., | 23¢ |
| **Rexall Cascara Aromatic**, fluid extract, 2 oz., | 49¢ |
| **Rexall Alco-Rex Rubbing Alcohol**, full pint | 59¢ |
| **Rexall Rex-Rub**, for aching muscles, 6 oz. | 89¢ |
| **Rexall Castor Oil**, mild, gentle action, 3 oz., | 43¢ |
| **Rexall Spirits of Camphor**, U.S.P., 1 oz. | 37¢ |
| **Rexall Aga-Rex Compound**, laxative, 16 oz., | 98¢ |
| **Rexall Foot Powder**, soothing, absorbs moisture | 33¢ |
| **Rex-Salvine**, antiseptic burn salve, 1½ oz., | 53¢ |
| **Rexall Soda Mint Tablets**, antacid, 140's | 35¢ |

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| **Elkay's Insecticide**, 5% DDT, full pint | 39¢ |
| **Rexall Epsom Salt**, medicinally pure, pound, | 37¢ |
| **No. 6 Pine Oil Disinfectant**, dilute with water for personal or household use, pint | 98¢ |
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| **Facial Tissues,** | *Kleenzo, big 300-sheet box, extra-soft and absorbent* | 24¢ |
| **Rexall Cotton Balls,** | *ready to use for first aid, baby care; sterile, 65's* | 35¢ |
| **Tooth Brushes,** | *Rexall DeLuxe, natural or longer-lasting Hyzon bristles, 10 styles* | 59¢ |
| **Rexall Mi-31,** | *Ideal mouthwash, gargle and breath-deodorant, amber-colored, full pint* | 79¢ |
| **Rexall Milk of Magnesia,** | *No disagreeable earthy taste, full pint* | 39¢ |
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Greaseless, stainless medicated cream relieves minor burns, chafing and minor skin irritations.

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Neutralizes excess stomach acidity in 1 minute or less. Eases gastric distress, leaves protective covering on irritated membranes.

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**REXALL EYELO**

Half Pint with eye cup
59¢

Try this cooling, cleansing lotion for tired and irritated eyes.

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| **Rexall Klenzo Antiseptic**, ruby-red, cinnamon-flavored mouthwash and gargle, pint | 79¢ |
| **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Paste**, University of Illinois formula, pleasant after-taste, 3¼ oz., | 49¢ |
| **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Powder**, 3 oz. | 43¢ |
| Licensed by University of Illinois Foundation | |
| **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Powder**, 3 oz. | 55¢ |
| **Rexall Denturex Denture Cleanser**, 4 oz. | 50¢ |
| **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Jelly**, 2 oz. | 60¢ |
| **Rexall Dental Floss**, 30 yards | 25¢ |

### TOILETRIES

| | |
|---|---|
| **Cara Nome Cold or Cleansing Cream**, 3 oz., | $1.10 |
| **Cara Nome Hormone Cream**, 10,000 I.U. Estrogenic Hormone per ounce, 2 oz., | $1.65 |
| **Silque Beauty Lotion**, the "all-over" skin lotion, non-sticky, fragrant, 6 oz. | $1.00 |
| **Dainty Deodorant Cream**, 1⅛ oz. | 49¢ |

### WRITING SUPPLIES

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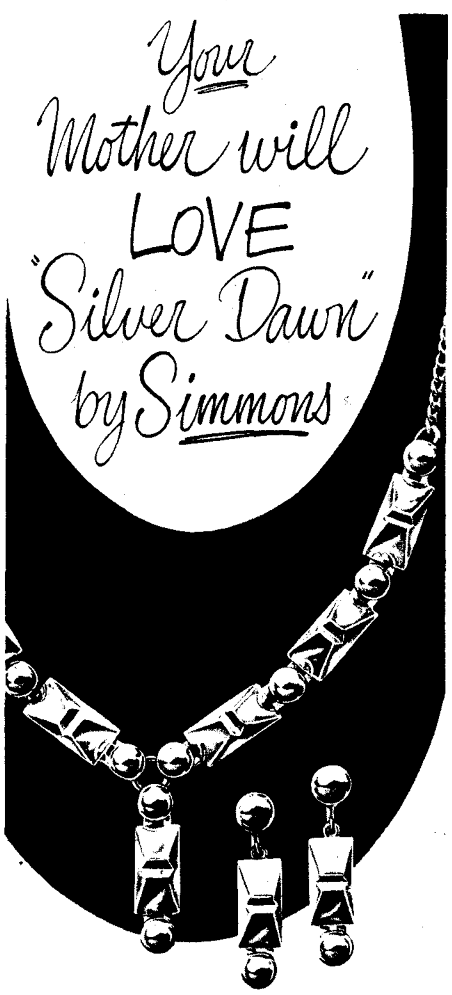

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# When Would You Consult a Psychiatrist?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Another 9 per cent said, "She should get something to interest her and occupy her spare time." A wide range of suggestions was offered by the others.

Teachers saw the girl's problem somewhat more nearly in the light in which it appeared to the psychiatrists who had composed the question. But it was the physicians who came out most strongly in support of the psychiatric view. More than 34 per cent of them said, "She should see a psychiatrist," and an additional 7 per cent said, "She should see a doctor."

In this and other specific cases included in the questionnaire, it was noted that college-educated respondents saw the need for psychiatric help more clearly than did those whose education had ended in high school or grade school. Nearly 11 per cent of those who had been to college recommended a psychiatrist, as compared with 4 per cent in the high-school group and 2 per cent with grade-school education.

### For Truancy and Car Stealing

One important phase of the investigation attempted to evaluate the public's attitude toward psychiatry in the courts. To that end this question was posed:

*"I would like to ask you about a fifteen-year-old boy who has been in trouble repeatedly for staying away from school and has recently stolen an automobile. Here are some things various people have suggested might be done about this boy."*

The people interviewed were asked to select the one best suggestion. More than half of them—55 per cent—thought the boy should join a boys' club and be encouraged in sports and other worth-while activities.

As against this form of nonpsychiatric aid, designed to cure the boy's waywardness by changing his environment, 25 per cent favored having a psychiatrist find out why he behaves this way and then try to change his attitudes and behavior.

It should be pointed out that neither of these choices is necessarily a bad one. Nonetheless, it is noteworthy that the public plumped, by better than two to one, for the boys' club rather than for psychiatric probing into the underlying maladjustments motivating the boy's antisocial behavior.

One significant point brought out by this question is that the public has largely rejected punitive measures for dealing with juvenile delinquency. A mere 3 per cent of the answers recommended that the boy's father give him a good old-fashioned whipping. About 4 per cent were in favor of sending him to a reformatory, and a somewhat larger number (7 per cent) thought he should be put on juvenile probation. About 1 per cent suggested punishing the boy's parents; the rest—roughly 5 per cent—either favored none of these solutions or had no answer.

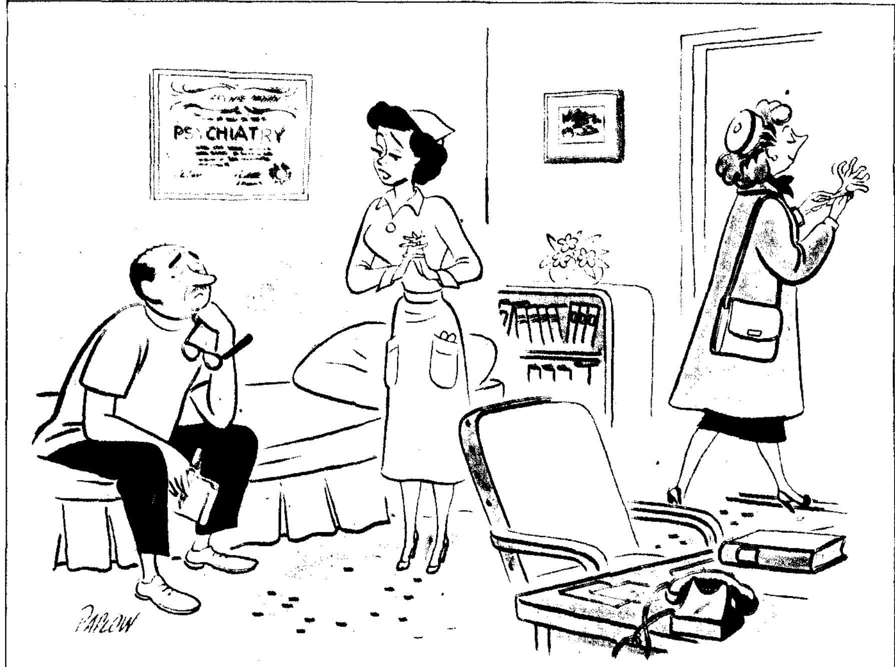
Modern theories have undoubtedly made a substantial penetration into the minds of the people at large. But the public still has some way to go if it is to accept fully the viewpoint that juvenile delinquency often arises from emotional disturbances calling for psychiatric diagnosis and care.

On one important issue, it was found that the people stand far closer to the psychiatrists than much of the press and most of our legislatures and courts. That was on the question of how to treat sex criminals.

The answers to the question *"Which do you think is the best thing to do with sex criminals; send them to a hospital or a jail?"* were surprising because the survey team began its Louisville interviews only a week after a shocking instance of sex crime, involving an attack upon a little girl, had been splashed across local front pages.

Despite this incident, which might have been expected to arouse indignation and a cry for punishment, Louisville's citizens polled three to one in favor of hospitalization rather than jail for sex criminals, thus endorsing the psychiatrists' view that sex crimes evidence a mental aberration requiring treatment rather than punishment.

The manner in which the public's view has gradually changed on this subject is clearly shown when the answers of the respondents are broken down by age groupings. The sixty-five-and-over age bracket split almost fifty-fifty between hospitalization and jailing for the sex criminal.



**"Don't take it so hard, Doctor. Anybody's liable to run into a completely normal, healthy, well-adjusted patient, *sometime!*"**

COLLIER'S BOB PAPLOW

The next oldest group, people in the middle-age bracket between forty-five and sixty-four, showed a substantial shift. They favored hospitalization over jailing by three to two. Younger men, from twenty-five to forty-four, were even more predominantly convinced that sex crimes present a psychiatric problem. They favored hospitalization by three to one. And the youngest group interviewed, men from eighteen to twenty-four, endorsed hospitalization by an overwhelming majority of four to one.

The psychiatric advisers of the Survey Committee had anticipated that a sharp division might be found between parents and childless persons on the question of how to handle sex criminals. They had reasoned that the fear "Suppose this happened to my child?" would express itself in a more punitive attitude on the part of fathers and mothers as compared with the childless.

But when the 4,000 interviews were broken down and analyzed along these lines, only a slight difference could be found between the two groups. Fathers favored jailing by a little more than the average. Mothers, on the other hand, were —much to the surprise of all concerned—slightly more forgiving than even the childless. But all of these groups varied so slightly as to indicate that parenthood does not substantially alter the acceptance of the view that sex criminals require medical attention rather than incarceration.

Variations on a racial basis were similarly notable by their absence. Negroes and whites felt equally strongly that sex criminals should be sent to hospitals. Similarly, almost no difference could be found when responses were broken down by religion.

The one truly significant difference was noted in the various educational groups. Those who had an eighth-grade education or less preferred hospitalization by a majority of barely two to one. Those who had gone to high school endorsed it nearly three-and-a-half to one. Respondents with a college education plumped for it overwhelmingly, almost five to one.

Three of the professional groups—lawyers, clergymen and teachers—endorsed hospitalization by majorities of seven or eight to one, far exceeding the average for the general population. However, physicians (whose views ordinarily would be expected to coincide most closely with the teachings of the psychiatric branch of their profession) were least ready to accept the psychiatrist's viewpoint. They polled a majority in favor of hospitalization slightly higher than that of the general population, but ran well below the three other professions with a vote of only three to one.

The question of facilities for treatment of mental ills was explored in one phase of the survey. Mental hospitals have been under continuous criticism, both by laymen and by the medical profession (and particularly its psychiatric branch) for many years. Often the criticism has centered upon the charge that the hospitals are overcrowded and undermanned.

Louisville's newspapers, from time to time, have printed articles describing overcrowding in Kentucky's four state-operated mental institutions. They have told how these hospitals, with a rated capacity of

**Next Week**

**Are You Smarter Than A College Freshman?**

[TEST ON PAGE 22]

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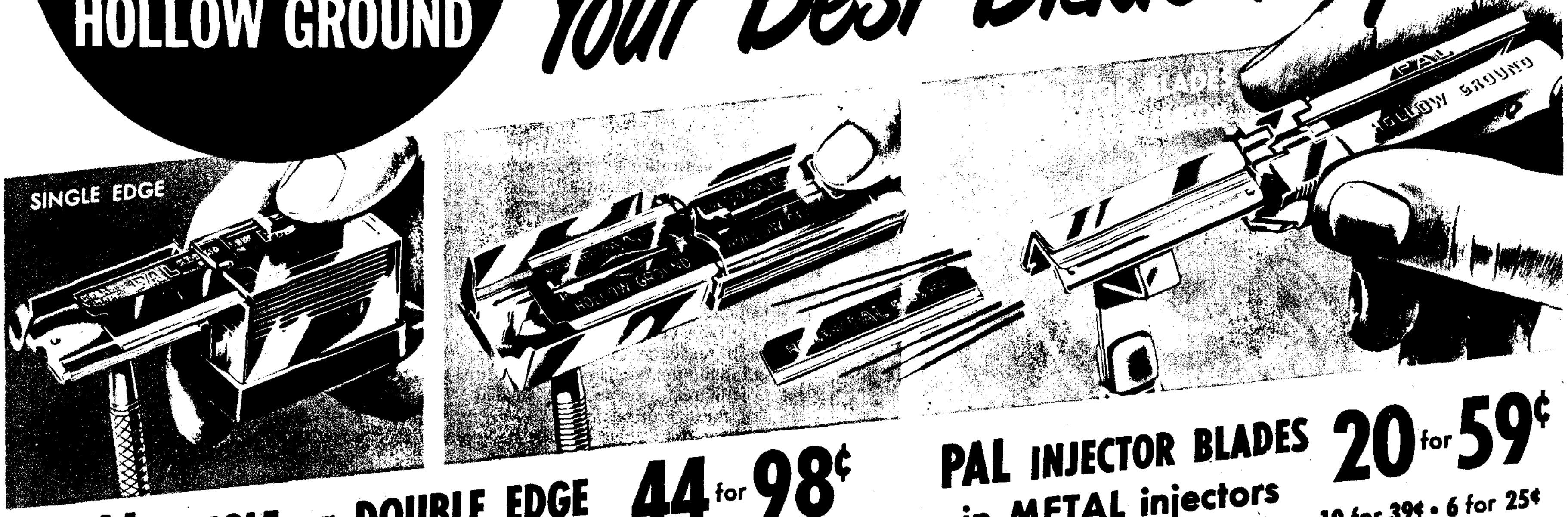

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*See the difference*

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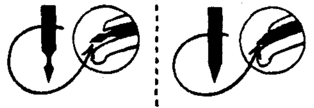

| *flexes in razor* | *rigid in razor* |
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4,777 patients, have been operating, during the last year, with as many as 6,798.

American Psychiatric Association statistics have been cited by the Louisville Courier-Journal indicating that Kentucky is far down the scale among the states in its provision of mental hospital facilities. The national average for mental hospital overcrowding is 16 per cent. Kentucky's hospitals are overcrowded by 42.3 per cent.

In an attempt to discover whether such criticisms have struck home, the Survey Committee introduced the following statement into its interview questionnaires:

*"There are not enough doctors or hospitals in Louisville to give proper care and treatment to all the people who are mentally ill today."*

Asked whether this was true or false, the general public held the statement to be true by a majority of almost three to one. Generally, the respondents with higher education were more critical of available services. About 72 per cent of the college group went along with the statement.

### Fewer Doctors Voted "True"

Nearly two thirds of the lawyers and more than three quarters of the clergymen and the teachers also thought it was true. Although the percentage dropped sharply in the case of the doctors, 52 per cent of them agreed that physicians and hospitals were inadequate to take care of Louisville's needs.

Experience with the mentally ill, or visits to mental hospitals, might have been expected to influence responses to this part of the questionnaire. However, such influence, if any, does not seem to have been great. Respondents who had relatives, friends or acquaintances who had been patients in mental hospitals voted in almost the same proportion as the general public.

The charge that facilities for the mentally ill are inadequate generally is closely linked with the charge that most mental hospitals treat their patients badly. In Louisville, however, this is not widely accepted.

When asked to label as true or false the statement, *"Most hospitals for the mentally ill treat their patients very badly,"* only 22 per cent of the general population group felt the charge was justified. More than twice as many (46 per cent) thought it was false. Nearly one third (32 per cent) either declined to answer or said they did not know.

These ratios prevailed with general consistency throughout all age and education groups. Nor did the respondents who acknowledged having a relative, friend or acquaintance in a mental hospital account for any substantial shift in the ratio.

When the answers of the four professional groups were analyzed, two interesting facts came to light. Doctors, clergymen and teachers all felt, far more strongly than did the public at large, that the charges of ill treatment were unfounded. In each of these groups, the vote—by more than three to one—held that the statement in the questionnaire was false.

Among the lawyers, however, fully one third were ready to support the charge of maltreatment. Only 43 per cent of the lawyers—fewer than among the public at large—labeled the charge false.

The attorneys' opinions in this general field became even more pronounced whenever a question touched closely on court action. One such question had to do with the authority of psychiatrists to decide whether the mentally ill should be put in an asylum.

Such a decision in most states does rest upon the judgment of qualified physicians. The courts, however, have always been careful to hedge this policy with strict safeguards. Before a patient can be committed against his will, he must usually be certified as requiring hospitalization by a board of several medical men. In many jurisdictions, the courts have retained the final judgment for themselves and sometimes refuse to confine a person despite urging by doctors.

There are many reasons which underlie this caution. One of the principal pillars of our Constitution is the provision that no man shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. The American people have always felt it abhorrent to condemn even known criminals except upon a jury's conviction. They have naturally sought to erect numerous safeguards against the misutilization of mental hospitals as a means of imprisonment.

To test the current attitude on this subject, the Collier's-Roper Survey Committee included in its questions the following:

*"The experts themselves often can't agree on whether a man is mentally ill enough to be put in an insane asylum or not. On the whole, do you think this statement is more true than false, or more false than true?"*

By more than five-to-three, the general public held the statement to be true. The teachers and clergymen showed close agreement with this view. The doctors labeled the statement as more true than false by a five-to-four ratio.

The lawyers plumped overwhelmingly for the thesis that the experts could not agree, voting nearly four-to-one in support of the statement. Their opinion unquestionably resulted from their experience with the contradictory testimony of psychiatrists employed by the rival sides in court cases.

It should be pointed out, of course, that these expressions of doubt refer only to the psychiatrist's accuracy in diagnosing severe mental cases. They do not imply a general and all-pervading distrust of psychiatry as a science nor of psychiatrists as a professional group. It is rather to be concluded that the people recognize—as, for that matter, most psychiatrists themselves do—that psychiatry is a young science in which human judgment and human fallibility still play a large part. Although the public accepts psychiatry, it is not uncritical.

In one question, the Survey Committee set out to learn what sort of leaders the people would trust to run mental-health programs. Traditionally, mental hospitals and mental-health programs throughout the country are supervised by specially appointed boards of trustees or overseers.

### A Safeguard for Patients

This custom came into existence, many generations ago, as a safeguard against the abuse of patients. The questionnaire afforded a unique opportunity to find out which qualifications the public felt these trustees should have. The question was:

*"If a city or state government decided to spend a lot of money to help prevent mental illness, which four of the kinds of people on this list would you like to see on the committee that was to decide how to spend the money?"*

In responding, the general population group placed its greatest favor upon the ministry and the medical profession. A priest, minister or rabbi was named by 62 per cent, a family doctor by 60 per cent. Psychiatrists, third on the list, dropped way down to 42 per cent. They were followed by social workers, mothers, juvenile-court judges and mental hygienists, in that order. Businessmen rated eighth, school principals ninth and bankers tenth.

People of all educational levels placed virtually the same six choices at the top of their lists, with only minor changes.

The four professional groups showed a much wider range of choice. The teachers gave their highest ratings to psychiatrists, clergymen, social workers, family doctors, mental hygienists and juvenile-court judges in that order.

The clergy placed their own profession first (as did the general public) and followed with family doctors, psychiatrists, juvenile-court judges, social workers, mental hygienists and businessmen.

The doctors put psychiatrists and family physicians in one-two order; then added businessmen, social workers, juvenile-court judges and the clergy.

First choice of the lawyers fell upon businessmen, with psychiatrists in second place, family doctors third, clergymen fourth and juvenile-court judges fifth. The lawyers, the only group to favor placing bankers on such a board, put them sixth.

Down through the ages the concept has persisted that mental illness is somehow a disgrace—not alone to the sick individual but to his family and friends. To find out whether modern scientific viewpoints have altered that concept, this question was asked:

*"Suppose a member of your family became mentally ill. Do you think you would tell your friends and acquaintances about it just as if he had heart trouble or asthma, or would you try to keep it as quiet as possible?"*

The general population split almost evenly on the question. Women seemed slightly more prone than men to discuss such a problem with their friends. And many younger people, women and men, held that mental illness was no more to be kept secret than any other disease.

Among the professions, clergymen, teachers and physicians split on this question in almost exactly the same ratio as did the general public. Lawyers, however, showed a definite trend of their own. They registered themselves, by more than two to one, as favoring secrecy. Of course, mental illness and mental incompetence vitally affect property rights, and it is assumed the lawyers were influenced by their professional concern with that fact.

Throughout the survey, physicians, clergymen and teachers showed themselves to be in far closer accord with modern psychiatric methods than did the lawyers. Only in the legal profession was there found to be a relatively large measure of distrust of psychiatry.

Nearly 25 per cent of the lawyers proposed punitive treatment for the juvenile delinquent in preference to either psychiatric attention or the change of environment he would get by joining a boys' club. More than 40 per cent of them voted *against* the proposition that it is worth while to get a psychiatrist's help when someone begins to act strangely. More than two thirds of them endorsed secrecy about family mental illness. They departed from the general pattern on such other points as the charge that mental patients were maltreated and the question about the experts' ability to agree on a psychiatric diagnosis.

The viewpoint of the lawyers is worth special consideration because they stand in a position of vital importance regarding future improvements in our mental hospitals. Lawyers constitute the vast majority of our state legislators and municipal and state administrators, the individuals who must plan our mental hospitals and vote the money to support them. Until a greater acceptance of the value of psychiatry is inculcated in the legal profession, progress in improving our mental-treatment facilities may be slowed.

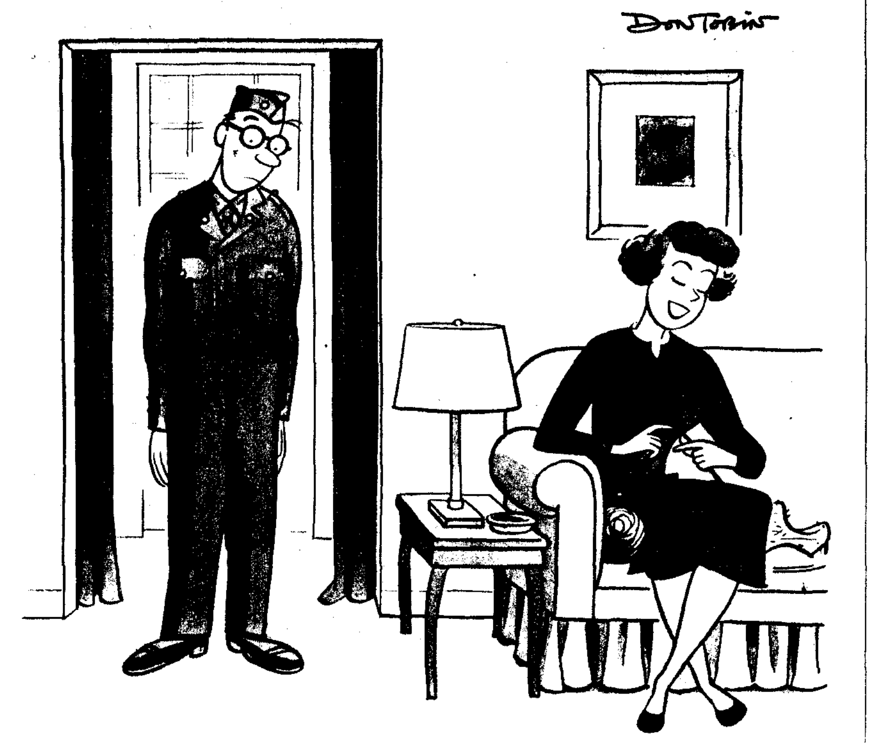
The other three professions interviewed in the survey displayed general sympathy with psychiatry. In particular, doctors were able to recognize descriptions of psychiatric-problem cases for what they were. More than two thirds of them felt that medical attention constituted the first need of Mr. G, the man with the suicidal depression. Nearly as many recommended medical attention after listening to the description of the twenty-year-old schizophrenic girl. On the basic proposition that "it's always worth while to get a psychiatrist's help when someone begins to act queerly or get strange ideas," the doctors endorsed the statement by a majority of more than eleven to one.

While framing the questionnaire, the Survey Committee felt much uncertainty as to the responses that might be expected from the clergy. It was possible, they believed, that ministers, priests and rabbis might regard the teachings of psychiatry as coming into conflict with those of religion. Such, however, proved to be far from the case. On almost every question, clergymen of all faiths strongly supported the generally accepted psychiatric viewpoints. They voted by almost three to one in favor of calling in a psychiatrist for people who "act queerly or get strange ideas."

Teachers, too, followed this same pattern. Their vote on the question of securing the psychiatrist's help, when confronted with people who act queerly, closely approximated that of the ministers. They were almost unanimous in rejecting punitive treatment when confronted with the problem of juvenile delinquency.

The public has demonstrated, through this survey, that it wants both more psychiatric services and better ones. It has expressed an acceptance of psychiatry, but has exhibited a lack of understanding of the need for it in specific cases.

Psychiatry is a relatively young science. Apparently it will take a little more time for its specific techniques to be widely understood and accepted. But the public can look for enlightenment from teachers, clergymen and doctors, and generally from those who have a higher education—for they, in heartening measure, are accepting modern psychiatric theories. THE END



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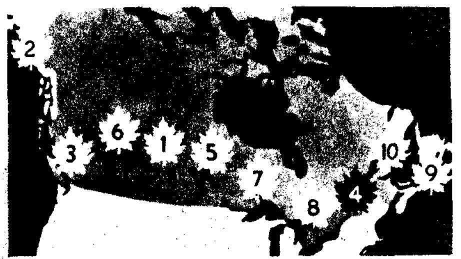
COLLIER'S DON TOBIN



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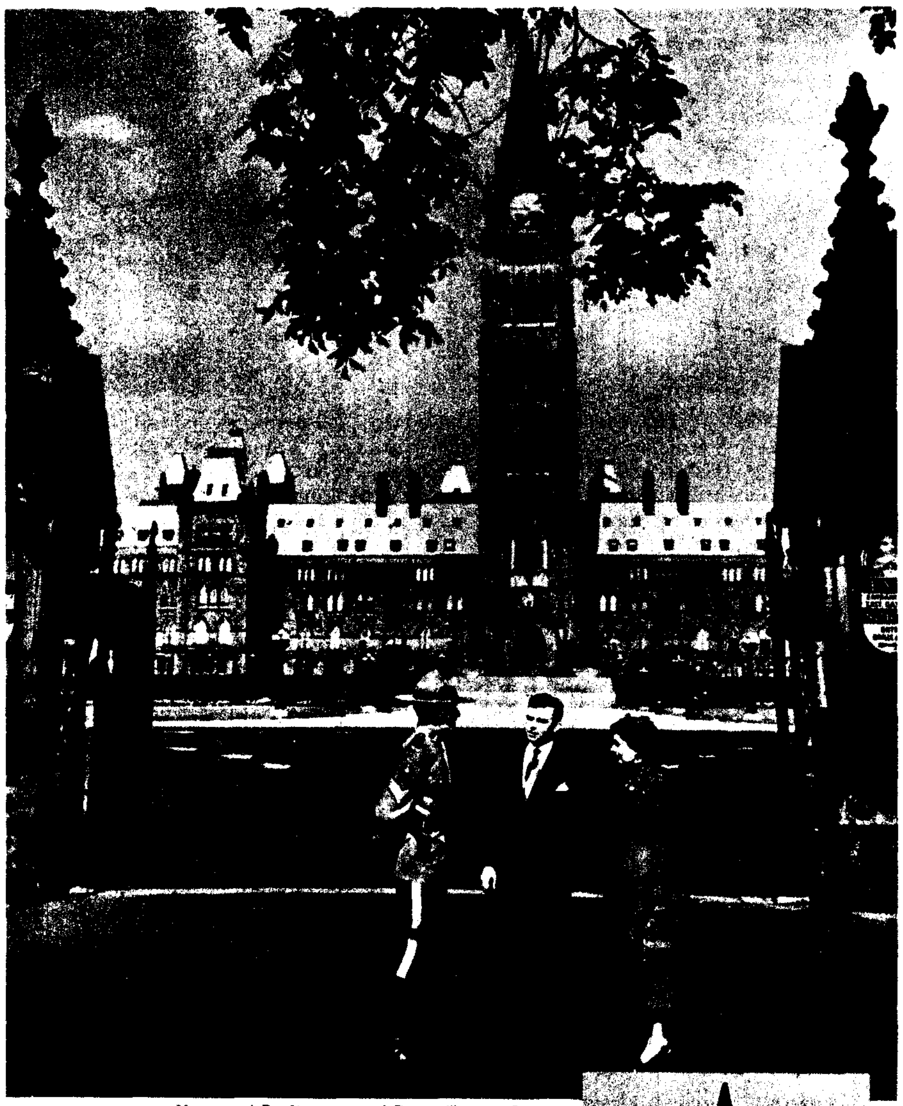

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# Hollywood's Beautiful Bulldozer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

—to find that the sequence had been wrapped up before lunch.

Most of The Young Lovers was filmed outside the studio, a great part of it within the Kabat-Kaiser Institute for the rehabilitation of paralytics at Santa Monica. Much of Not Wanted was filmed on the streets of Los Angeles, both for realism and economy.

Due considerably to Ida's ingenuity, the movie-going public unknowingly has seen large portions of RKO Studios, Filmakers' headquarters, in its productions.

### Saving Money on Scenery

To simulate the large lumber mill which figured prominently in Outrage, Ida just moved the cameras outside and shot against the studio walls from trick angles. The front of the studio's accounting building was made to serve as a school gymnasium in On the Loose, merely by hanging up an appropriate sign.

Visitors in the RKO administration building one day recently found themselves suddenly acting as movie extras. Filmakers had pre-empted the first- and second-floor corridors and connecting stairway to simulate a courthouse for On the Loose. Among the passers-by, en route to their second-floor office, were Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, recently engaged by the studio to produce 60 pictures in five years.

"How do you like that?" Ida exclaimed from the side lines as they went by. "Sixty million dollars' worth of talent in one of *our* pictures!"

Where the conventional film company may be delayed for hours at a time by buzzing airplanes, or for days at a time by annoyances like fog, Ida keeps things rolling by the simple expedient of inserting innocuous script references to such intrusive phenomena. While shooting Outrage, for example, they were beset one day by a wispy fog. Fog played no part in the picture, but smoke might. They thereupon caused one of the actors to insert the following comment into his lines as a particularly heavy patch floated by: "This is a beautiful park to be so near the factory district." Then they proceeded with the day's work, giving the fog no further mind.

RKO technicians, dismantling sets from other pictures, have become accustomed to having Ida frantically flag them down in mid-flight until she can dicker about reusing the sets at cut rates.

"When we go around the lot," she laughs, "people lean out of windows and tap their heads like we were crazy. Maybe we are."

Actually, Filmakers' unconventionality is largely due to a dramatic know-how so extensive that it forges new paths as a matter of course. In Ida, the roots of this savvy go back 300 years, to a time when the Lupinos, one of the great theatrical dynasties, were acrobats and itinerant players in Italy. They migrated to Spain and, in the eighteenth century, to England.

Out of a welter of Lupino acrobats, clowns, actors, dancers and comedians, there evolved in the present era two main family branches, headed by the brothers Henry and George. Henry sired Wallace Lupino, an actor, and Lupino Lane, an English comic who was once in Hollywood.

George was the father of Barry Lupino, a contemporary actor and dancer, Mark, an actor, and Stanley, a leading comedian on the London stage from early in the century until his death in 1942. Stanley, married to Connie Emerald, an English comedienne, had two children: Ida, and her sister, Rita, two years younger. Ida was born in London during a German Zeppelin raid in 1918.

Her father was determined she should have a complete education, but boarding school palled on her so quickly that, at the age of twelve, Ida announced she wanted to go into the movies. Her father scoffed at the idea, and challenged her to get a job. Ida, who looked several years older than she was, tripped down to the British-International Studios at suburban Elstree, talked her way through the gate under the assumed name of Ida Ray, wangled an extra's job, and returned home that night triumphantly waving a pay voucher in her father's face. Within a year she was playing leading roles; she has been in the movies ever since.

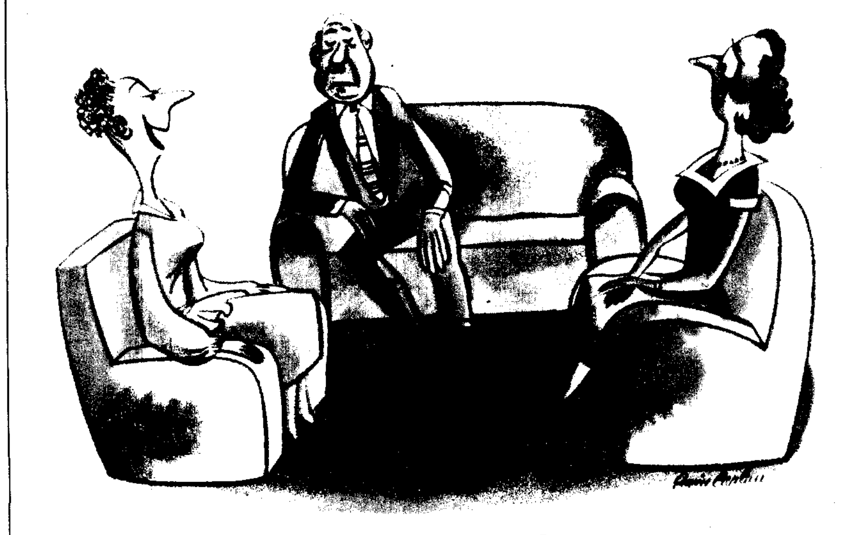
Her coming to Hollywood was a fluke. Paramount Studios, looking for a new face to play Alice in Wonderland, imported her on the strength of some sequences of an English picture in which, as a dual-role stunt, she had slipped out of adult characterization momentarily to play a demure youngster.

When Ida walked into the studio, the people there failed to recognize her. Although only fifteen, she had the demeanor of a mature, sophisticated young woman.

### Signed for Romantic Roles

Paramount quickly reversed its field, gave the Alice part to Charlotte Henry, and signed Ida at $650 a week to play romantic roles in films like Search for Beauty, Ready for Love, Fight for Your Lady, and Artists and Models. After six years—at the age of twenty-one—she was getting $1,750 a week.

Most people would have settled cheerfully for such an honorarium. But with Ida, it aggravated a personal conflict which still plagues her, and which has made her subsequent life a sort of Punch-and-Judy battle of contrasting urges. There are two Idas: Ida, the career girl, and a tired-of-it-all Ida,

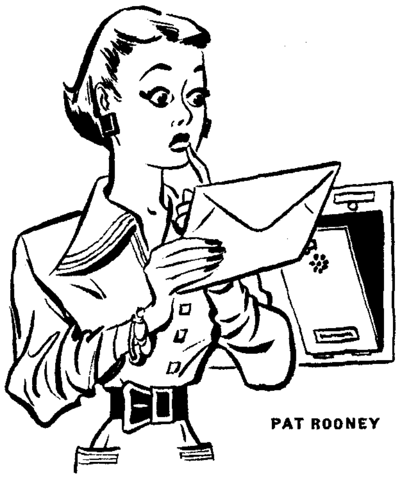


COLLIER'S "He's not asleep. Just ask him to get your hat and coat and see what happens" IRWIN CAPLAN hankering for home, hearth and domesticity. The latter at this point suddenly asserted herself.

"I got tired," Ida says, "of always being a coy thing lounging in a boat, listening to someone sing romantic songs—even at $1,750 a week." She got a release from her contract and quit pictures for a year and a half. In 1938, she married actor Louis Hayward, to whom she had been engaged for three years.

"I was all set to settle down and be domestic," she avers. "But Louis wasn't the kind who liked to paint houses and that sort of thing. He thought I should have a career, so he talked me into getting back into harness again."

Her portrayal of Bessie in the Paramount production of The Light that Failed, her first impressive dramatic part, led the late Mark Hellinger to cast her in the memorable melodrama They Drive by Night, which marked her renaissance as what someone called "a junior Bette Davis."


PAT ROONEY

### Mail Ego

Nothing renders me so small,
So limp and insignificant,
As reaching in my box to find
Some mail addressed to "Occupant."

—BETTY ISLER

The Lupino-Hayward marriage surmounted the separations of war, during which Louis served with the Marines in the Pacific. But on his return, they found their respective film activities keeping them apart more and more.

"The very thing that Louis had advocated, a career, was lousing up our marriage," she observes.

After their divorce in 1945, she again turned her back on the movies; for a year she lived with a friend, Sandra Perry, on a 42-foot yawl at Newport, 30 miles south of Los Angeles.

Then she swung back to acting, returning to a contract at Warner Brothers. There she renewed an acquaintance with Collier Young, an assistant to Jack Warner, who had got into the movie business through literary agency work. Ida and Collier were married in 1948.

Once more the chimera of domestic bliss shimmered before her. By then a naturalized American, with her roots in Hollywood, Ida had an idea, she says, that "Collier would be the businessman in the family and I would settle down and maybe just write a little." Then she adds:

"I guess it just wasn't meant to be."

Young came home one night with the story of Not Wanted, and said there was a chance he could get the financing to film it independently. He proposed that Ida work with him on it.

The creative Ida sparred briefly with the domestic Ida, then scored a knockdown.

"It dawned on me," she says, "that this was the sort of opportunity everybody in Hollywood was always crying for; a chance to make a picture just the way you thought it should be done."

Their scant $156,000 budget allowed for no falderals. They turned their rambling bungalow on the crest of the Hollywood hills into production headquarters. For weeks, day and night, it was the scene of executive conferences, frantic script work, wardrobe fittings and readings by would-be actors. When the word got around that the Youngs intended to make the picture with unknowns, hopefuls streamed to the hilltop.

Ida auditioned some 200 girls for the leading part before finally picking an obscure dancer with no dramatic experience. Her name was Sally Forrest. Keefe Brasselle, who was given the male lead, was an aspirant actor rescued from a job selling trucks. Even John Franco, the Youngs' Mexican-American houseboy, got into the act, contributing some key passages for the score out of his high-school piano studies.

Not Wanted, filmed in 15 days, has grossed over $1,000,000 in the United States, and is expected to top $1,250,000 ultimately. Its success brought offers of further financing from a number of movie quarters. This was the gong for the fourth round of Ida versus Ida.

"At first I said, 'Oh, no—we're not going to get into *that* rat-race again: the house a casting office and all that sort of thing,' " Ida recalls. "But there was an exhilaration to it. We'd been finding new talent, making the pictures we wanted. We said, 'Can we stop, now that we've tasted freedom?' "

The die was cast when she got a letter from Jack Gregory, a physiotherapist at the Kabat-Kaiser Institute whom she had known when she had polio. He urged her to make a picture dramatizing the rehabilitation of paralytics.

Formally organized as The Filmakers, Ida and Collier went to work on The Young Lovers. Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle again were cast in the leads, along with another discovery, Hugh O'Brian, who had been making a living as a gardener. John Franco, the houseboy, wrote two featured musical numbers in it. Again the picture was completed in 15 days—for $153,000, which it is expected to return many times over.

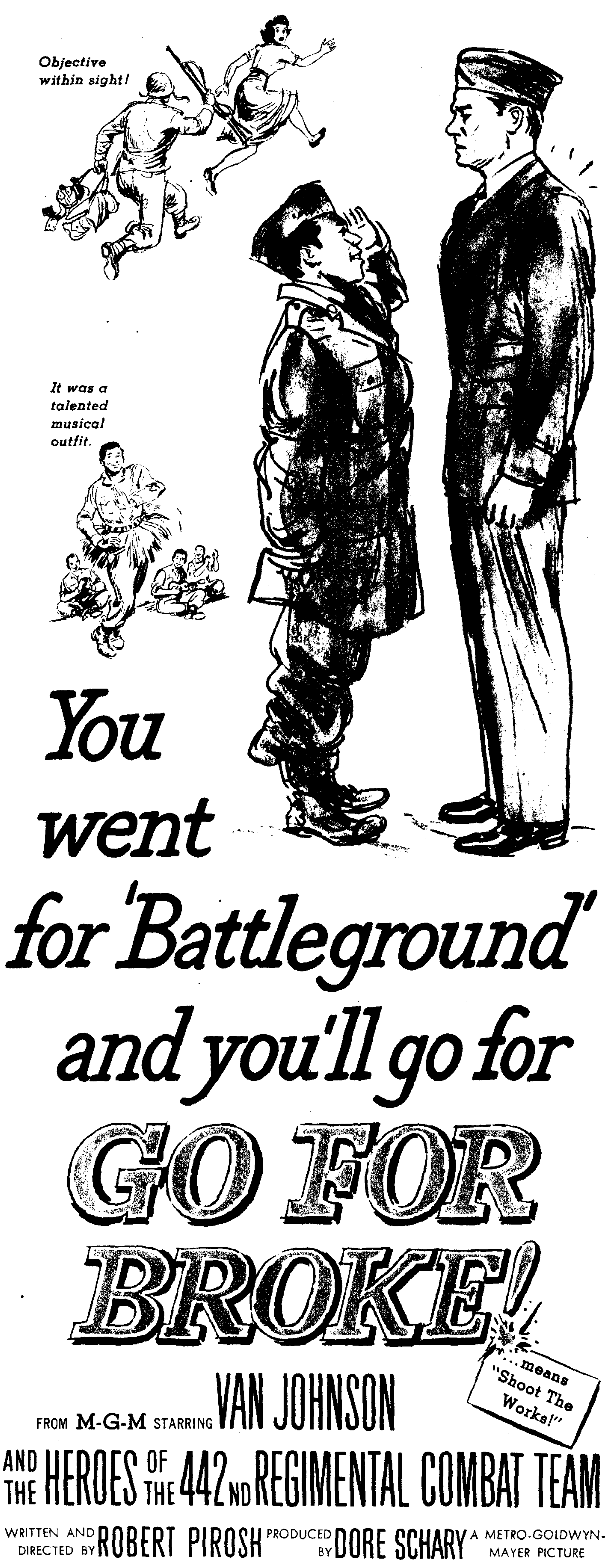
But the production was such a strain that Ida and her husband found that both living and working together was no longer feasible. They were still very fond of each other, but, as Young sums it up, "It's pretty hard to have an argument over a script at five thirty—arguing, as all writers do, rather acidly—and be romantic and husband-and-wifely at six thirty."

The domestic Ida took the count. In September, 1949, the creative Ida moved out of their house to a cottage at Malibu Beach, where she lives with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Beatty, a former comedienne of the English stage. (Ida's mother, who doesn't like the beach, lives in Hollywood with Rita, the younger sister. Rita also has acted, but her main interest is professional dancing.)

Now Ida and Collier are good friends socially, and confine their squabbling to business hours. "Things aren't normal," Collier says, "unless Ida resigns three times on every picture—once before it starts, and twice during production."

On the set, however, Ida constantly amazes the whole company, most of them Hollywood veterans, by her directorial aplomb. This she acquired over the years mainly through assiduous study of the 50-odd pictures she has been in.

"She wasn't one of those actresses who lie down in the dressing room between their own scenes with towels around their heads," comments Archie Stout, Filmakers' di-



Objective within sight!

It was a talented musical outfit.

You went for 'Battleground' and you'll go for

GO FOR BROKE!

..."means "Shoot The Works!"

FROM M-G-M STARRING VAN JOHNSON

AND THE HEROES OF THE 442ND REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT PIROSH PRODUCED BY DORE SCHARY A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

rector of photography, who filmed a number of Ida's vehicles. "She used to watch every scene in every picture."

Stout, who during a quarter of a century in Hollywood has made more than 500 pictures with scores of directors, adds: "Ida has more knowledge of camera angles and lenses and lighting than any director I've ever worked with, with the exception of Victor Fleming. She knows how a woman looks on the screen, and what light that woman should have, probably better than I do. I can make a woman look like velvet. But I can miss the turn of a head or the look of an eye. Ida gets those things."

Exceptionally patient with players, Ida dislikes correcting them publicly, preferring to take them aside for private coaching, and trying to be as undogmatic as possible. "I certainly don't want," she remarked once, "to turn out a whole generation of Lupinos."

Sparked by "Grandma," or "Lupi," as she is alternatively called, an unprecedented degree of camaraderie pervades the Filmakers production units. The technical crew remains largely unchanged from picture to picture, although most of the members could get more lucrative jobs elsewhere.

Technicians frequently pop up with suggestions for money-saving maneuvers, even at the expense of extra pay for themselves—a rare Hollywood occurrence. During the filming of Hard, Fast and Beautiful, a major sequence was finished with only an hour and a half to go before quitting time—normally too little to start on a new "setup." But when the possibility of continuing was mentioned, the crew chorused "Sure!" And with a carload of gear, the company pelted across the lot in what observers described as "a banzai charge" and completed another sequence well before the whistle blew.

On the strength of their first corporate effort, The Young Lovers, Filmakers got an offer from RKO to affiliate their unit with the studio; they now get RKO financing, production facilities and distribution in exchange for half the profits.

### Stars Get M-G-M Contracts

Their policy of finding new talent has been ironically successful. Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle both have been signed to long-term contracts by M-G-M. Hugh O'Brian has been able to give up gardening in favor of free-lancing. Mala Powers, introduced in Outrage, subsequently starred in Cyrano de Bergerac, a Stanley Kramer production. Filmakers promoted Don Weis from script clerk to director; before he could handle a picture for the firm, he was signed as a director by M-G-M. John Franco, the erstwhile houseboy, has become a regular member of The Filmakers production staff, and Ida remarks, "I suppose we'll lose him someday."

"Of course we'd like to keep our finds," she explains. "But that would mean contracts, and soon we'd be just like all the other producers who have to make pictures they aren't excited about because they have a lot of actors eating up overhead."

Nor is she tempted to start splurging on expensive superproductions. "We shudder at the thought of it," she says. "I think these pictures that cost anywhere from $1,000,000 to $4,000,000 are sheer madness these days."

Filmakers has gained momentum to the point where at the moment it is juggling no less than four productions in various stages. Hard, Fast and Beautiful, the tennis picture, is being released currently, with On the Loose scheduled to go out in the summer. Waiting to go before the cameras is Day Without End, an adaptation of The Man, Mel Dinelli's Broadway play about a homicidal vagrant. Meanwhile scripting work is in its early stages on They Spoke to God, based on the actual story of two El Centro, California, men who were kidnaped for several days last winter by a fugitive murderer.

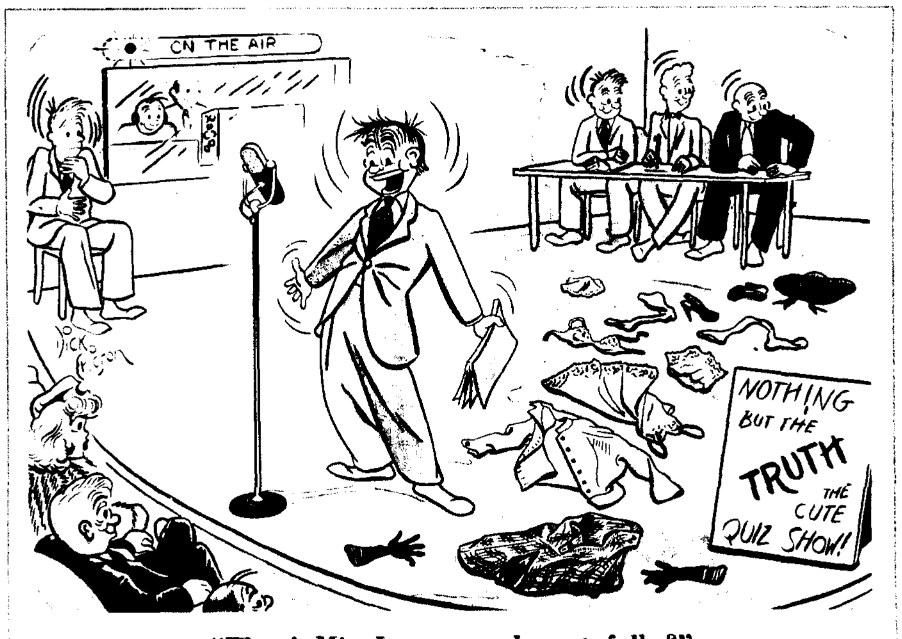
### Her Acting Helps Pay Bills

On Day Without End, Ida is relinquishing the directing reins to Harry Horner, known heretofore in Hollywood as an art director, and she will star in the picture herself. She still wants to do some acting because, in addition to providing variety and keeping her dramatically limber, it helps pay the bills while Filmakers sweats out the returns from its pictures. (Although their productions are excellent money-makers, Ida and Collier have actually received less than $100,000 in net profits thus far, due to the involved economic channels of movie distribution. On the other hand, she commands upward of $75,000 a picture for outside acting jobs.) Ida's last picture outside her own company is the unreleased Mad with Much Heart, made by RKO last year, in which she played a blind girl.

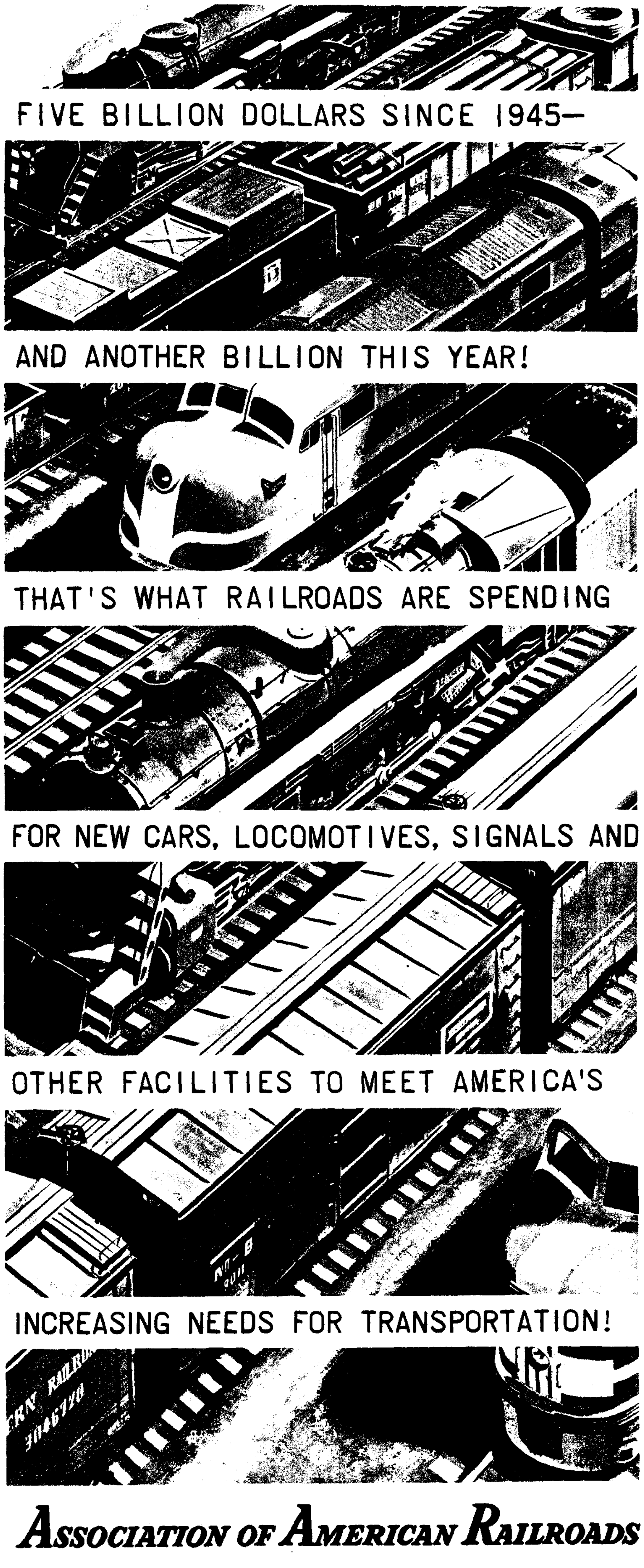
Now that she's established as Hollywood's only female producer-director, and is getting wide recognition for her work, Ida still isn't sure she's got what she wants.

"You feel like something in a cage that people are peering at," she laments. "Even on a date, your escort expects you to talk like an executive—the little woman in the tailored suit and the white collar." Occasionally when the harassments of business pile up, Ida throws up her hands, moans, "Independent film making is the height of self-destruction!" and harks back to her original determination to be domestic.

But the next moment she is waving and weaving her arms and exclaiming: "Let me tell you what I want to try on our next picture. I want to take a hand camera and open on a man walking along a street and follow him up two flights of stairs, step by step. Think of the suspense! It's never been done. . . ." THE END



COLLIER'S "Wasn't Miss Lee a *grand* sport, folks?" DICK ERICSON



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# "Terrible-tempered Judge Barnes"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Old Dealers and New Dealers, labor and management, interventionists and isolationists, Wets and Drys, conflicting racial and religious elements, and friends and foes of most political, social and economic causes. He has earned himself a firm reputation as one of the toughest sentencing judges in criminal cases in the country.

Yet, because of his defense of the constitutional rights of convicts in Illinois state prisons, and the hell he has raised over prison brutalities generally, newspapers and lawyers have named him "the pin-up boy of the Joliet penitentiary."

Judge Barnes has, of course, been called a number of other things in his double decade in the federal courtrooms. But at seventy, he is having the time of his life. By contrast, his first half century appears to him as a somewhat stodgy preliminary.

### Typical Success-Story Start

His Honor was born on March 15, 1881, in western Pennsylvania, when "only my kind of Republicans were being born in that part of the country." He had a typically chore-filled farm boy's childhood, went on to work his way through Geneva College, a strait-laced institution in nearby Beaver Falls, and then through the University of Michigan Law School.

In the fall of 1907, Bachelor of Laws Barnes headed for Chicago with his brand-new degree and found a $10-a-week job as a law clerk.

When his salary reached $15, he married Sara Darr, the Beaver Falls girl he had been sweet on since high school.

For the next 20 years, attorney Barnes could have sat as a model for the American success story. As a specialist in corporation practice he burned enormous amounts of midnight wattage. And with improving fortunes, after World War I, he and Sara moved into a rambling house in Chicago's western suburb of La Grange, and began expanding it to accommodate a growing family of six children. (One son died in childhood. Two—Staff Sergeant Hugh and Private Paul H. Barnes—were killed within six weeks of each other, the winter of 1944-'45 in General Patton's advance into Germany and in the Battle of the Bulge.)

The Barnes income, meanwhile, climbed into the $60,000-a-year bracket in the late 1920s. In 1930, with depression receiverships dropping out of the skies like golden comets, it touched $100,000. Belonging to the right country clubs and beginning to break into the right patron and patroness lists, the Barneses seemed set for an upper-crust life.

Then, one day early in 1931, corporation lawyer Barnes went to see his former partner, United States Senator Otis F. Glenn, to discuss a mutual friend for a vacant federal judgeship.

"Why, that man's sixty-five years old," Glenn protested. "President Hoover simply refuses to make anybody a judge who's past sixty. Besides, John," he added, "I've been planning to sound you out on taking that judgeship."

John went home to discuss it with Sara, and during the week end made so many corny jokes about the affluent Barneses living on a federal judge's $10,000 salary that Sara grew suspicious.

"John Barnes," she said late Sunday evening, "I believe you really want that job. If you do, I can do a lot of managing and we'll make a go of it." Monday morning Senator Glenn had his candidate.

For his first several years on the bench, His Honor was an orthodox jurist. He did, however, acquire local celebrity as a peculiarly tough judge of first-offense prohibition violators. "Probation is no good in liquor cases," he reasoned. "I've got to give jail sentences, because bootlegging offenses are almost fashionable and convicted defendants are not even ashamed."

Like many of his Hoover-appointed colleagues, he was also involved in the war on New Deal legislation. If he stood out, it was chiefly for the saltiness of his denunciatory language. In quick succession he pronounced unconstitutional the National Recovery Act, the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Guffey Coal Act and the Wagner Act. And by the late 1930s, New Dealers were complaining that their federal courts were saddled with a crotchety Tory of doubtful human sympathies. Republicans were rejoicing over their judicial dragon-slayer.

It was not until his eighth year on the bench that the estimable Mr. Barnes blew the top off courtroom decorum with a campaign for the rights of convicts.

In 1939, a teller from a small suburban bank was convicted of embezzling $2,749. Judge Barnes, looking down at the prisoner, suddenly found himself in a state of advanced outrage. He was not angry for the crime, but for the man's predicament.

"If you are going to pay a man a salary of only $90 a month, it is dangerous to let him handle money," Barnes roared at the startled court. "This defendant had to feed, shelter and clothe a family of five on that amount, or steal more. My problem is whether to put him in prison for five years as a deterrent to others, or to place him on probation."

The judge decided on probation. And old comrades of his corporation-lawyer days moaned that John Barnes was sowing discontent among low-salaried white-collar employees and making martyrs of embezzlers, if not actually inciting to thievery.

His Honor still feels the same way toward people who he considers have been victimized by their environment. Commenting recently on the basketball game-fixing scandals in New York, he wrote: "The players are the victims of the system in which they were involved. Commercialize any sport and sooner or later you will find the players making money out of it."

The process of identifying himself with the personal problems of prisoners became habit-forming early in Judge Barnes's federal-court career and he found himself continually faced with questions which, for a professional tough-sentence jurist, were often embarrassing.

### Problems of the Convicted

What happened, for instance, to a man's normal will to live decently when a prison sentence and the social disgrace and humiliation that went with it hit him all at once? What happened to his morale when he was sent to a penitentiary to live under prison discipline among other convicts? What could the law, an individual judge and institutionalized justice do to keep alive the hope of freedom and rehabilitation in convicted men and women?

Midway in the wrestle for answers—and the judge admits he is still wrestling—there landed in the Barnes court the habeas corpus petition of John Bongiorno. Back in 1933, an Illinois court had convicted Bongiorno of the murder of a Chicago cop during a robbery, and sentenced him to 199 years in the Joliet state penitentiary. After a few years there, Bongiorno picked up enough "prison law" from fellow inmates to convince himself that Illinois justice had abused his rights as a citizen.

He convinced himself that he had been wrongfully accused and convicted of murder, because an accomplice shot the policeman after Bongiorno himself had been arrested and disarmed. Furthermore, Bongiorno felt, the 199-year sentence, being for a term longer than his natural life, was a "cruel and unusual punishment," and as

"They made the pants 'too long!'"

It's "Go For Broke!" whether they gamble with dice ...or with their lives!

"Come in. We dance."

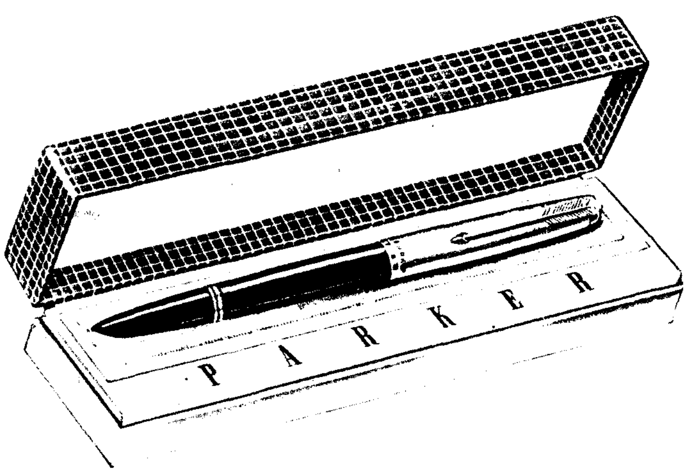
GO FOR BROKE!

...means "Shoot The Works" and they shoot the works with lead and laughter!

FROM M-G-M STARRING VAN JOHNSON

AND THE HEROES OF THE 442ND REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT PIROSH PRODUCED BY DORE SCHARY A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



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such it was prohibited by the United States Constitution's Eighth Amendment.

Eventually, through the prison grapevine, Bongiorno had learned of Judge Barnes's growing concern with the problems of convicts. In 1940 he wrote His Honor a letter requesting that he be released by a federal-court order if his grievances could be substantiated.

Regardless of the merit of his complaints, convict Bongiorno was invoking a process older in English and American law than the Magna Charta and exercising a right which, until the last electric jolt hits his body, no murderer ever loses.

But for two years Bongiorno's letter remained at the penitentiary. Authorities there had a rule that prisoners' habeas corpus petitions must be prepared outside by friends, relatives or competent attorneys. Prison censorship officers refused to pass his communication on.

### Cracking Down on the Warden

Judge Barnes, learning from Bongiorno's son about the letter, reacted with full-throttle Barnesian vehemence. Within 24 hours a court order pried loose the Bongiorno letter from prison files, and Warden Joseph E. Ragen was commanded to bring his prisoner before the Barnes bench.

"Every man in the penitentiary has a right to petition for habeas corpus," His Honor shouted at Warden Ragen. "Mr. Warden, you'll have to take a chance that I'm arranging a jailbreak when I demand uncensored petition and letters."

Warden Ragen made suitable promises, but the incident was not closed. Shortly, His Honor had a Joliet prison chaplain, the Reverend Elegius Weir, in the courtroom for an inquiry into the ethical justice of 199-year sentences.

"I consider it exorbitant, excessive and unfair," was the reply.

The fighting judge heard that convict Bongiorno spent seven days in solitary confinement at Joliet for a relatively minor offense. Suspecting that "solitary" had been administered to discourage other prisoners from exercising their habeas corpus rights, he thundered: "I want to warn Warden Ragen that if he keeps up these badgering tactics, I'll have him in here on a warrant."

The scope of the Barnes crusade rapidly widened. As word went out that Judge Barnes was receiving confidential correspondence on habeas corpus matters, scores and then hundreds of prisoners' petitions and covering letters descended on him. The Barnes courtroom turned into a public forum for exposing the cruelties and brutalities of Illinois prison discipline.

Inevitably the day arrived when Judge Barnes came close to declaring war on the state of Illinois itself. The break-up of the log jam on prisoners' habeas corpus communications, it developed, was less complete than His Honor had supposed. A convict named Charles Raggio, serving a 10-year-to-life sentence for armed robbery, reported that a petition and an explanatory letter addressed to Judge Barnes had been returned to him by the Joliet censorship office on the grounds that they contained criticism of prison officers.

Warden Ragen and Raggio were brought into the Barnes courtroom.

"Mr. Warden," demanded His Honor, "who is your superior officer?"

"Mr. T. P. Sullivan, the state director of Public Safety," Ragen answered.

"I want Mr. Sullivan in my chambers at nine-thirty tomorrow morning," His Honor snapped, "for a conference on these interferences with prisoners' mail. And if this abuse is not stopped from this moment on, I'll have Governor Green in here and get them stopped."

Turning to convict Raggio, Judge Barnes demanded, "What's that you've got in your hand?"

"A letter for Your Honor," Raggio replied. "I was afraid to send it through the mails because of the prison censorship."

"Give it to the warden," His Honor ordered.

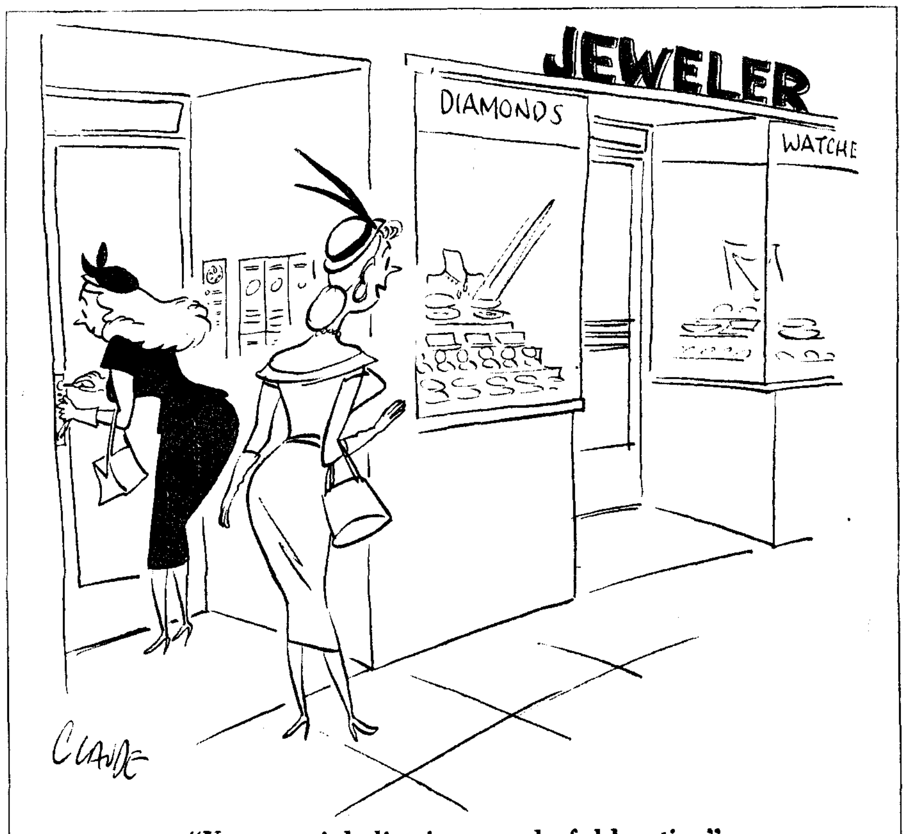
"And now, Mr. Warden," the judge asked sweetly, "what are you going to do with it?"

"Give it to Your Honor," said Ragen, and handed it up.

"Now," said His Honor, "maybe you understand. Anything addressed to me on a paper or a shingle by any inmate of your prison is to come through to me. Can I make it any clearer?"

In the wake of so physical an object lesson, next morning's conference with Public Safety Director Sullivan was chiefly perfunctory, and there was no need to call in Governor Green. Since then Illinois prisoners have had no more trouble getting their habeas corpus petitions through to Judge Barnes or any other federal judge having jurisdiction in their cases.

Observers are still arguing as to how much the Barnes crusade achieved. Bongiorno, who put Barnes on the habeas corpus trail, won nothing specific. Fifteen months after his habeas corpus proceedings started, Judge Barnes denied him his free-



COLLIER'S "You certainly live in a wonderful location" CLAUDE dom. The judge felt that the Illinois law authorizing 199-year sentences was an overcrafty legal device to prevent mere life-term prisoners from applying for parole at the end of their first 20 years in a penitentiary. But this was a personal opinion, he announced in his decision. Too many Illinois court rulings had supported the statute for His Honor to release Bongiorno by declaring it unconstitutional.

Neither did any of the other prisoners over whom the main battle raged win their liberty in the Barnes court. In fact, the Barnes record for "springing" convicts under habeas corpus proceedings is relatively unimpressive. Out of hundreds of petitions for the writ which the judge has received in the eight years since he became conspicuous as a defender of prisoners' rights, only seven convicts have been released as wrongfully imprisoned.

Nevertheless, Judge Barnes went a long way toward helping to preserve the right of habeas corpus petition from insidious destruction in the Illinois prison system. The state of Illinois itself has, to a degree, underwritten Judge Barnes's actions. In August, 1949, its legislature passed a Post-Conviction Review Act which provides convicts with the kind of protection in the state courts which His Honor had been striving to furnish through the federal judicial authority.

Subsequent campaigns for Illinois convicts have caused Judge Barnes to be classed as all things from a professional underdog-fancier to an arbitrary and inconsistent sentimentalist. His Honor takes such accusations in his stride. He is an underdog-fancier, he reasons, simply to the extent that citizens who come to his court for justice often occupy an underdog position in their struggles with modern society. He feels he is inconsistent to the extent that, in changing times, underdogs require protection from different organized forces in differing ways.

This feeling comes out sharply in the Barnes attitude toward rent control. During World War II, His Honor won a reputation as one of the most co-operative judges in the enforcement of all forms of price, wage and rental regulations. After the war, by upholding the rights of landlords to convert apartment houses into co-operatives and shut off light, heat and water from tenants paying less than maintenance-cost rentals, he became the Housing Expediter's mortal enemy.

The judge is equally guilty of a certain apparent conflict in his opinions on labor. In 1935, he held the union-favoring Wagner Act unconstitutional. But in 1942, he "kicked in the teeth" Special Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold's antitrust suit against James C. Petrillo's Musicians' Union. He regarded the action as one of the most dangerous legal moves against organized labor since the twenties.

### On the Side of the Underdog

On the whole, enlistment as an underdog's partisan tends to keep Judge Barnes in a chronically "agin the government" position. Philosophically, he regards government, with its growing powers, state and national, as a force against which the average citizen needs protection. Consequently, district attorneys, lawyers from the Justice Department in Washington, and witnesses from the FBI and the government's various regulatory agencies often, when they come into the Barnes court, lead dangerous lives.

In 1949, George R. McSwain, chief of the Chicago FBI office, with a special Assistant Attorney General from Washington, attempted to withhold government records in Barnes's court. Their case involved habeas corpus proceedings initiated by Roger Touhey, who was serving a 99-year Illinois rap for complicity in the John (Jake the Barber) Factor kidnap case. Judge Barnes sentenced McSwain and the Washington representative for contempt of court.

Since then, the fighting judge has been reversed for this action both by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals and on February 26, 1951, by the Supreme Court in Washington.

But about such technical discomfitures as these His Honor remains almost gaily nonchalant. By his philosophy, in order to get reforms accomplished he sometimes has to stick his neck out. And since the Touhey habeas corpus proceeding is now going through the Illinois courts under the Post-Conviction Review Act, Judge Barnes suspects that he has won his victory where it counts most.

La Grange, Illinois, where the judge lived for 33 years, is still rocking from a Barnes explosion. Several years ago, a delegation came to the Barnes home to ask His Honor's unofficial support for a movement to check increases in the community's Negro population.

"I told them," the judge recalls, "that a few centuries from now probably all their descendants and all my descendants in the United States will have some Negro blood in their veins. And that it depends on how we treat Negroes now what kind of descendants we are going to have."

John Peter Barnes thoroughly enjoyed the resultant hubbub.

### Keeping in Physical Trim

Professionally exuberant, Judge Barnes also has a remarkably energetic private life. Fifteen years ago, at fifty-five, His Honor taught himself to swim expertly. Now, five afternoons a week, regularly as clockwork, he does a smooth eighth of a mile in Chicago's Union League Club swimming pool. After dinner in the modest white-shingled Barnes home in suburban Western Springs, visitors are likely to find the jurist in dungarees—painting, scraping or polishing some piece of early Victorian furniture. Judge Barnes learned the arts of furniture renovation after he was well over sixty. "It's good exercise for an older man," he says.

The Barnes beard is another symbol of his susceptibility to impulse. The judge departed for his 1944 summer vacation, round-jowled and clean-shaven. When he returned in September, the brush came with him, already grown to full luxuriance.

"The two things I've disliked most in life," was his comment in chambers, "are dressing and shaving. Suddenly it dawned on me, I *could* get rid of shaving."

Judge Barnes is not a showman, though. He abhors theatricalism just for its own sake, and is cautious about publicity attendant on court trials. Analyzing the refusal of gambling boss Frank Costello to allow himself to be televised during Senator Kefauver's crime investigations, the bearded jurist decided "it is dangerous to permit judicial or other similar proceedings to be televised or recorded for radio transmission. The proceedings," he said, "tend to become mere spectacles."

The judge finds other ways of enlivening his life and works. And at any moment he is given to reviving his crusading fervor. When a convict, serving a 17-year sentence for stealing a ring worth $1.67, was brought before him not long ago, Barnes bellowed across the bench in a flaming rage: "This is a cruelty worse than anything we know about in the Middle Ages."

Judge John Peter Barnes of the United States District Court is a furious man, but, he feels, a just man; and his deep sense of righteousness has helped preserve him from potential enemies. For even those who have earned his scorn come to realize that he is on the side of the angels.

"He runs the sweetest trials you ever saw," a Chicago newspaperman recently told a young colleague, "and if they're innocent, they get every break the law can give. But if they're guilty, God help them."

Two years ago, the Chicago Bar Association recommended Judge Barnes for promotion to a vacancy on the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. He wanted no part of the post, though. As an admirer noted at the time: "John Peter Barnes would rather be a lonely individualist in command of his own court than an individualist minority on the Lord's supreme tribunal on Judgment Day." THE END

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# Bees—From A to Zzzzzz

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

have to be protected from the "reigning" queen. The workers simply stand in her way so that she cannot get at her "rivals." If she were allowed to, she would tear the queen cells to pieces. If two queens meet, they engage in a furious combat, which ends only when one stings the other to death. Sometimes the workers allow the queens to do this. Sometimes they keep them apart, until one of the queens—usually the old one—is ready to abdicate with a swarm. Nobody knows how they make the decision.

Swarming of bees is a provision of nature as necessary for their survival as laying eggs. Swarming is a way of starting a new colony, and it is as necessary to increase the number of colonies as it is to breed new individuals. Otherwise, although existing colonies might grow very large and prosperous, occasional disasters could ruin them one at a time and eventually all of them would become extinct.

A thriving colony may swarm several times in a summer. Each time a considerable number of the bees go out with a queen to look for a new home. They all surge out of the hive, making a great buzzing noise, and usually terrifying those who see them, except for professional beekeepers, who know that swarming bees rarely sting. They are so full of honey, as provision for the journey, that they cannot easily bend their abdomens into the stinging position.

They usually settle first on a branch of a tree not far from the original hive, hanging on it in a great mass of bees, a foot or more in diameter. Then they send out scouts to look for a suitable place to move to. If a beekeeper takes the swarm, by shaking the bees into a nice, well-prepared hive, they will settle on this as their next abode, even if it is right next door to the original hive. Otherwise, they will follow one of the scouts to some such place as a hollow in a tree.

### A Good Job of Hivekeeping

Once there, they will immediately proceed to make it all shipshape. Bees are exceedingly clean, and they will take away every particle of dust or foreign matter. They also make it quite tight by closing up all cracks except one for the entrance. They do this with "bee glue" or "propolis," a substance which, for once, is not a special secretion, but consists of a gummy exudate from trees, which the bees bring home whenever they have a need for it.

The chief work of the new colony is the immediate construction of large quantities of comb, for storing honey and for "brood"—that is, new larvae. To make this comb they need wax—beeswax. A number of bees form themselves into a row along the top of the hive, hanging by their feet. Other bees come and hang on to these bees, and others below them again, until a sort of wall or curtain of bees is formed. They stay there for some time, outwardly inactive, but busy converting the honey in their stomachs into wax, which exudes from between the scaly plates of their bodies.

Soon, instead of a wall of bees there is a wall of wax, and to this more wax is added in the form of the little six-sided cells. Cells are added on both sides of the foundation wax, and are sloped upward a little so that nectar from the flowers can be placed in them. The cells are beautifully uniform (except for the few queen and drone cells) and the details of their construction are miracles of engineering.

Meanwhile, in the old hive an important thing remains to be done. The young queen must be mated. She comes out of the hive for a few trial flights. In this way she gets to know the ground so as to be able to find her way back, and then sets out on the great flight of her life, the mating flight. Mating of bees can only take place while in flight. While inside the hive, drone bees and the queen pay not the slightest attention to one another. This is probably a provision of nature, to prevent inbreeding. But when the queen comes out and flies, she is immediately pursued by all the drones from her own and neighboring hives.

As a rule, she is not caught by one of them until she is high in the air and out of sight. But, occasionally, the mating of bees takes place near the ground, and those few people who have ever witnessed it report that the drone bee, in the act of mating, seems to explode with an audible pop. At any rate he always dies in the act, and the queen bee comes back to the hive with parts of the male's viscera attached to her abdomen. Worker bees quickly clear these away, and the queen enters the hive to start her career of egg laying, for which she has now stored up within her body something like 4,000,000 sperm cells—more than enough for all the eggs she will ever lay.

When a hive is well started and is running smoothly, something like a regular routine is observed. The various kinds of work are allocated to particular bees according to their age. The first part of a bee's life, after it emerges from the pupal cell, is spent as a "house" bee, after which it passes a few days at the entrance, as a "guard" bee, and then graduates to outside work, gathering nectar and pollen from the flowers, or other duties as the state of the hive may require.

For the first day or so after emerging, a young bee's duties seem to be no more onerous than staying around over the "brood"—that is, the eggs and larvae in their cells. This gives the youngster a chance to get steady on its legs, and also, since nothing is wasted in a beehive, it helps to keep the brood warm, from the bodily heat of the young bees. Soon the new bee is cleaning up brood cells. After the third day, it begins to act as nurse bee, feeding the older larvae with bee bread, taken from store in some of the cells in the comb. By the sixth day the glands that secrete royal jelly have grown, and the duties change to feeding young larvae and queen larvae. After about a week of doing this, the wax glands have their turn to develop, and work on comb is the order of the day, also with the "sanitary squad"—carrying out refuse and generally tidying up the hive.

There may be a few trial flights at this period of life. Days 18 to 20, roughly speaking, involve duties as a guard bee, and more trial flights, learning the neighborhood of the hive. From day 21 on (again roughly speaking), it becomes an outside bee. The duties include fetching pollen, or nectar, or water, or perhaps gum for propolis, but it is not certain whether these are done in any particular order.

At the height of the flower season the bees are so terribly busy bringing in nectar that they seem to wear themselves out and die in a few weeks. Bees born later in the season live through the winter. They have honey for provisions, they close up all cracks in the hive, except for a narrow entrance, and gather together in a tight ball. Bees cannot stand cold, but the heat of their bodies keeps the temperature as high as 50 degrees Fahrenheit, cool for a living room but well above freezing.

### Queen Would Be Last to Die

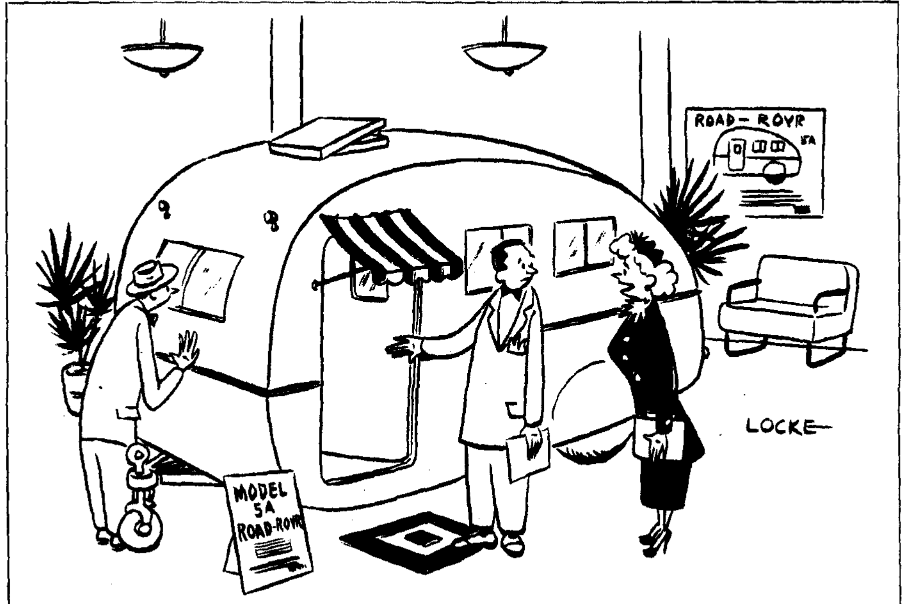
They like to go out of the hive for short flights occasionally on fine days during the winter. They void their feces during these flights. (Only the queen, and the lazy drones, void feces in the hive, and these are taken care of by the sanitary squad.) Some of the bees may die—in a severe winter, many of them—but they take care to feed the queen and keep her warm, and she would be the last to die.

With reasonable luck and fair conditions, enough bees survive to start the work of the colony again in the spring, bringing in nectar as soon as any is available, and raising brood rapidly so that, by the time the season is well under way, there is ample force to bring in enormous supplies of nectar, send out several swarms and still have a strong colony with plenty of supplies to get through the next winter. Such is the cycle of life of the honeybee, and such it has been for millions of years.

A bee flies in a beeline, as its name implies, when it is going back to the hive. It flies at 12 to 15 miles per hour. It finds its way to the hive by sight, by remembering the appearance of the surroundings. When a bee is visiting, say white clover, it goes *only* to white-clover flowers. This is of great importance to the flowers, for it means that they get fertilized properly, with their own pollen. Other insects, such as beetles, go indiscriminately among all kinds of flowers, and are nowhere near such good pollinators.

Bees recognize flowers by color. This has been established scientifically by offering them honey, or sugar in water, on cards of various colors; they look for another card of the same color as one on which they have already found food. Experiments like this have shown that bees have good color discrimination, but not the same as ours. They do not see red as a color, but on the other hand they are sensitive to rays in the spectrum, beyond the violet, that mean nothing to us.

The late Dr. Frank E. Lutz, of the American Museum of Natural History, took pictures of flowers with a special camera



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designed to be sensitive to light in the same way as a bee's eye. All red flowers are simply dark to such a camera—as they are to a bee; but on the other hand, the common black-eyed Susan has, to a bee, a striking pattern on the tips of its petals, although this is invisible to us.

When a bee finds a new source of nectar, it is able to "tell" the other bees, somehow or other, where the new flowers are to be found. Painstaking experiments, involving marking bees with little drops of paint and watching them, and also observation hives with glass sides, have given some information on how this is done.

A bee that has just come back with a new discovery does a funny little "dance" over the comb, and the exact shape of this dance tells the other bees the route to follow. A circular dance means "flowers at less than 100 yards." If the distance is greater than 100 yards, the bee dances in a figure eight, wagging its abdomen madly, and indicating by the number of wags how far to go. Presumably the aroma that the bee itself carries tells the others what kind of flowers they are to expect; and, in the figure eight dance, the direction of the run (angle with the vertical on the comb) tells the direction of the flowers (by the angle with the direction of the sun).

A returning field bee gives its nectar to a house bee, who places it in a cell in the honeycomb. There it gradually "ripens" into honey. Honey is thicker than nectar; one third or more of its water content has been evaporated off, and various chemical changes have taken place, induced by enzymes, which are small quantities of chemical substances provided by the bees. A pound of honey represents about 37,000 trips by bees carrying nectar. If the bees are lucky enough to have a source of nectar near the hive, each trip may be very short; but they are quite capable of working a mile or two from the hive, sometimes several miles.

### Some Statistics on Honey

A pound of honey can be taken as representing 50,000 bee-miles, round trip, or a distance equivalent to traveling twice around the world. A good hive in a good season can easily yield 50 pounds of honey, sometimes 100 pounds, or even more. The annual honey crop for the United States, all sections, is more than 100,000 tons, plus approximately 2,000 tons of beeswax. These figures do not include the large but unknown amounts of both collected by wild bees.

Honeybees are raised in all parts of this country, and from Canada to the tropics. There are even migratory beekeepers who pack their hives on trucks and move with them every so often, starting in the South in early spring and following the season North. Each region prides itself on the flavor of its own honey, according to the prevalent source of nectar: alfalfa in the West, clover in the Midwest and buckwheat in certain parts of the East.

Good bees seem to live only for bringing in nectar and turning it into honey. Occasionally there are bad bees, who have found that it is easier to rob the honey from another hive! Beekeepers say that they can recognize robber bees by the furtive air with which they hang around the entrance to a hive, looking for an opportunity to slip past the guard bees. Once inside, they probably will not be challenged, and they fill up with honey and take the load back to their own hive. Then they always come back for more, for robbing is a habit. What's more, it is catching.

### Battle Royal in the Apiary

Other bees from other hives will go out robbing, while each hive will fight furiously to protect its own honey. Soon the whole apiary will be in an uproar, and the bees will so far depart from their usual calm demeanor as to sting one another and everything in sight.

There are various strains of honeybees that differ in their stinging propensity and in other ways. Honeybees are not native to this country, but were introduced by the early settlers, who brought with them the German, or Dutch, bee. These bees are dark in color, and are usually very "cross," or ready to sting. Other strains have been imported, but not all of them have been improvements. According to reputation, Cyprian bees sting oftenest, and Syrians the most painfully. Carniolans (from Yugoslavia) and Caucasians are very gentle bees, but the Carniolans swarm so much that few of them are left at the end of a season. And Caucasians use so much bee glue that the hive is all stuck up with it.

Beekeepers have settled on the Italian bee as possessing the best combination of qualities. They are generally good-tempered, and they are very energetic honey makers. Indeed, some keepers complain that they are so keen on getting honey that they often take to robbing, but at least they repel robbers from their own hives vigorously. They are also very pretty to look at, with bright-yellow bands around the abdomen. A fine Italian queen will raise a brood of beautiful worker bees, and even beautiful drones. The beekeeper will become very attached to her and to her offspring, for they are gentle, hard-working and efficient.

That's about everything we know about bees. And if all this has led you to think, "By golly, they're darned near human," maybe you'd best reconsider. Things being the way they are today, the idea may be insulting—to the bee, that is. THE END

## *The Men of the House*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

expenses several years old. Two of the entries were for Bear, when he was born. Worth a thousand times more than that, Harry thought, and he shoved the lists back into place. Underneath, carefully folded, was his athletic sweater, and underneath that, carefully folded in tissue paper, lay Margaret's first party dress.

That was before he had known her. But he knew how she must have looked, even then—a medium-sized girl with pale-brown hair and long legs and a sweet mouth. He smiled. The dress was of pale-blue silk with tiny pink rosebuds on it. Holding it in his hands, he felt a rush of emotion come over him. He was going to buy her a corsage and take her out for dinner to the best place in town. This week had been longer than he had imagined it could be.

He was going through the old National Geographics when he heard a shout from the kitchen. He ran downstairs. The Judge was standing in the kitchen. He was a big old man with bright blue eyes and a beard, a wise old man, still as shy as a boy. He held in either hand the parts of a broken plate. There was an expression of amazement and guilt on his face.

"Is it the good stuff? The crown jewels?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," the Judge said. He held the parts of the plate together and looked at the mark on the back. "Spode," he said in a gloomy voice.

"That does it, Judge," Harry said.

Bear padded out to the kitchen and surveyed the scene with an expression of scorn and worry. The three of them stood in helpless silence.

"It couldn't have been one of the old kitchen dishes," Harry said.

"I'll—I'll break it to her, my boy," the Judge said. "After all, she's my own daughter, and she ought to treat me with some

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leniency, considering all the times I was lenient with her."

"Like when?" Harry asked. Actually, *there were all those* years before he had known Margaret, about which he knew very, very little. Until now he had not thought to ask about that time, but now, strangely, he wanted any information about her that would make him know her better.

"Well," the Judge said, "there was the time she flunked Latin. And she was always selling the flowers out of her mother's garden. And then her mother and I had to endure her adolescence, and that was something, Harry. You wait till Bear goes through that. One minute they're happy and the next minute you think they're going to commit suicide. It wears on the nerves."

"Women! I'd just as soon eat off paper plates. She'll never rest until she gets back what's busted. There's a chance she may even refuse to feed us until then, Judge."

"She'll kill us," Bear said.

"Go get dressed, Bear," Harry said, giving him a little push. "Hurry now, and we'll get some breakfast for you. You can help clear up the mess in the living room."

BEAR *said something inaudible* which sounded obscene, and rolled off toward his room. Harry and the Judge agreed to put the broken plates away so that Margaret would not notice immediately, and they could choose the opportune moment for telling her. Very carefully and piously, they finished the dishes and scrubbed the sink and made a great business of polishing the chrome water faucets until they shone. They stuffed the old ice-cream cartons and frozen-food boxes into the garbage can, out of sight. The kitchen had, if only on the surface, a pleasant appearance of order and cleanliness.

"There!" They both sighed with satisfaction.

"I wonder what Bear's doing," Harry said, and he rushed upstairs. It was no mean task to keep an eye on Bear, and sometimes he took to drawing pictures on the walls with colored crayons. Other times he had put his head in the toilet and blown bubbles, and once, only a few days ago, he had broken into the liquor closet, and was about *to drink gin from the bottle* when the Judge had come upon him. Whenever he was quiet like this, there was danger. Maybe now he was planning to burn down the house.

He was not in his room, though he had made a manly effort to make his bed—the lumps of his toy cars and guns showed like little mountains under the cowboy bedspread. Harry called him, but there was no answer. He went into the big bedroom and heard him sniffing under Margaret's bed. Harry crouched down and looked at him huddled there like a little puppy, blinking his eyes and rubbing his dirty nose. He wore his old play clothes, the ones he had been wearing most of the week, and he was holding one of Margaret's bedroom slippers, the old ones with the pink feathers, in his hand. He had not combed his hair, and he said he was hungry.

"What're you doing under there if you're so hungry?" Harry asked.

"It stinks," Bear said. "Downstairs it stinks awful."

The living room was full of stale cigarette smoke and the odor of beer from the party last night. It smelled like the locker room at the golf club, Harry had to admit. "You're right, Bear. C'mon down and eat your breakfast. It's all ready for you in the kitchen."

"No," Bear said stubbornly. "It stinks." Then he began to cry, not roaring, prehistoric bellows as usual, but a kind of oldman's weary, defeated crying. "She—she don't remember us at all. I know she—I bet she won't come back."

"Aah, now," Harry said, stroking Bear's dirty hand. "She'll be back at seven o'clock tonight for sure. You'll see. Before you go to bed tonight, she'll be here. I promise, son."

"No," Bear insisted.

"You remember when she went to Chicago that time? She brought you the lariat —remember?"

"No," Bear insisted.

Harry stood up, thinking. Margaret had seemed calm enough when she left the three of them, as though she were sure they could manage very well *without* her. Her old aunt wanted to see her, and she had gone, but now he could see that the whole house crumbled without her.

He went over and stood by her dressing table, always so orderly, where an array of little boxes and crystal bottles glittered. He opened one and went back to Bear, who still huddled under his mother's bed as though to seek protection and warmth from a cold and dangerous world. He sprinkled a little of the cologne on Bear's hand and on his wet cheek. Bear looked at him in deep wonder. It was a moment in which both of them understood each other. In years to come they might lose each other, but at least for this single moment they came face to face, neither time nor worldly experience a barrier between them.

"Feel better, Bear?"

"Sure." Bear smiled weakly.

Harry drew the little boy out from under the bed and *carried him* downstairs *like* a big baby, though for over a year now Bear had refused to sit in anyone's lap or to permit himself to be carried or consoled if he fell down, or to be kissed in public, even by his mother. "Poor old lonely boy," Harry murmured to him. "I know how you feel. You're going to grow up to be a fierce old man if you don't find yourself a likely wench." He patted Bear's solid little bottom, and Bear kissed Harry's cheek in a quick, wet kiss, gripping him with his hard little arms.

THE three of them approached the living room with a sense of organized attack and teamwork. Bear picked up bottle caps, poker chips, cigarette butts, ash trays and bits of paper, and made dozens of trips to the kitchen garbage can. The Judge went over the floor with the vacuum cleaner, singing Old Man River and Onward, Christian Soldiers! in an off-key bathroom tenor. Harry put away the card tables, straightened the pictures and dusted the furniture, *going over even the rungs of chairs and* the mirror above the dining-room buffet. Whenever he sensed that his crew was daydreaming or lagging, he shouted football signals or Army marching routines.

Now and then they all took a breather and ate an apple or munched on cold sardine sandwiches, and recalled the glories of the past. The Judge, who was never encouraged to discuss law in front of any of the women in his family, boldly analyzed the extensive case of Randolph v. Randolph, a particularly juicy bit of jurisprudence about which he had had no opportunity to speak in the past six or seven years. His face glowed.

Harry, who was not permitted to recall past football glory at the dinner table, now discussed in great detail the 1937 Purdue game. Bear, who had only a small past and who hated to listen as an outsider, refreshed their minds about an alligator named Alice *in the zoo*, a special friend of his whose talents were a miracle of his imagination. "Alice wears diapers, and she lisps," he offered solemnly, taking his fourth sardine sandwich and a fistful of dill pickles. He was living high, and had a forewarning that such living was about to end for him. A little later, he said, "Alice wears perfume."

"Do you lie, Bear?" the Judge asked. "Or is it positively true, without equivocation that Alice wears perfume?"

"I want my mother," Bear said, and turned his back on them.

"His mother was just like that. Stubborn," the Judge said, surveying Bear's small, manly back. "She used to have a friend named Little Jane Masterson. She said she was an ostrich. No matter what we said to her, Margaret insisted."

Harry laughed. He could imagine the little girl, Margaret, teasing her father. The Judge was a realist, and Margaret, going about in her short dimity dresses, hand in

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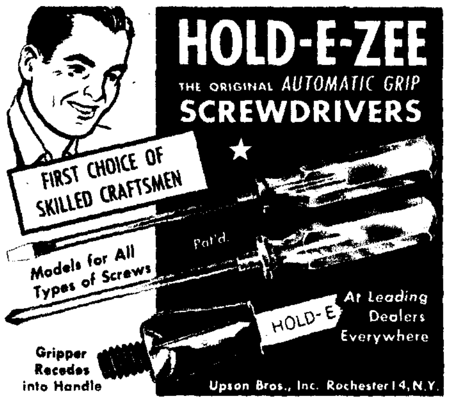
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hand with an imaginary ostrich, must surely have driven the Judge to drink.

They laughed together about Margaret, and Harry felt the beginnings of wonder, as though Margaret were a miracle of delight, especially created for him. "Oh, she's stubborn, all right. And she has a real temper." Even so, he laughed as he said it. At the moment, he could not recall any of their serious fights or hard times, or even remember with anything less than nostalgia the little, cramped apartment above the bakery, where they had had to go through the bathroom to get to the living room and where the family downstairs had cooked with garlic that made even the sheets smell. Everything about his life with Margaret pleased him. He had forgotten about cleaning the attic.

The three of them took showers and got dressed. They walked from room to room, borrowing socks and ties and shouting back and forth. Bear wore one of his father's old red silk ties, his favorite, with an egg spot over the knot. It hung out of his blue tweed jacket, but it seemed the grandest tie for the occasion. He walked around admiring it. He also wore some of his mother's nail polish, Hot Pepper, on his toenails.

Harry cleaned his nails and put hair oil on his cowlick. The Judge, capricious and eccentric as always, dabbed his beard with rose water and turned up with a burly walking stick he had used ten years before when he broke his ankle sliding with his youngest daughter down one of the town's more dangerous hills. Each in turn inspected the other sternly. Then, arm in arm, they got into the car and drove over the rough back road toward the airport, arriving a good hour before the plane was scheduled to arrive. They felt as though it were the Fourth of July.

They stood beyond the wire fence, Bear, in the middle, holding the roll of lime Life Savers he had bought for her. Harry had a cellophane box with a single gardenia nestled in green paper. The Judge secretly twirled a twenty-dollar bill about his finger in his pocket. It was the sum he knew from experience she would have overdrawn from her travel budget. They watched the planes come and go, and when at last her plane landed and they saw her in the crowd, all three of them straightened their ties.

She came toward them, small and elegant in her black suit, with her fur jacket over her arm. When she saw them, she ran a little, and they pushed through the wire gate, gathering her to them.

"Papa," she said, and kissed him. Bear pulled at her skirt.

"Darling," she said, and put her arms around Harry. He looked her full in the eyes, smiling slightly, and his hands pulled her toward him. He did not kiss her but held her against his heart. Had it been only a week? Surely it was more than that. An age.

"We broke *all* the dishes," Bear the betrayer shouted. "We smashed a window. Uncle Buck got drunk and was sick on the rug. I stayed up till two in the morning, Mama!"

She was not beautiful, but she was happy and loved, and they claimed her, each in his own way. She took their gifts and allowed Bear to muss her hair and her veil, and all the time Harry held her arm tightly. They escorted her to the car with delight and care, talking of everything at once, leaning toward her for her attention.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I'd forgotten there were so many of you—all so big and noisy."

"It stinks!" Bear said, butting his head into her side.

IN THIS moment, Harry was jealous. He wished he had come to the plane alone, but he reproached himself for having such a childish feeling. Then, as he helped Margaret into the car, he turned her face and looked into her eyes. She showed surprise at his manner. Then he kissed her as though he had never kissed her before. Her lips were light and sweet and grew quickly warm against his, and she laughed a little in understanding.

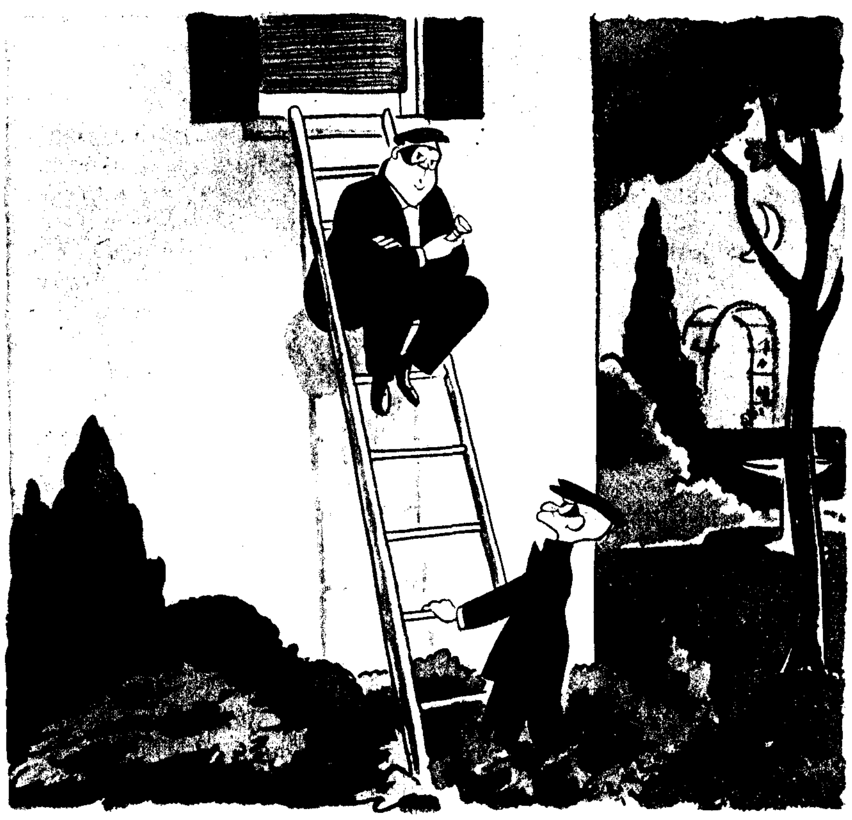
"Sit back here with me, Bear," the Judge said.

"It stinks!" Bear shouted in defiance, but he surrendered to the inevitable, meeting his father's eyes with a look of solemn, long-enduring accusation.

Harry would talk about the broken dishes and the attic and the money he had lost at poker another time, but for tonight none of that was going to exist. The Judge dozed a little. Bear ate his mother's lime Life Savers. Harry drove carefully, his arm around her shoulders, listening to her beloved chatter and laughing now and then for no reason at all.

THE END

## BUTCH



"I didn't neither get cold feet. Somebody's puttin' on a nightie—if you must know"

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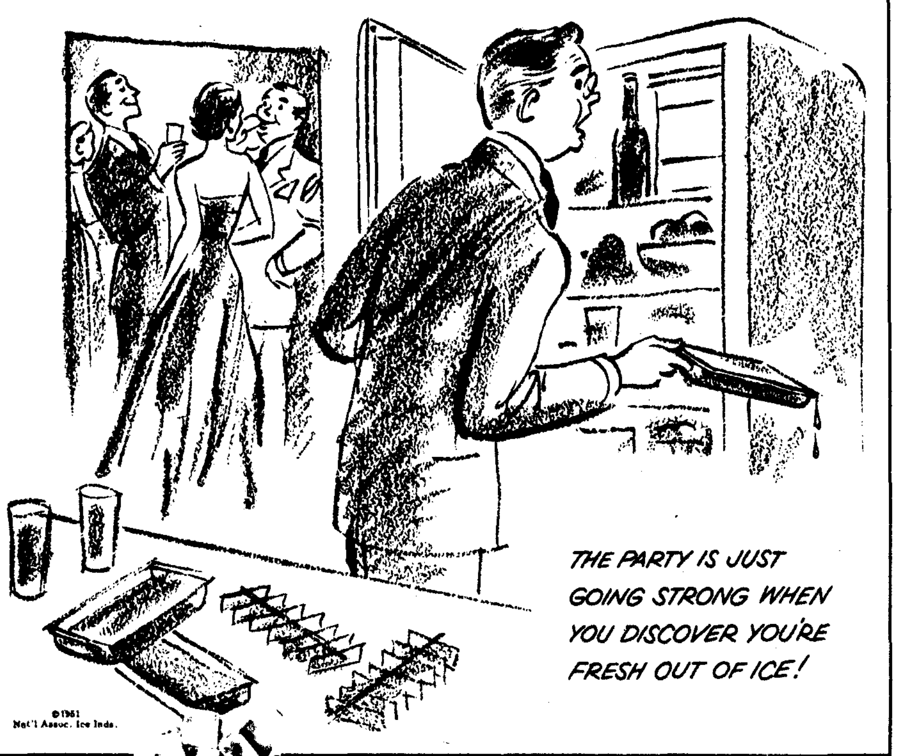
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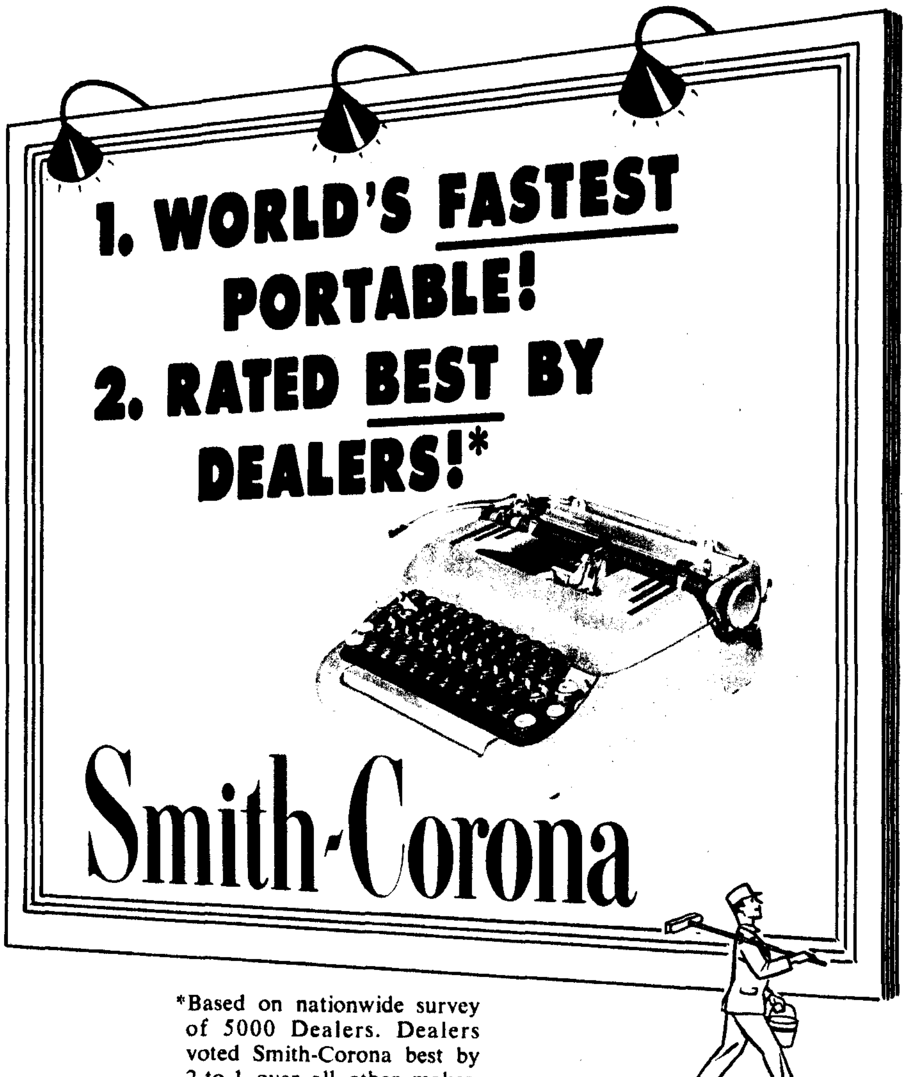
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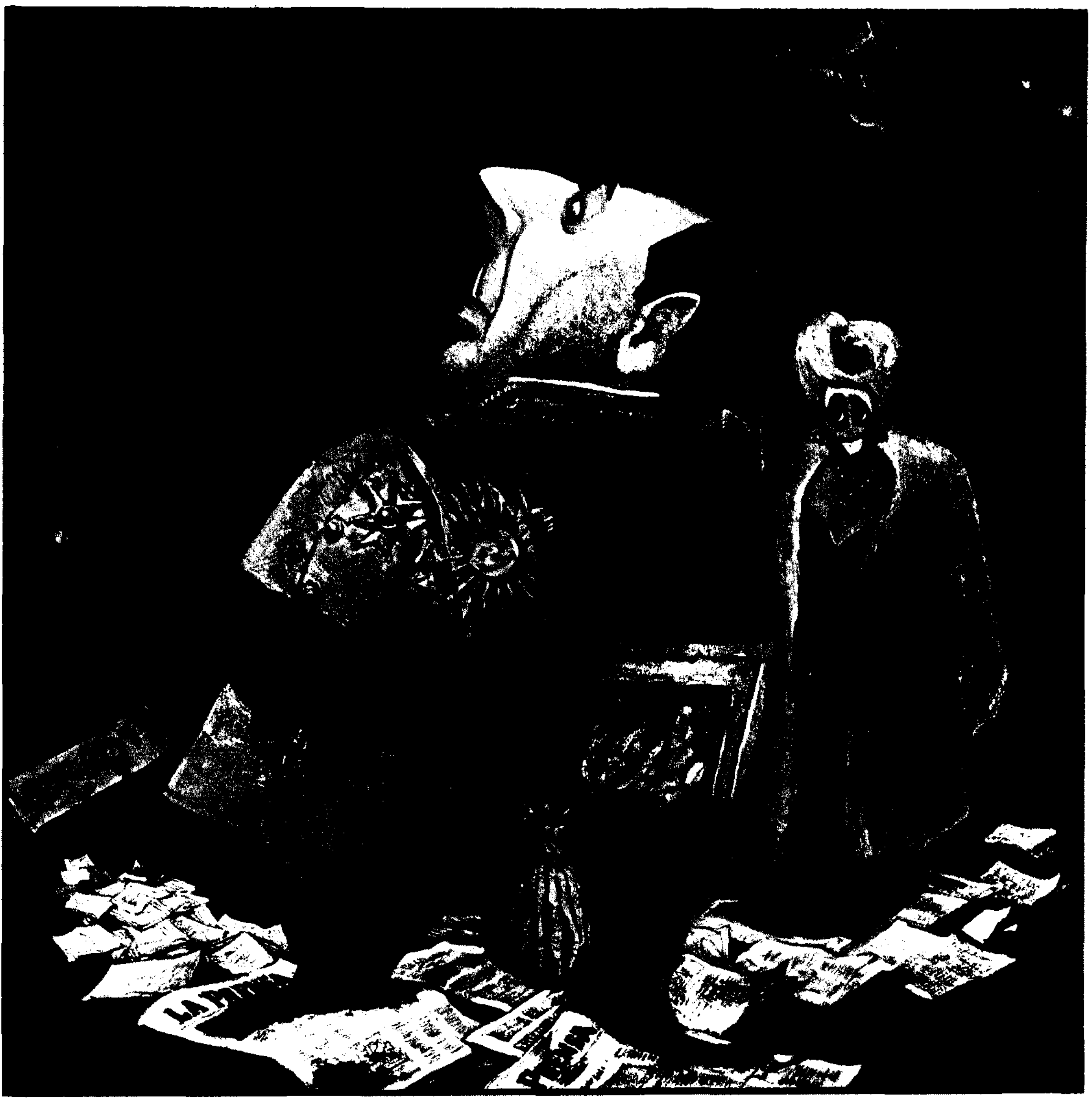


SAM BERMAN

# Throw Perón Out

FROM NEARLY EVERY COUNTRY where a free press exists there have come denunciations of General Juan Domingo Perón's outrageous action in closing the illustrious newspaper La Prensa. This vigorous reaction has made us proud of our profession. But it seems to us that the most insidious aspect of the affair has been underemphasized. For the death of La Prensa means that the poisonous seed of European Fascism, which Perón planted in the Western Hemisphere six years ago, has now attained its full and noxious growth in Argentina. It also means that Perón has dropped the mask of respectability and revealed himself for what he really is: a bush-league Mussolini.

Perón could not endure the existence of independent newspapers in Argentina. No dictator can tolerate a free press. Truthful objective journalism was one of the first targets of Mussolini and Hitler. (Russia did not have a free press under the czars, and the Communists, of course, did not create one.) So Perón moved quickly to take control of the lesser papers soon after he came into power. Some he closed. Others were reduced to subservience by government intimidation. Still others passed into the hands of the Peronistas. The dictator's blond and ambitious wife, Señora Evita, is the boss lady of two of them. The rest are run by assorted party toadies. La Nación, which was next in importance to La Prensa, is being subjected to increasing "union" pressure as this is being written. The prognosis is not hopeful.

But La Prensa was a special problem, because La Prensa was an institution as well as a newspaper. It was famous, at least in the field of journalism, throughout the world. And it was respected by its readers as a model of responsible, impartial, complete and accurate news coverage. Its editorials, calm, dignified and just, were written, as someone once said, with the scrupulous care of a Supreme Court decision.

Surely no proprietors ever took more seriously the public trust and responsibility of newspaper publishing than did the Paz family, which had run La Prensa from its founding in 1869.

It is a matter of record that Perón hated La Prensa. He must also have feared it. For it told the truth and it dared to criticize. The criticism was never shrill, bitter or extravagant. The tone was calm; the editorial writers were not even permitted the narrow latitude of indignation that one finds in the most conservative U.S. newspapers. But truth and criticism are intolerable to Perón and his kind. And so there began the five-year campaign against La Prensa which progressed from harassment to bloodshed and government seizure. There is no need to tell the detailed story of economic pressures and legal threats; of the mobs that repeatedly stoned La Prensa's office and once tried to set it afire; of the transparent, impossible demands of the news vendors' "union"; of the killing of a Prensa employee by an armed gang; and finally, of the flight from Argentina of Dr. Alberto Gaenza Paz, La Prensa's publisher, to preserve his liberty and, perhaps, his safety.

It is a story of craven, cynical bullying unsurpassed in the long history of men's struggle for free speech and a free press. It is a sad story of the silencing of a great voice. But sadder still was the silence in Argentina which greeted the silencing of La Prensa.

No word has come out of Argentina, because Argentina is under intellectual quarantine. Nothing derogatory to Perón may appear in Argentine newspapers. A tight curtain of censorship has been drawn around the hapless country, and truth is replaced by the distortions of a kept press.

History shows that when truth is stifled, the end of all liberty is not far off. The people of Argentina now stand to reap the full reward of their voluntary but misguided action in choosing a regime which bestowed on them certain material advantages at the price of their democratic freedoms.

We do not know what suddenly impelled Perón to take his bold and shameless step against La Prensa at this time. We do not know why he has set his press to echoing the Moscow prattle about "Wall Street," "capitalists" and "imperialists" in reply to criticism from the United States. But we do know that his seizure of La Prensa has shocked and angered the people of the other American republics.

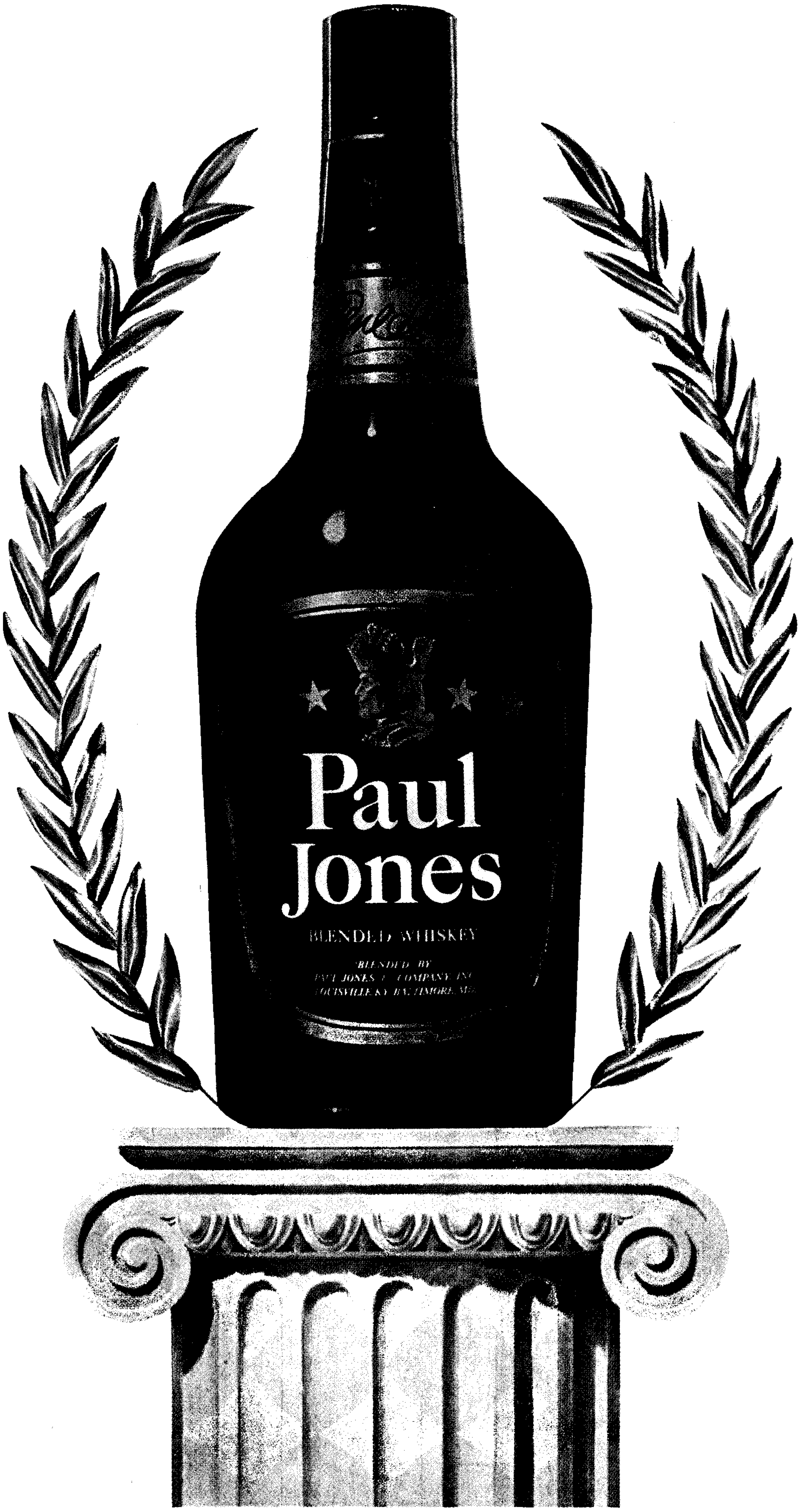
There is little that the governments of those republics can do, for the rules of diplomatic etiquette do not permit outside interference in a country's internal affairs. Washington has expressed its mild displeasure, but it can make no official protest. And we are going to say what Washington is forbidden to say, but what must be in the minds of many Argentineans: It is time that Argentina got rid of Perón.

The task will not be easy. There is a presidential election scheduled in Argentina for next February. Whether Perón will permit any opposition candidates remains to be seen. But it is a certainty that if there are any, they will be denied access to the government-controlled press and radio. The prospect is rather for coercion, intimidation and a forced diet of Peronist propaganda.

Yet, by whatever means, it is time that Argentina ousted Perón. He has already taken his country far down the road of Fascism toward disaster. He has exhausted the patience of the nations which fought an exhausting war in Europe to destroy his vicious system of government, and which will not sit complacently by while Perón revives it in the Americas.

The people of Argentina need the friendship and help of their neighbors. Already they are burdened by their loss of liberty and by an insulting subservience to a dictator and his wife whose tasteless egoism is as insufferable as their political morals are depraved. But the world of progress and democracy cannot feel friendly toward Argentina as long as it tolerates its present rulers. And isolation from that world means that poverty and stagnation must eventually and inevitably be added to the country's present burdens.

Thinking Argentineans must surely see in La Prensa's closing an ominous signal of their country's increasing danger. And they must know that there is only one remedy: they will have to throw Perón out.



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